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BY RICHARD HUDNUT

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SPRING—IT'S NOT SCIENTIFIC

ONCE again it's Spring. From one end of the country to the other wattles are blooming, birds are nesting, silly hats are selling, and young men are making sheep's eyes at their loves.

None of these things, thank goodness, is happening for any well-planned, rational reason.

They're happening because it's Spring—the season when life itself rises triumphant over every man-made law, and human beings for a little while become one with the animals and plants, all children of the earth feeling new life in their own veins as new life stirs in the earth.

In a world so organised as the modern one, so filled with rules, regulations, and responsibilities, Nature for most of each year is stifled in Man's cleverness.

Science can do almost anything. It can harness floods, control droughts, turn deserts into pastures, change purple violets into pink ones, and perform countless other miracles of varying degrees of wonder.

But it can't make every hillside blaze with gold as the wattle blooms. It can't turn every skimming swallow into a domesticated home builder with thoughts for nothing but the right kind of mud to make a nest.

Nor can it make the girl next door suddenly seem beautiful to the boy from down the street who's been seeing her every day for years without noticing how lovely she is.

Only the Spring can do this.

These are the miracles of Spring, miracles as old as life itself. They are the miracles that put leaves on bare trees, jauntiness in the step of mankind, and an urge for a new hat in the hearts of womenfolk.

Science, with all its wonders, cannot perform wonders like this—not yet, anyhow. Let's hope it never will.

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Our cover:

● Artist Judy Cassab painted our cover portrait of top-line fashion model Judy Barraclough, which won the second award of £500 in our £2000 Portrait Prize. Staff photographer Frank Gardiner, who took the picture, also photographed the winning entry and other portraits reproduced in this issue.

Next week:

● A special six-page section, including three pages with color illustrations, shows correct procedure on social occasions. Two pages explain wedding etiquette in detail from the sending of invitations to the conduct of the reception.

Other subjects dealt with are good manners for girls and their escorts when dining out, attending a theatre, or at a party. Hints are given on table manners, introductions, letter-writing, and the duties of a host and hostess.

● John Davies, of our New York office, interviews famous tragedienne Judith Anderson about her Australian season, in which she will play Medea in Robinson Jeffers' version of Euripides' play at the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney.

When Mr. Davies called he interrupted a conference between Miss Anderson and her avocado man.

Miss Anderson was worried because "some nasty little fungus" had invaded the crop at her California ranch. "If we can't exterminate it soon," she said, "we'll lose all the fruit. That would be a tragedy far greater than anything I could play on stage."

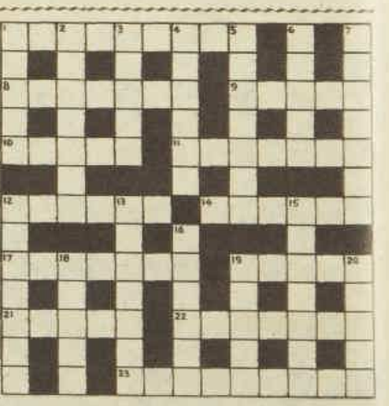
● Six attractive frocks which can be made from the easy and accurate patterns produced by our Fashion Pattern Service, shown in color and featuring the latest trends for spring.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Dispirited newspaper industry caught in the act (9).
8. Passionate desire with spirit in a period of five years (7).
9. Unsatisfactory for a young lady (5).
10. Ancient sylvan deity (5).
11. Towards the side with a long delayed start (7).
13. No large dressmaker's bill for her husband (6).
14. Uncommon vehicle inside (6).
17. Attire senility with refuse (7).
19. One thousand above the initial source of motive power (5).
21. Plunge into a quagmire, the inside of which is occupied by a dispersed mob (5).
22. Fruit of a palm-tree (4-3).
23. Disturbed Welsh turned about in ease but not here (9).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. Lamentations for people out of work (5).
2. Assumed as fact that the building ground is in a seed-vessel (7).
3. Mistake or mistake (5).
4. Specimen of a politician in disposal at reduced price (6).
5. Violent doctor as spasmodic contraction (7).
6. Raw material for a pipe (5).
7. Analyse about broken loves (7).
12. This colored woman always has a way out (7).
13. Small sparkling object for a bookie with sharp projection (7).
15. Vindictive feeling which is inwardly smooth (7).
16. Receivers but not for radio signals (6).
18. Despoil in a little bird (5).
19. In spite of the start this is not a Scottish parrot (5).
20. Traitor, he is coming early in the year (5).

B	R	I	E	F	L	Y	N	A	H	U	M			
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Solution to last week's crossword.

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Sammy had a system

BY RUDOLPH TAYLOR



No wonder Sammy's mind wasn't on wool-buying. All he could think of now was a lovely cover-girl

SAMMY was bored. He said so.

"Max, I'm bored. I think it's time I fell in love again."

Max was reading the evening paper.

"Mm?"

Sammy Highlander was a wool-buyer. One of the roving kind. While other bachelors of twenty-six followed horses or football or girls, Sammy followed wool sales.

He worked for a Sydney firm, J. Bannon and Sons, and covered the southern circuit—Melbourne, Geelong, Albury, sometimes Adelaide, sometimes Hobart.

This week it was Hobart. Sammy sat in the hotel lounge with Max, another wool-buyer, looked at the Derwent through the tall plate-glass, and wriggled his toes thoughtfully.

Wool-buying was fast and simple. Sammy lived out his existence in wool stores, auction sales, hotel rooms, and airline seats.

"Max, it's six months since I was in love."

"So?"

"I've got these two weeks in Sydney coming up Friday, and I am going to spend two weeks in love. It's what I need. It will freshen me up."

He looked at the newspaper opposite him, then continued:

"A man's got to fall in love now and again to keep his mind sharp. Falling in love shuffles and redeals the complexes. I'm going to work on this idea . . ."

What he needed to banish this brief period of boredom was a heaped tablespoonful of romance. It was a time to find a girl and bust some of those pay-cheques that were curling brown at the edges in his bank account.

A man needed something more than rising and falling wool markets to keep his red corpuscles marching. A man whose red corpuscles had that good old-fashioned fluid movement was a good wool-buyer. A stale wool-buyer was no wool-buyer. And it was important to Sammy that he was a good wool-buyer.

Of course, there were those who said Sammy lived for his work. And they were right.

"Falling in love's fun, Max. I like it. Some of the happiest moments of my life have been while I was in love."

Sammy had a theory. All bachelors of twenty-six get attacks of theories.

"Love's like a hurricane. It kicks around the cardiac regions, it turns everything upside down, and cleans out all your dusty reflexes. Then it blows itself out, and you're all freshed up . . ."

"Man, what ARE you selling?" Max's eyes peered over the newspaper.

It was ten-thirty. Sammy got up.

"You've got no blood, Max. Nighty-night."

"Angels guard you."

Sammy took the elevator to his room, brought out his key, and opened the door. He switched on the light.

Then he gasped, turned off the light, and looked back at the door number. This was his room—number 205. He switched on the light and put his head inside again. There was his suitcase in the corner. There was his briefcase on the table, where he had put it when he arrived at six that evening.

But that was not his toothbrush hanging over the basin. They were not his frilly things on the chair. And that body lying in the bed was not part of his luggage.

The body was asleep. He crept towards his briefcase. He picked it up and put it under his arm. Then he turned to get his suitcase. He heard a swish from the bed behind him. As he picked up his suitcase he heard a gasp. Then a yelp. A female yelp.

"What . . . what are you doing here?"

Sammy turned. She was half risen from the pillow, staring at him with frightened, sleep-filled eyes. She hugged the blankets to her like a mother clasps her firstborn.

"It's all right." Sammy smiled. "Just getting my

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SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY ALL CHEMISTS.

RECORDS taken from an old rubbish-filled New York house, where the bodies of two recluses were found, unfold a moving story . . .

From the start, the love of RANDALL HOLT for beautiful soprano RENATA TOSI seems doomed to disaster. Randall, cowed in childhood by his grandmother's stern domination, is diffident and over-sensitive, working only as a minor church organist and choirmaster when he might have been a brilliant concert pianist. Renata is the essence of frivolity.

To Randall's consternation, she refuses to marry him, but is eager to have an affair with him. He tries desperately to change her whole attitude, both to himself and to life.

Meanwhile, his elder brother, SEYMOUR, who has much of his grandmother's hardness, flings himself into a life of pleasure on learning that he is facing blindness. He and Renata recognise one another as kindred spirits, and enter into a light-hearted love affair which they conceal from Randall.

But Randall learns the truth one afternoon, coming to Renata's flat when Seymour is there. As soon as Seymour leaves, he rushes in, shouting abuse at Renata, and declares that he will now take her at her own valuation. NOW READ ON

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Instalment four of a six-part serial by MARCIA DAVENPORT

THE place was dim and evil-smelling. Raising his head from the gritty spot where it lay, Randall peered dully round. He recognised nothing of the little he could see: a leaden-grey wall, a barred rectangle near the low ceiling, something shuffling past it outside.

He turned his head heavily the other way: a row of objects like this lumpy cot where he lay, each with a shape sprawled or flung upon it. Snores and an undertone of witless mumbling were all he heard. He stayed raised on one elbow, squinting at the dirty wall.

The smell was so evil he thought of air. Slowly in painful jerks his mind, like a rusted wheel, began to gather feeble momentum. He must find a door, he must see how to get out of here.

The door was down at the end of this long vile place, down to the right of the high, barred window. He began stumbling unsteadily towards it.

Then he was outside, standing in a pool of water to his ankles, with rain sluicing down to plaster his ragged shirt to his body.

Standing in the rain, shivering, watching people hurry into a house; standing in the rain cold and soaking wet, and somebody saying something. Standing in the rain, he heard it, he was sure he heard it, then he was not sure; no, why had somebody said something? Who had said it? What had he heard, standing in the rain?

"Are you beginning to catch on?"

Randall Holt raised his filthy hands to his temples and staggered towards the side of the building behind him and leaned against it. His hands, slipping down his cheeks, touched heavy stubble. He was wearing only a tattered shirt and trousers. The rain streamed down and he gave a a cry of terror at a brutal roaring noise bursting suddenly overhead. Cowering, he looked up; it was the elevated; a train of cars crashed by. He turned, wavering on his feet, and, holding on to walls and ledges, made his way to the corner.

He saw that he was on the Bowery. Other figures like his own stumbled and shuffled past him, their broken shoes squelching water. Nobody looked at him. On the corner there was an eating-place, spewing out a reek of stale frying-fat and bad coffee. His stomach heaved, but he was empty, too. He hesitated on the pavement, looking through the dirty window at a few ragged men humped over cups and bowls. His hand went to his pocket.

Then he remembered standing before the mirror in his room, a Friday, what Friday—how long ago? He had flung on some clothes—he looked down at the same shirt and trousers—and stuffed some loose bills and change in one pocket and his watch on its chain in the other, and rushed out—to the beginning of this.

His hands groped in the trousers pocket. In the left one there was half a dollar. In the right one he touched metal, and pulling it out he saw a short piece of the chain from his watch with his bunch of keys at one end. He stood with the keys in his hand wondering why somebody had left him fifty cents and torn his watch from its chain, leaving his keys. But they're my keys, he said half-aloud. My keys.

The keys mean his things and his little desk and his locked secret places, and those meant the house and the house meant Seymour. He could not think about Seymour, and all the rest of it was dim; very far away. If he should let it rush at him it would come crashing down, a savage thing like that train up overhead, driven by some devil who would as soon kill a dozen Randall Holts.

But he meant to outwit that devil. He would not let the whole train run him down, car after car crashing his mangled body after the first one had struck him. He could avoid that, and the avoiding meant also protecting his things. They were safe so long as he had these keys. He must remove everything from the house, watching to be sure when Seymour was out, keeping his visits secret until he had got all his things, and taken them to some safe place. He would never see Seymour again.

Should he go now and begin the long, secret task of carrying away his things? Shaky on his feet, he stood and weighed the question. The smell from the eating-place bored at his nostrils. It was repellent, but he was weak, and knew he should eat. After that, he thought, I could go to the house. It is afternoon, he saw by the clock on the wall in the eating-place, and Seymour will be out.

"Mr. Holt is never at the office in the afternoon." He is never at home either.

Randall's mind swung wildly away from the thought of where Seymour might be, or with whom. He tried to think of something else, something concrete. I have money in the house, he thought. Clean clothes, several suits. He would need them. He hesitated on the corner for a long time. Then he turned into the cheap restaurant and clambered unsteadily on to a stool at the counter and ordered food and coffee.

When he came out in the wet cavern of the street he had two dimes and a nickel in his pocket. He started to walk north on the Bowery. The cold rain wrapped his thin shirt and trousers round his body and legs, and soon he was shivering. He began to wonder whether he was strong enough to walk all the way to the house, and presently he decided it would be better to take a street car. But I can't get into a street car looking like this, he thought. And I haven't money enough for a cab. Even if I had there are no cabs in sight.

He leaned against the side of a building and stood with his hands to his temples, trying to make sense of all this. A while ago he had decided something, but now he could not remember exactly what. He was becoming more confused all the time. What had he figured out about Seymour—that he would be in the house or not? He could not recall. It seemed to him that whatever it had been, Seymour stood facing him at the end of some enormous effort he had meant to make.

No, he thought, his head swimming, I can't go through with that. I don't want to see Seymour. He said the words aloud several times. Ragged, drunken men staggered past him, taking no notice of a derelict talking to himself in the streaming rain. Oh, I'm not going to the house, he muttered. I didn't mean to do that. He was unsure what he had meant when he was trying to decide something before.

He began to walk again, blindly, and oblivious of directions and street signs. He turned several corners in the maze of slum streets east of the Bowery. After a time the narrow streets crammed with tenements and swarming people began to look different. They widened, and he walked suddenly on to the river-front, faced by the hulls and stacks of a long row of ships at their piers.

He was bewildered. He was not sure where he was, but these were certainly not the North River docks only two blocks from home. From its very unfamiliarity he knew this must be the East River. Those dirty-looking small ships were freighters. Some were high in the water, some low, loaded ready to sail.

He was gazing dully at the rusty stern of a loaded ship marked Comanche, Galveston, when a man appeared at the taffrail and hailed him.

"Hey," he yelled. "You want to ship?"

"What?"

"Want a job? Deckhand?"

"Why—" Randall stood shivering, not knowing what to say. "When?" he said stupidly.

"Tonight. Need three hands. Look like you want a berth, do you?"

"Why—yes." Randall spoke without any volition at all. "Where do you go?"

"Coast. Gulf, Galveston. And back. Hurry up. Make up your mind. I'm goin' ashore to sign on two more. Want the job or not?"

"Why—sure." As soon as he had said it Randall wanted to take it back. This was a nightmare. He could not go off on any ship, he would die of seasickness. But, he thought, if I don't do this I'll have to go home. The idea of any alternative eluded his confused mind. This is the way not to see Seymour.

"I'm coming," said Randall.

The man jerked his thumb back over the side at the gangplank leading into a square black hole. Randall walked

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"Take it away! Get it out of the house," Seymour raged wildly, while Randall sat rocking the child, saying nothing.

round as if he were sleep-walking, climbed the gangway, and disappeared into the hold.

.

Four weeks later, on a sunny afternoon at the end of September, Randall walked down the same gangway to the same pier. He wore a soiled blue shirt and denim trousers, his face was tanned, his hands stained and calloused. His hair was bleached almost white. In his pocket he had four dollars and sixty-eight cents. He was thin, but muscled and toughened as he had never been before, and though he had no wish to repeat the experience, it had not been too bad a one.

On both voyages, out and in, he had been desperately sick between Norfolk and Cape Fear. Last week off Cape Hatteras they had roped him into a dirty bunk and left him like a corpse for twenty-four hours. But otherwise the sea had been calm.

Coasting around the gulf had been interesting enough to

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FLOWERS THAT NEVER FADE BY FIFTH AVENUE

The new print is the flower print — 'Fifth Avenue' handprints rayon with posies of pretty, summer flowers, locks the precious colours in by a special process. It's cool as only rayon can be, washes easily, never shrinks. They're wearing posy-prints like this in New York now — for bouffant dresses, inside summer coats — even for little turban hats. It's the summer of the flower print — 'Fifth Avenue' flowers never fade.

fashion follows

FIFTH AVENUE

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A day in May



"Why are you so crazy over that hat?" I laughed at her. "A hunk of felt, some flowers and gauze!"

IT never would have happened if I hadn't been admiring her trim figure and the dark, short hair bouncing on her slim neck as she walked along the pavement ahead of me that sunny day in May. When she came to a sudden, dead stop, I ploughed right into that hair.

"Oops," I said very brightly. "Sorry . . ."

I don't think she even heard me. She was staring at something, oblivious of me. What fascinated her was a shop window, opaque black, except for a circle in the centre.

Inside the circle was a hat, a small pink thing with some flowers around it, and some pink gauze that looked like circus candy. All fluff and no substance—none, that is, except the seven-guinea price tag.

"Wow," I said smartly.

"Ridiculous," she snapped.

"Of course it is," I offered, edging around to get a look at that attractive, tilt-nosed profile. "But then, some women will wear anything, I guess."

"I didn't mean the hat. I meant the price," she said, still staring at the window. "It's the most beautiful hat I've ever seen. But——"

She whirled around suddenly, facing me. "Oh," she said, flustered. "I wasn't talking to you."

I wanted to tell her she was the loveliest girl I'd ever seen. I wanted to take her arm and ask her to lunch and get acquainted.

Instead, I was saying, laughing at her, "Why are you so crazy over that hat? A chunk of felt, some flowers and gauze."

She gave me a long look, stepped away from the window, and before I could catch her she was gone.

I contemplated that absurdly priced piece of fluff. She couldn't afford it, so she wouldn't be back. Or would she? I'd heard all about women and their window-shopping habits. I checked my watch—five-to-one. Probably meant she had a twelve-to-one lunch-hour and worked nearby. Perhaps she'd come by tomorrow.

I was in front of the hat shop the next day at 12.30.

She appeared out of the noonday crowd like magic and walked straight to the window.

"Hello," I said brightly.

"Oh, it's you," she said.

"You haven't bought it yet? Glad to see you didn't waste your money," I said.

She whirled around, pouting her lower lip again. "It's not wasting. A new hat is something special to a girl. Like a—a Christmas present."

Before I could answer she'd sidestepped neatly and whirled into the nearest doorway, a beauty salon. I couldn't do much about that.

Tomorrow, I swore, I'd do better. Cut the comedy and get down to cases. Then I got a sudden chill. What if somebody else bought that hat first? I might never see her again.

Hardly stopping to think, I turned into the shop and ground to a halt before a tall, French-looking grande dame.

"That hat," I said. "The pink one in the window. I want it."

"Oui, m'sieu?" She started to glide to the window.

"No—wait. I'll pay you for it, but I want you to leave it there on display." I began counting out my carefully hoarded money. "Well, there go the new twin speakers for my hi-fi unit," I quipped.

"But, m'sieu," she said, "where the heart is concerned no effort is too great."

"Look," I said patiently. "There's a girl who's been mooning over this hat and she's sure to come in and try it on. I want you to give it to her with my compliments, my card, and my phone number."

"But so many young women, m'sieu," she said helplessly.

I proceeded to describe her.

"Oh, that one!" the woman said, her French accent temporarily forgotten. "She was in to try it on a day or so ago. She's sure to be back. She loves that hat."

The next day at noon, as soon as I could get away, I dashed over to the hat shop. From half a block away I could see her. She was wearing The Hat.

I charged up beside her, ready to grab her arm. She was standing there looking in the window—and my hat was still there!

"You found another hat!" I gulped.

She turned around, smiling. "No, I made it myself. You're responsible, you know—a hunk of felt, a few flowers, some gauze. I went in one day and tried it on to see how it was made, and then I bought my own stuff and whipped it up at home. Besides, only an idiot would give that price for it."

"Well, shake hands with an idiot. I bought the hat for you."

She stared at me. "But I don't even know you," she said.

"That's easy," I blurted out. "I'm Bill Ferris. I'm unmarried. I'm . . ."

"I'm Susan Jameson," she said, and the smile that started way back in her eyes ended in my toes. "Do you honestly mean you bought that hat for me?" she said, almost laughing.

I nodded glumly.

"Well, Mr. Bill Ferris, we'll just march right in that shop and get your money back," she said, taking my arm.

And militantly we marched in.

Fifteen minutes later we marched out again—and with no refund. Even Susan's most stirring arguments hadn't budged the adamant proprietor. But I couldn't have cared less. It was well worth the price, for Susan agreed to meet me for dinner that evening. I felt like turning cartwheels on my way back to the office.

That night I breezed into the little Italian restaurant where Susan was to meet me. She'd beaten me there, and was sitting at a cozy corner table. She smiled as I sat down.

"Hey, what's this?" I said, as she slid several notes across the table towards my plate.

"Madame changed her mind," Susan said. "She sends this with her compliments."

"What on earth—?" I sputtered. "Susan, what did you do to the woman?"

"Oh, nothing much." She smiled. "I just wore my hat back to her shop this afternoon and stood in front of the window with a sign saying: DO IT YOURSELF! I DID FOR ONLY ONE GUINEA. Madame held out for about ten minutes, and then she gave in and refunded your money."

I roared until tears came in my eyes.

"Oh, Bill," Susan interrupted. "Madame sent you a message. She said to remind you that where an affair of the heart is concerned, no effort is too great."

"She has a point," I admitted, reaching for Susan's hand. "She has a point."

A short short story by JEANNE and JACK BENDER

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Darling, you talk

WHILE they waited there in the Mayflower Lounge in their best after-five dresses, Fay said what she always said: "Please try not to talk too much, Felice."

"I'll be absolutely reticent, Fay," Felice promised, not taking offence. Fay was her older sister, with her best interests at heart—insulting, but sweet. "I'll really try. But you know me."

She turned to watch the dancers. Well, she hoped Herb Moody, the young man Fay and George were throwing at her, would enjoy the evening. She hoped she'd enjoy it, too, but with Fay so jittery . . .

"Yes, I know you," Fay was saying in her half-loving, half-exasperated way. "I think it's your Southern-belle complex, Felice. And, after all, twenty-four is a little old for that."

Felice sighed. Well, she'd asked for it. She could have gone to the beach on her vacation. "Oh, Fay, I've always talked a lot to everybody. Not just men." She took a potato chip from a little bowl. "But you're right. I probably sound rattle-brained when I try to be gay. And gushy when I try to be nice. So tonight I'll just keep reminding myself what a nerve-racking week Herb and George are having with this bigshot here from Detroit, and how if there's anything a tired businessman can't stand it's a silly woman's voice going on and on. Oh, here they come now."

At least, here came George. She supposed the other was Herb Moody, the man right below George in the Washington office of the United Motor Corporation. He was a little older than she'd expected and not quite so handsome, but twice as—well, dashing.

"Oh, I'm glad I wore my new dress, George!" She lifted her face for her brother-in-law's kiss. "Oh, you look tired. Has that old ogre from Detroit——"

"Felice!" George cut in quickly. "This is Mr. Carrington, from Detroit. My sister-in-law, Miss Leland, Mr. Carrington. My wife."

"Mrs. Campbell." The bigshot from Detroit showed some nice teeth. "Miss Leland." Grey eyes brushed Felice's face. He sat down, reached for a potato chip with one hand, and beckoned the waiter with the other. "Bourbon and water," he said tersely. "George?"

"Same," George snapped, as if every second were vital.

"Ladies?" Mr. Carrington glanced at the drinks they'd ordered while they were waiting. "Not yet, I guess." He waved the waiter away. "Now, just one final word about that demonstration at Fort Belvoir tomorrow, George." He turned briefly to Fay and Felice. "Please forgive us." Then back to George. "That demonstration can't be too perfect. It's not just this one contract. There's a lot of defence production still being contracted in this town, and we want our share." He grinned slyly. "Maybe even a little more."

"That's right." George bobbed his head. "Absolutely."

Mr. Carrington went on: "Every part of that Utilicar should be checked and rechecked. It should be polished until it shines, inside and out. And the same goes for the driver. Oh—here, Mrs. Campbell." He produced a lighter and held it to Fay's cigarette. "Miss Leland?"

"Oh, no, thank you," Felice said, smiling, "but what a beautiful lighter. I don't think I ever saw one so . . ." Her voice trailed off because Fay was glaring at her.

"I'm glad you like it," he said. "Now, let's see——" He rubbed his forehead. "Oh, yes, George, the driver. Have that driver so clean you wouldn't hesitate to eat soup off him. Even the soles of his shoes. Show the military what spit and polish is."

He glanced at his watch, frowned, stood up. "You people go ahead. I'll be with you as soon as I call Detroit." He bowed absently.

"Whew!" George eased his neck in his collar. "Well, hello, Felice! Glad you got here all right. Herb had a last-minute arrangement, so Carrington and I came on ahead."

"What happened, George?" Fay asked. "Since when does Carrington drink with us?"

"Since now, I guess." George shrugged. "He dropped back into the office a little while ago and suggested we have one together. There was nothing I could do except explain what the situation was—you and Felice and Herb. So he said he'd buy us all a drink. You're lifting one with the fastest-rising star in Detroit, Felice."

She smiled. "I'm so impressed, honey," George was, she could tell.

"Ah!" he snatched his drink out of the waiter's hand. "This I can use. Believe me, there's no rest with that guy in town. He's used to getting what he wants and getting it fast. And you ought to see him make decisions. He thinks about something momentous for five minutes, asks a few questions, then—" George snapped his fingers. "What's more, he's always right. It's uncanny."

"Well—" Fay took a quick, nervous sip of her drink. "I know you and Herb have things to talk to him about, so we'll give you every chance, won't we, Felice?"

"Mr. Carrington looked tired, too," Felice said, turning to watch the dancers. He was ringing his home, she decided. In some swank section of Detroit a phone was ringing, and now that terse voice and those hard grey eyes were softening. She sighed. Yes, some woman could have that effect on Mr. Carrington. For every man there was some woman who could have that effect. Some day she herself——

"Felice!" Fay touched her arm. "Felice, this is Herb Moody."

There was always this heady instant of hope in meeting someone new. She didn't really want to stay married to a quaint little gift-shop in Charleston. As she smiled up at the tall, blond young man with the crew cut she thought a little of the end-of-day tension went out of his face.

"Well!" he said. "So this is Felice! You didn't exaggerate a bit, George." He glanced around and the tension returned. "Where's Carrington?"

She fished the orange slice out of her glass and nibbled it while they told him where Carrington was. "Now, you're sure it's all right for me to be here, George?" he asked.

"Relax!" George waved one hand.

"Oh, sure." Herb's grin was uneasy. "I just mean I don't like to push in. After all, he asked you, not me."

"He didn't ask me, either," Felice said, to make him more comfortable. "He didn't even ask Fay, for that matter. But here we sit." Her eyes stole towards the entrance. Mr. Carrington was coming back, not looking at all like a man whose eyes and voice had been soft a moment ago.

"Hello." He shook Herb's hand. "Get hold of Belvoir all right?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mr. Carrington," Herb assured him. "Everything's all set there."

"Good!" Mr. Carrington nodded. "Let's get you a drink." He glanced at the other glasses. "You're about empty, Mrs. Campbell. You, too, George. And Miss Leland?"

She saw worry in his eyes that hadn't been there before he called Detroit, and changed her concept of Mrs. Carrington. Mrs. Carrington was a vain, selfish woman, Felice decided. She heard herself say gently, "Oh, no more for me, Mr. Carrington, honey." It just slipped out.

He blinked, Fay gasped, and Herb and George exchanged glances. She went right on because a "honey" here and there never hurt anybody, and, after all, it was the time of day to be informal and gay. "You see," she said brightly, "with my weakness it pays to keep my inhibitions up."

Looking directly at her like that, he seemed at least five years younger. "Your weakness sounds intriguing, Miss Leland."

She laughed. She wanted to make him laugh, too, and forgot United Motors for a moment—and that telephone call. "Oh, I'm afraid not. I'd like to claim something dangerous and exciting, but——"

"What are you talking about, Felice?" Fay interrupted with a stiff smile. "You know you haven't any vices. Uh—how long will you be in Washington, Mr. Carrington?"

"Hmmmmmh?" He rubbed his forehead. "Oh—" the five years returned to his face—"just until tomorrow night, Mrs. Campbell."

Then began one of those silences Felice had never been able to endure. She saw Fay, George, and Herb all trying to think of something worthwhile to say. She searched hastily through her mind. "Have you any children, Mr. Carrington?" she asked. People usually enjoyed talking about their children.

"None that I acknowledge." He looked downright impish, grinning like that. "Have you?"

She blinked. "Why, I'm not married."

"Well, neither is Mr. Carrington, Felice." George laughed nervously. "You walked right into that."

"I did, didn't I?" She laughed, too.

She was beginning to have a marvellous time. "Well, it just never occurred to me, Mr. Carrington, that such an attractive man would be a bachelor."

Oh, stop scowling at me, Fay! A little sweet talk never hurt anybody. Besides, it was *true*. "When you said you were calling Detroit, I just assumed you were calling your wife."

"He was calling our top labor liaison man," George said quickly. "How's Cleveland look, Mr. Carrington?"

"Cleveland?" Mr. Carrington said absently. "Oh!" He shifted his gaze from Felice's face, frowned, rubbed his forehead. "Oh, Cleveland doesn't look too good, George."

"You mean a walk-out?" George asked, and the automobile talk was under way once more.

Felice sighed, because the worry and the five years had come back to Mr. Carrington's face. Question after question, and nobody rescuing the situation. Herb and Fay just sitting there, nodding at everything, frowning in their concentration.

Music and dancing a few steps away, but at this little table only problems; a threatened strike at the Cleveland plant, hold-ups in two-and-a-half-ton truck production, drops in first-quarter earnings. Again and again the waiter emptied the ashtray. Again and again Mr. Carrington rubbed his forehead. An impatient edge crept into his voice, as if he didn't like some of the questions.

She couldn't stand it. "Class dismissed," she said brightly, right in the middle of his sentence. They all looked startled. "Now, I know how wrapped up you all are in your work," she said, "but you're so tired, it's time somebody stopped you. You're just tying yourself up in knots. How do you expect to digest your dinners?"

She cocked her head at Mr. Carrington. "I have heard"—she rose boldly—"that dancing is wonderful for the nerves." She crooked her finger. "Come with me, Mr. Carrington."

Fay said, "Felice—really—I'm sure——"

But Mr. Carrington was on his feet, following her to the floor. "What hit me?" he asked as he put his arm around her.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was terribly rude to interrupt and terribly brash to suggest this.



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too much

Felice was not really a fool. But she certainly did rush in where the others feared to tread . . . Entertaining romance

BY ELIZABETH STOWE

But somebody's got to rescue you men from yourselves. Have you a headache?"

"Headache?" He stared down at her curiously. "No. Why?"

"You kept rubbing your forehead. I was worried about you."

"You were?" Was she imagining that his arm tightened a little? "That was very sweet of you, Miss Leland."

"Very presumptuous, you mean." He did look five years younger again, though. "You're not old enough to be such a bigshot," she told him. "Have you driven yourself ruthlessly or are you just naturally brilliant?"

"Just naturally brilliant." He grinned.

She laughed. "You're all right when you get started, Mr. Carrington."

"Mr. Carrington, honey," he corrected. No doubt whatever about his arm this time. He took a few very expert steps. "You're a good dancer, Miss Leland, honey."

She was feeling rather breathless. "You're relaxing just fine!"

He chuckled. "Tell me more about this great weakness of yours."

He remembered that? From the other side of all the United Motors talk? She was so pleased. "I talk too much—as I'm sure you've noticed. I just don't seem to be able to stop myself."

He laughed. "Who says you talk too much? Your sister?"

"Oh, she's right. I do."

The music stopped. "Well—" he smiled down at her—"your sister seems to be a rather—well—cautious sort of person."

"A darling, though," Felice said loyally. "George, too." She glanced back at the table. Fay was glaring at her, George was looking nervous, and Herb was studying his glass. "I suppose—" she felt reluctant; it was so nice out here—"I suppose we'd beter join . . ."

"I'm afraid so." He was frowning at his watch. "In fact, I'm afraid I'll have to be leaving you good people." Muttering something about a dinner date and being already late, he followed her back through the dancers. "Thanks very much," he said, holding her chair. He motioned for the waiter. "Well, George, I'm going to have to shove off, much as I hate to."

"Oh, no!" George protested, but Mr. Carrington was covering the check on the waiter's tray with a couple of bills, waving the waiter away.

"Miss Leland." He bowed. "It's been delightful. I hope you enjoy your vacation. I'm very glad to have met you, Mrs. Campbell." He bowed to Fay. "Herb." He shook Herb's hand.

"Well, thanks for the drinks, sir," Herb said.

"Yes," George added rather forlornly, "it's been great, Mr. Carrington. Many thanks."

Felice watched him walk to the door, glance back with a puzzled expression, then hurry out, shaking his head. There was an ominous calm in Fay's: "Suppose we make a few repairs, Felice, while the boys decide where to have dinner."

"All right, Fay, honey." She rose meekly. It had always been thus: Fay leading her off to some private place for the reproaching.

"How could you do it?" Fay demanded. "You knew who he was! You knew how important he was to George—and Herb, too."

"I just wanted him to have a good time, Fay, honey." How many times had she tried to make Fay understand she just wanted somebody to have a good time? "And he did enjoy the dancing——"

"I noticed—" Fay jerked her comb through her hair—"how he hung around for more."

Felice stared at herself wryly in the mirror. She had to concede he'd remembered that dinner date rather conveniently.

"I could tell poor Herb didn't know what to think." Fay drew a long, despairing breath. "After the big build-up we'd given you, too!"

"I'm sorry, Fay." How many times had she said that in her life? "I meant well."

"Oh, I know you did, Felice." Fay always conceded that much. "Well, let's forget it." She opened her compact. "I'm sure Mr. Carrington won't hold it against George, and you still have the rest of the evening and lunch tomorrow to make Herb forget."

"Lunch tomorrow?" Felice blinked.

Fay powdered her nose calmly. "Well, I wanted you two to have every chance to get nicely acquainted. You're just the right age and so forth for each other. And you admit yourself there's nobody left at home."

That was true, Felice thought as they joined the men in the lobby. There had never been anyone at home, not really. And Herb was very handsome, wasn't he? Come on, heart, beat faster.

She had a strong hunch his was going at a slow rate, too. Maybe it was the almost humoring way he said, "Well, how does the

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"I have heard that dancing is wonderful for the nerves," Felice said, boldly rising and crooking her finger at Mr. Carrington.

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"I thought my blouse was white
. . . until I saw Jean's
PERSIL-WHITE BLOUSE"



"I FELT AWFUL when I saw how dingy my clean ballet blouse looked beside Jean's sparkling Persil-white blouse. I couldn't tell Mum about it fast enough. But everything's O.K. now. She's using Persil."
Don't wait for an embarrassing moment like this to happen to you. Change to Persil now. You see, Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. Millions of tiny oxygen suds work through and through the weave till every bit of dirt is out. There you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanness! And Persil is gentle to ALL your wash—kind to your hands, too.



PERSIL WASHES WHITER—
that means cleaner!

P.119.WW143q

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I WAS recently involved in a car accident and thrown on to the road. I was not seriously hurt, but, while receiving attention from a doctor, I was amazed at the number of curious people who immediately flocked to the scene and crowded around to stare at me. They embarrassed me, hindered the work of the ambulance men and police, and generally created confusion where there need not have been any. Why can't people realise that they can help by staying away from scenes of accidents instead of crowding around as though an accident was some form of entertainment?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

A SCHEME now operating in Great Britain would be a boon to old-age pensioners if it were adopted in Australia. This scheme allows old-age pensioners to attend a suburban cinema one afternoon weekly, when they are admitted free upon presentation of their pension books. This would brighten the lives of aged pensioners by providing them with a little entertainment. With today's soaring costs they are now denied entertainment, as pensions cover only bare necessities.

10/6 to L. Montfort, East Gordon, N.S.W.

I HOPE one day in the near future to become a policewoman. If I tell that to my dates or dancing partners I am lucky if I ever see them again. Other girls who have taken occupations where a man's work is required have the same trouble. Is it because boys think that girls who take on these jobs will always try to be the tough one of a situation, when really it is the boy's place to be? I don't think it is any different being a policewoman than being a clerk or shop assistant; you all have a job to do, whichever way you think best. The police force is not really as bad as people make it out to be. It has its faults, but so has almost every other occupation.

10/6 to "Girl in Blue" (name supplied), Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

HOW often one hears people say "I admire the unmarried mother who keeps her baby." These people do not stop to think of that baby's future. He will have to face that ugly word "illegitimate" all through his life. There are always people only too ready to point the finger of scorn and the child often becomes anti-social and when old enough to understand wants to know why he was not adopted and given an equal chance with other children. The unmarried mother who has her baby adopted from birth makes a wonderful sacrifice for her baby. To my way of thinking she is a brave, good soul, God bless her.

10/6 to "Sympathiser" (name supplied), Brisbane.

"SYMPATHY," who wrote recently in The Australian Women's Weekly about the difficulty in getting good baby-sitters, may be interested to know how we solved the baby-sitting problem in our town. As we need funds to build a new parish hall, members of our Women's Guild—young mothers as well as ladies with grown-up families—formed a baby-sitters' club. The secretary takes bookings and we charge 5/- until midnight and two shillings per hour thereafter. In this way we have raised £120 for our hall and performed a community service for many grateful young parents.

10/6 to "Secretary" (name supplied), Scottsdale, Tas.

THERE are occasions both at home and at work when we are called upon to do jobs that we have avoided doing or jobs that are distasteful to us. Accumulated filing or mending are two such jobs. Some people complain for so long and so loudly when they do these jobs that most people's patience wears thin under the strain. Other people, the people we enjoy working with, tackle these jobs realistically. They take a pride in their work because it is a job well done.

10/6 to "Worker" (name supplied), Northfield, S.A.

Manners maketh man

I DO not agree with "Manners" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 24/8/'55) that teachers at high schools, or any schools, should devote any time to teaching their pupils manners. As it is now, our educational staffs have enough to contend with, especially from children who have no respect or responsibility at all. If a child attending high school has not learned table manners at that time of life, in my opinion he never will. The teaching should be in the home and the letter from "Manners" only emphasises the laxness of many parents. I am only a working man (not a teacher) with two children aged 8 and 5, who have very good table manners, and I feel very strongly on this subject.

10/6 to P. Tonkin, Ararat, Vic.

Santa Claus

"P.J.," who told her child the truth about Santa Claus (The Australian Women's Weekly, 24/8/'55), is, in my opinion, to be commended. I know many folks become indignant at anyone who "destroys a child's faith in Santa Claus," but as it must be exploded sooner or later, usually bringing a let-down and often a loss of faith in those who have misled the child, why not tell him the truth? I could never bring myself to mislead my children in this way, and one would be hard put to find a boy and girl who get more joy out of Christmas. Almost from one year to the next they plan the decorations (including Santa), the Crib set they will make as the focal point, saving tiny animals and anything that may come in handy and so on. Christmas is first and foremost our Lord's birthday and all else falls into place.

10/6 to "Truthful Mother" (name supplied), Pascoe Vale, Vic.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

OUR family problem arose at weekends, when the school or work-going teenagers liked to have what they described as a "well-earned" lie-in, while Mother wanted to get breakfast over so she could get on with her chores.

What happened was that either I, their mother, ran round with breakfasts in bed, which annoyed father, or the teenagers straggled out like Brown's cows and breakfast lasted till nearly dinner-time.

The solution was easy and happy. They had a kitchen working-bee at night and made sandwiches and filled thermos flasks for their lie-a-bed breakfasts.

£1/1/- to "Brekko" (name supplied), Red Hill South, Vic.

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BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

Two scenes in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, one of Australia's most popular all-year-round resorts. ABOVE: The waters of Wentworth Creek cascade over Weeping Rock before their final plunge over Wentworth Falls into the Jamieson Valley, almost 1000 ft. below. The township of Wentworth Falls, the creek, and the falls themselves commemorate the name of William Charles Wentworth, Australian statesman and explorer. Picture by Jennifer Humphreys, of Northwood, N.S.W. RIGHT: From the Lookout at Leura towards the Jamieson Valley. Photograph by Joan Cobb, of Deewhy, N.S.W.

"Beautiful Australia" Gift Book coupon on page *93*



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Lilly Dache's own glamor secrets

I sell glamor. I have been doing this all my life because to me glamor is more important than bread and meat. This, perhaps, sounds foolish. As my cook points out, you cannot live on glamor. But without glamor I would not want to live, there would be no excitement.



HELEN HAYES
. . . warm, human.



MRS. RICHARD NIXON
. . . perfect wife and mother.



HELEN KELLER
. . . complete human being.



MARLENE DIETRICH
. . . men are speechless.



DUCHESS OF WINDSOR
. . . special elegance.

By LILLY DACHE, beauty expert and famous hat designer

I AM, perhaps, what you call overboard on this subject. That is what my husband says to me sometimes.

"Lilly," he says, "always you are talking about glamor. And now I ask you what is it? I cannot see it, or taste it, or smell it. So what is it?"

So I laugh and say nothing and give him a smile like the one on Mona Lisa.

No man understands it, and that is what makes the whole thing more fun. With it, a woman can get almost anything she wants out of life. Without it, she still may achieve a certain success, but it is much more difficult.

Since I have seen what glamor has done for the women who have come in search of it, I am eager to tell the whole world about it. Like the evangelist, I want to convert everybody.

I set out to discover and put together all the things a woman needs for glamor. And by glamor I mean youthful, effective, supercharged living.

The longer I live the more I know that there is only one thing that every woman wants. It is what puts a shine in her eyes and a spring in her walk.

All her life is built around this one thing, and if she does not have it she becomes brittle and bitter, she feels that life is not worth living, she becomes what you call a sad sack.

Like a flower needs sunshine, a woman needs love. Every woman is born with this knowledge, that there is nothing so important as love.

The great mistake that so many women make is taking love for granted once they have found it. Now I believe that this love that every woman wants and that most women get is worth all the trouble it takes to keep it alive and brightly shining. Just as you polish your silver, so you must shine up your love to keep it from getting tarnished.

This is the thing that every successful woman must learn. Happiness must be tended and cultivated and trained as carefully as a plant.

Now there comes a time in the life of every woman when she becomes frightened. As she grows older she begins looking for reasons to suffer. She imagines that her husband does not love her any more and that she cannot compete with the young girls he must see every day. She starts worrying about wrinkles. She feels that it is not fair that she must grow older when she has always thought of herself as young.

This is foolish. A woman becomes more glamorous as she grows older. European men know this and usually do not consider a woman really fascinating until she is old enough to have learned the finer points of allure, until she is mature and does not expect all the world to be perfection.

Women put too much emphasis on extreme youth. It's a kind of sickness. And of course this fear of losing youth makes them lose it all the quicker. Lines of worry and fear will make even the youngest face look older. I, who love to design beautiful hats and clothes, will tell you this: nothing you wear is as important as the expression on your face.

My fortieth birthday has come and gone, but I think I was too busy to brood.

And I know this — when I enter a room today I get much more attention and many more compliments from the gentlemen than I did when I was 18.

I feel as young now as I did then and in addition I have learned how to play up my good points and hide my bad ones, how to make use of all the things science has discovered to help us make the most of life. And this is as true for young women as it is for older ones.

I think most of us want a dozen lives rolled into one. We want the excitement and compliments of our girlhood days; we want the security of a home and the satisfaction of a family. We want all the good things of the world for our children. We want to be young and beautiful always. And most of all we want to be loved.

Women want love

We can have all these things, too, if we will just take the trouble to try for them. There are today so many modern aids to housework that no woman needs to be a drudge. If she is, then she needs to stand off and take a good, long look at herself and find out what is wrong.

So many women today continue to do things just the way their mothers did them, in spite of the fact that a whole new way of living has opened up in the past generation and that they have within reach new appliances to do their work in a fraction of the time.

The modern mother has a vacuum cleaner with attachments to clean draperies, upholstery, and rugs in a few minutes. Her mother would have had to spend days doing the same chores by hand. Today there is a washing machine and possibly also a dryer and an ironer to take the drudgery out of washday. There is the stove that turns itself off when the food is cooked.

We have what truly is a golden age for women.

In meeting and observing women I have come to one so-important conclusion. This is it: The women who stay young and enjoy life the most are the ones who are busiest. I guess it is because they have so many things to do that they do them all well. There is, I believe, much truth in the statement that a woman who has all day to do her housework will take all day, but a woman who has to go out to do other things or has a job will do the same thing before or after work and do it just as well.



This is going to make a great many women very angry, I know. But the more I see of busy women the more I am convinced that it is true. We do what we must—and the more things we must do the better it is for us.

There are some women in this country that I put at the head of the class. All of them are busy at more things than you would think possible, yet all find time to be glamorous.

I name these women for you—actresses Marlene Dietrich and Gloria Swanson, Mme Chiang Kai-shek, Helen Keller, Oveta Culp Hobby, the Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. Richard Nixon, wife of the American vice-president; Genevieve Fath, widow of fashion designer Jacques Fath; Queen Sorava of Iran, actress Helen Hayes.

You will see why I think they are glamorous by their pictures on this page and on page 15.

Being a woman, I believe in lists. Lists are wonderful. They keep nudging you. So, of course, the first thing I would do to start making myself more like I want to be is to make a list.

I think maybe the best thing is to start with a report card on yourself. For this you will have to be detached. You cannot cheat or it will be no good.

Wait until your husband has left for work and all the children are off to school and you are alone in the house. Now take off all your clothes and stand in front of a full-length mirror and look at yourself.

Be brave, for this is going to be a shock.

Be brave, honest

Take a tape measure and measure your waist, your bust, your thighs, your calves, your ankles, and your upper arms. Write all this down, and, before you put your clothes on again, stand on the scales and write your weight down, too.

Perhaps you are perfect, and in that case you may do a jig for five minutes in celebration. But it is much more likely that you find your need to take off 10 pounds, pull in your waist a couple of inches, and reduce the other measurements. That is what always happens to me, anyway.

Put your list away carefully under the paper in your dresser drawer, where no one else will see it. This is private and just for you.

Now, with your clothes back on, take another good look at yourself. Be critical. Look yourself over like a stranger. Are you somebody you would like to know?

Do you look happy? Do you look sure of yourself? Is your grooming up to snuff? Do you wear clothes well? Do you need a manicure or a hair-do? Do you stand up straight or do you slump?

Make like a teacher and grade yourselves on each of these points. Write it down. Decide whether you get a passing grade on skin, hair, make-up, posture, general attractiveness. If you flunk any of these, be brave and write it down.

Now you have two lists. Later these will be the "before" lists, which (I hope) you can compare happily with the "after" lists.

How do these lists stack up with those of the girl your husband married? If they have changed a lot, it is high time for you to do something about it.

Never was there a time when being a woman was so much fun as it is today.

This is practically an age of push-button beauty, when it takes so little time and effort to get the ingredients for glamor. You can buy everything you need for this glamor in a package today, all ready mixed and ready to go to work for you, with directions printed on the label. All you have to do is choose the ones that are right for you.

This is true also, in a sense, of that basic necessity of glamor, which is good health. To be glamorous you must have a lithe, active, streamlined body, with everything in good running order. That is why I believe it is so important to go to a doctor for a general check-up before you start any kind of diet.

If your main worry is overweight, your doctor probably will tell you how much and what kind of food you need to keep at peak efficiency, and perhaps he will decide that you need a certain hormone or vitamin or mineral to supply something your body is not manufacturing fast enough.

Diet is an individual matter, and you cannot be sure which one is right for you until you have consulted a doctor and found out exactly what your own body needs and what it lacks.

To keep your body in efficient condition and your muscles lithe and supple, you must, of course, use those muscles. So a certain amount of exercise is good for everybody who is in normal health. But here it is possible to overdo things.

A woman who does her own housework gets a great deal of exercise just bending to make beds and stretching to reach high shelves.

Housework can be a wonderful exercise if you try to use all your muscles while you do it and if you watch your posture. When you stoop, bend your knees instead of your back. When you hang out clothes, hang them high and stretch your body to reach the line. When you walk around the house with a broom or vacuum cleaner, try to be conscious of your posture — keep your back straight, your head high, your chest lifted, and swing your legs from the hips. Not only will you be developing good posture habits and strengthening important muscles, but also you will find that you tire less easily.

As we grow old our muscles are inclined to grow flabby. They sag and that causes what you call the middle-aged slump. This is a thing to guard against by keeping the muscles active through daily use and by conscious and constant attention to posture.

One of the main reasons why both men and women acquire what you call pot bellies is bad posture. If you will develop good posture, you can go a long way towards preventing accumulations of fat in unbecoming places.

One thing I believe in is a personal Bill of Rights, which means the right of every woman to use every artifice

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AGE HELPS CLEVER WOMEN



GLORIA SWANSON (left) with Lilly. "You are the one I learned most from," says Lilly.

at her command to make herself young and beautiful.

I believe it is not only the right but also the duty of women to use anything they can get which will make them look prettier or feel younger.

If a woman does not want to have grey hair, there is no sensible reason why she should have to have it. No longer is there any stigma attached to such a simple thing as coloring your hair. You don't have to be afraid people will call you a hussy. In fact, there is no reason why anyone should even know about it.

When your hair first starts getting faded-looking and those first grey streaks begin to show, which they do on most of us sooner or later, it's only sensible to do something to make it look better.

Use tint

AT first you probably will want to use a tint to make your hair its natural color or make it slightly darker. But in time, as the color in your skin also fades, as it is likely to do, you may find that the darker hair color looks harsh —and that is the time maybe to become a blonde.

You can do it gradually so that nobody will notice it. That is what I have done recently almost without realising it. My hair originally was a dark auburn color, and when I was younger this was much admired because of the contrast with my green eyes and the warm tones in my skin.

Then as my hair started to fade some, I noticed that my skin was paler, too, and the lighter hair seemed to look right. So I started using some lighteners in my shampoo when I washed my hair, which brought out sort of golden glints in it, and one day I looked at myself in the mirror and there I was—a blonde.

If you still feel that there is something a little scandalous about using hair dyes or bleaches, you can calm your conscience by using shampoos that lighten your hair and give it golden lights when it starts getting drab and mousey-looking.

Glamor is what makes a man ask for your telephone number. But it also is what makes a woman ask for the name of your dressmaker. It is not just the way you look or the way you talk. It is not merely how you wear your hair or make up your face, nor is it elegant clothes. This is not enough, either.

I know many women who are brilliant and fascinating but who look like frumps. But don't mistake my meaning. I'm not advising you to dress like a frump. There are women who are glamorous in spite of the way they dress, not because of it.

A few rare and fortunate women are born with it, but most of us can achieve it. We start with the desire for glamor. First we list our assets and liabilities. Then we try to conceal the liabilities and increase the assets.

We begin with what we have from Nature and then we take advantage of the artifices that science has provided for us in these wonderful days. The worst enemy of glamor is boredom and self pity. The greatest secret of glamor is keeping busy and active and interested in many things.

So we will consider you and we will call you the average woman, although there is no such thing. But we will suppose you have a husband and two or three children. You have the average worries about the budget and the average irritations about children tracking mud on the rug and your husband forgetting to phone that he will be late for dinner.



No fun

IT may be that you find yourself always tired and complaining and feeling that you are never having any fun. This, then, is the time for you to make a change in your views—to snap out of it.

Give yourself a mental house-cleaning.

Put on your prettiest dress and make the evening meal a party, with flowers and a special dessert, for no good reason but just for fun and a change of pace.

Your family probably will be so startled by your change of mood that they will react automatically and you will find everything all at once warm and happy and you will decide you must have more of this sort of thing.

As I said before, your health is the most important ingredient of this recipe for glamor, and so you start with a visit to your doctor, and he may find that your tiredness is caused by some physical deficiency which can be easily remedied.

Once your personal glamor programme is under way you will find that this in itself gives you an interest in life and a new kind of pep—especially as you look in the mirror and see a more vital, happier woman.

The big thing is to start and then big things happen almost of their own momentum. You find that life may perhaps be worth living. Your inner shine has been polished up, your spark plugs are working, and soon you are going to get that thing called glamor.

You have started your self-discipline, you are not indulging yourself with fattening foods, your body is getting back in condition, and your spirit is lighter. Now is the time for you to inquire into all the outer aids and artifices.

Ask questions

IF you ask questions, you will get answers that will amaze you—from your doctor, your hairdresser, your friends. You will find that things have been happening while your back was turned and that there are many ways to redesign yourself.

You will find that no matter what your income, there are aids to beauty and glamor and a gracious way of life within your reach—if you just stretch your hand to take them.

If you learn to use the

To page 15

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New ideas?

Try these exciting Chocolate Recipes from Cadbury's



All easy on the budget—quick to make . . . compliments will come your way with these tempting chocolate recipes ! Only Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa gives the full rich, *true* chocolate flavour you need for their success—it's the pure product of the cocoa bean and adds wholesome goodness to your baking, too ! Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is so high in nutrition value it's a real food in itself !

Chocolate Layer Cake

6 oz. (1 cup) sugar, 6 oz. (¾ cup) butter, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup milk, 12 oz. (3 level cups) plain flour, pinch salt, 3 slightly rounded tablespoons Bournville Cocoa, ½ level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, 3 level teaspoons baking powder.

Cream together the butter and sugar. Stir in the well beaten egg gradually and beat until well mixed. Flavour with vanilla essence. Sift together the Bournville Cocoa, flour, baking powder, salt and bi-carbonate of soda. Add to the mixture alternately with the milk.

Place in a well greased 8 inch cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1 to 1¼ hours. When cold, cut into 3 layers and join the layers with mock or fresh cream. Cover the top and sides with the following recipe for Snowdrift frosting and decorate with chopped nuts.

FROSTING: **2 ozs. (2 level tablespoons) butter or Copha, 1 lb. sifted icing sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, 2 dessertspoons lemon juice.**

Heat the butter or Copha with the milk. Cool slightly and add lemon juice. Stir in icing sugar gradually, until the frosting is the correct consistency to spread.

Chocolate Walnut Fudge

2 level tablespoons butter, 2 level tablespoons Bournville Cocoa, 3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, ½ cup honey, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the Bournville Cocoa, milk, sugar, honey and salt. Bring to the boil. Place the lid on the saucepan and boil for 2 minutes. Uncover and cook without stirring, until a little dropped from a spoon into a cup of cold water forms a soft ball (238 degrees on a sweet-making thermometer). Remove from the heat and add the vinegar. Stand until lukewarm and add the vanilla. Beat until the mixture loses its gloss and thickens. Turn on to a greased plate. When cool enough to handle, knead for about 4 minutes. Shape into 4 rolls, each about 2" in diameter. Cover with chopped nuts. Chill until firm. Cut into slices.

Chocolate Pinwheel Biscuits

Six oz. (6 rounded tablespoons) plain flour, 3 oz. (3 level tablespoons) butter or margarine, 1 egg yolk, 1 level tablespoon Bournville Cocoa, ½ level teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2 oz. (2 slightly rounded tablespoons) sugar, 1 tablespoon water, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream together the butter or margarine and the sugar. Add the egg yolk, water and vanilla. Sift the flour and baking powder with the salt and stir into the mixture making rather a dry dough. Divide the dough into 2 equal portions. To one portion add the Bournville Cocoa kneading it in lightly. Roll each piece of paste on waxed paper into an oblong sheet about ¼ inch in thickness. Brush the plain portion with a little egg white and cover with the chocolate portion. Roll up like a jelly roll. Wrap in the paper and chill until firm enough to handle easily. Cut into slices about ¼ inch thick. Place on a greased tray and bake in a moderate oven for 8 to 10 minutes. Leave on the tray until cold.

Chocolate Meringue Pie

PASTRY — **3 oz. (3 level tablespoons) butter or margarine, 2 oz. (2 slightly rounded tablespoons) sugar, 1 egg yolk, 1 dessertspoon water, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 6 oz. (6 rounded tablespoons) plain flour, ½ level teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.**

FILLING — **½ pint milk, 1½ rounded tablespoons cornflour, 1 rounded tablespoon Bournville Cocoa, 2 level tablespoons sugar, 2 egg yolks, ½ teaspoon vanilla.**

MERINGUE — **2 egg whites, 4 level tablespoons sugar.**

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Add the egg yolk, water and vanilla. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt and stir into the mixture making into a rather dry dough. Turn on to a lightly floured board and knead until smooth on the outside. Roll to fit an 8 inch tart plate. Prick the bottom to prevent rising in the centre and decorate the edges. Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool. Combine the cornflour, Bournville Cocoa and sugar. Blend to a smooth paste with a little of the cold milk. Place the remainder of the milk on to boil. Pour on to the blended ingredients and stir until smooth. Replace in the saucepan and stir until the mixture boils and thickens. Cook 1 minute. Add the egg yolk and vanilla. Pour into the cooked and cooled pastry case. Place the egg whites in a clean, dry basin. Add a pinch of salt and beat until stiff. Add the sugar gradually and continue beating until the mixture will stand in peaks. Pile on top of the chocolate filling. Brown lightly under the griller.



NEW DESIGN PACKET



Cocoa is good for you! *And especially delicious when you make it this way.*

Mix half to one teaspoonful of Bournville Cocoa with sugar to taste. Add a little cold milk and mix to a smooth paste. Pour on boiling milk (or milk and water). Stir briskly while pouring.

THE ECONOMY DRINK FROM CADBURY'S—120 CUPS TO THE POUND.

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Your recipe for lifelong glamor

from page 13

• Lilly Dache says take one set of natural resources, one cup of good health, one electric charge of desire, one pint curiosity, one tablespoon daring, one ounce adventure, one quart will-power, one large handful of fun, one dash of energy. Mix, let rise with love. Serve with a sauce of design.

modern short-cuts to streamline your home and your way of doing things, you will find you have more time for other interests. You can take part in community work, where always there is a shortage of willing help, and through this you will meet new friends and find new enthusiasms.

You will have time, too, for pampering yourself—for using those new creams and lotions and hair cosmetics you have acquired. And one day your husband will look at you and say, "Darling, you look wonderful! What have you been doing to yourself?"

And you, of course, will only smile and say, "Why, nothing, dear, it's just that I am so happy."

There is another thing which is very important for a woman to do along with her hair. That is to use careful eye make-up. This is something that must be done cautiously. Start by darkening the eyebrows with an eyebrow pencil, which should be used in short brush strokes, the way the hairs grow, rather than in a hard line.

Then add a bit of eyeshadow along the upper lid and blend this in with your finger. Finish with some mascara brushed on the lashes. Don't use too much, for when you finish the effect should be natural.

Now stand back and look at yourself and see how much younger and more glamorous you look. I find that when I do not use eye make-up nowadays, people tell me I look tired. But when I go and put it on, I not only look better, but I even feel better.

I believe also in using a lotion or cream all over the body, because the skin of your body needs oil and moisture just as your face does. There are many effective body lotions on the market, so that you need only choose the one you like best.

Today's world is full of remedies for almost any flaw in beauty. Proper care of the teeth during childhood results in a beautiful smile in grown-up years.

Almost any disfiguring feature can be corrected, so great have been the developments in the fields of orthodontia and plastic surgery, while the study of nutrition and vitamins give our children a head start towards strong, straight, active bodies.

If you develop sensible eating habits, you can keep your figure slim and lithe. And as you grow older, modern science now has the means to supply the things your body needs for vigor and energy.

It is a fortunate time for women, and only a foolish woman will ignore all the modern aids to glamor and good health which are so easy for her to reach.

I believe being well dressed means mostly suiting your clothes to the occasion.

It always is safer to be under-dressed than over-dressed I have found. And real fashion begins with simplicity. You do not need to spend a great deal of money to be beautifully dressed today. All you need is to know how to select what suits you and what suits the occasion.

You buy a simple dress in



the budget department of your favorite shop. If it has good fabric, good lines, and is not cluttered up with a lot of cheap trimmings, if it fits you and suits your type, then it is just as good as if you had paid a fortune for it.

To find such a dress you need patience and sales resistance. You must not be persuaded to buy something that is not right for you. You have to start, I think, by knowing yourself. You know what are your best points, and what are your faults. If you are smart, you will learn to call attention, through clothes, make-up, and accessories, to your good points and to conceal your bad ones.

Let us suppose that you have beautiful eyes of an unusual deep blue color and these are your most striking feature. The rest of your face is ordinary, your figure average, your hair unremarkable.

So you want to call attention to your eyes. This is a simple problem. First you emphasise your eyes by careful eye make-up. You experiment until you find exactly the right shade of foundation and powder and lipstick to bring out most effectively the blue of your eyes. You do your hair simply, being sure only that it is well brushed, clean, and shining.

Learn allure

Now you are ready to consider the clothes which will heighten the effect you are looking for. The obvious solution is to wear always one or two things of the same blue of your eyes—a scarf, a belt, gloves, a hat, a piece of jewellery or a whole dress. Always you will be beautifully and unmistakably yourself — the girl with the big blue eyes.

Now let us take another problem.

We will suppose that your most striking feature is your hair. It is a beautiful golden red — a strawberry blond. Then design your wardrobe and the backgrounds of your home to dramatise this.

You may find it most effective to dress in tawny colors —all the ranges of beige, gold, and brown. And if you have green eyes, play them up by using green accessories and eyeshadow. Or maybe you find that pink is your most becoming color to wear. Strangely enough, this is true of many redheads.

Pick out your best points and dramatise them.

If after looking yourself over, you decide that you have not one single remarkable feature that can be dramatised by your dress, don't give up. Nonsense! Such a thing doesn't exist!

Make yourself such a feature.

If your hair is an unattractive mousy color, why not be a blonde, a redhead—or whatever?

If you have decided that this is the answer to your problem, go the whole way. Become a beautiful golden or platinum blonde and then play up the color of your hair with your wardrobe.

The thing is to plan the effect you want before you start out to shop. Then buy only what fits in with your plan. Keep this always in mind. Remember that clothes should be only a frame or a background to play up the essential you.

I have talked to many great designers in my travels about the world, and all of them say the same thing—a dress is successful when people do not see it, but see instead the woman who is wearing it.

If, when you walk into a room, people say, "How lovely you look!" —then you know you are well-dressed. But if they say, "What an unusual dress!"—then it is clear that the dress overshadows your own personality.

I have a secret.

But a secret is no fun unless you tell it, so now I am going to tell my secret to you, and my husband will say, "No woman can keep a secret," and he will be right. This is a secret I have kept for some time, however, and up to now I have not even told my husband.

He does not know why he looks up when I walk into a room. Even if I tiptoe, he knows I am there. And that is as it should be.

It is not enough for a woman to look beautiful and perfectly gowned. The really glamorous woman is not only seen—she is perceived. When I walk into a room, I want people to sense my presence by my fragrance as well as by sight and sound.

A woman who understands glamor knows she must appeal to all the senses. She must look beautiful, yes. But she must also smell good, she must make a pretty noise, her skin must be soft to touch, and if somebody kisses her she ought to taste good, too.

I think European women understand the importance of perfume better than American women. They are not afraid of it, as many Americans are. There used to be in this country a very silly and what you call prim and prissy theory, which was that it was not good taste to wear perfume in the daytime.

Now I ask you, does that make sense?

If it is all right to use perfume at night, why isn't it just as proper to use it when the sun is shining?

So many women merely dab a tiny bit of perfume behind their ears after they are dressed. Why put perfume behind your ears? Nobody is going to creep up behind your ears. Do not be afraid to use

Importance of perfume

enough scent to do some good.

I carry a small atomiser in my purse so that when I go out to lunch I can spray on some fresh, pleasant-smelling scent, because no perfume lasts more than a few hours. I renew it several times during the day.

So this is the first part of my secret—don't be afraid to smell good and use enough perfume to make sure this is true. Now the next part of my secret is how to find your scent. This is more difficult,



because a perfume never smells the same on two different women. There is something about the chemistry of the skin that changes the scent of different perfumes. So what is wonderful on your best friend may not be so good on you. This also is something you cannot decide for yourself. After the first few minutes you cannot smell perfume on yourself. Only others can smell it. The only way to judge a new scent is to try it out on a man. When you are experimenting with a new perfume, spray a lot of it on and go out with the man in your life. If he says, "M-m-m! You smell wonderful!" it is a success. That is your scent. Stick to it.

If he says nothing or, worse, remarks that the room seems stuffy, that means this is not the scent for you.

You may have to try several scents before you hit on the one that brings on the right masculine reaction. But when you find it, there is no doubt about it. There is no substitute for a man in judging a perfume. I try my perfumes out on my husband, and he is infallible.

Recently, when I was working very hard and was very tired in the evening, I got some new pine-scented bath oil which was supposed to be relaxing. I put some of this in my tub and lay in the scented water for a while, feeling soothed and rested.

When I came out, I put on a favorite negligee, tied a ribbon in my hair, and my husband said: "What is that funny smell?"

I said that I had used some pine bath oil, and he exclaimed: "But, Lilly, I like you to smell like a flower, not like a tree!"

The next day I poured the rest of the pine oil down the drain and got some bath oil scented with my usual flower fragrance. Now you know my secret.

Now this is a thing I have observed and it is strange but very true. It is that houses have personalities, just like people.

Some there are that are happy houses, and some are tired and untidy. Some try too hard to be elegant and so are stiff and not comfortable. And others are perhaps shabby and yet they make you feel warm and good when you walk into them.

It is a funny thing about houses. I can walk into any home and tell you what kind of a woman lives there. The man, he may leave his imprint, too, but it is the woman who gives a house character.

I have been entertained in some homes where no expense has been spared, and yet the house did not live if people were not happy in it. And I have visited some homes that were hardly more than cabins, where there was a graciousness and charm that you sensed as soon as you entered them.

That is what I mean about putting glamor into all parts of your life. You do not need wealth or expensive furnishings. The important thing is to make the most of what you have, and do it graciously.

I think perhaps the secret of carefree living and having fun in your home was said much more to the point in a song that I once heard Ethel Merman sing. It was called "Doing What Comes Naturally."



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PENTHOUSE APARTMENT. Mrs. Bill Talbert poses in the foyer of her penthouse (left). Her husband is the captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team.

GARDEN IN THE SKY. Mrs. Talbert (right) gardens on the terrace, 16 stories above Park Avenue. She is proud of growing salad vegetables and roses.

A PENTHOUSE APARTMENT IN NEW YORK

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

● Before Bill Talbert, America's Davis Cup team captain, flew to Australia last year he gave his wife, Nancy, the key to a New York penthouse apartment as a going-away present.

NANCY'S disappointment at not being able to accompany her husband was lessened when she walked through the flat and out on to a lovely garden terrace commanding an eye-filling view of the Manhattan skyline.

"I had wanted so much to go with Bill," Mrs. Talbert told me. "I have been everywhere else in the world with him on tennis tours except Australia. But I just could not have left our two children for two months."

So Nancy remained with Pike, aged five, and three-year-old Peter.

Mrs. Talbert is the daughter of a prominent New York sugar broker, Harvey Pike. She and her sportsman husband are popular members of New York's young smart set and lead an extremely busy social life.

Bill Talbert is an executive of two printing companies, with an interest in several other commercial enterprises. He is a diabetic who overcame that physical handicap to become one of the world's top tennis players.

At 36, he has now virtually retired from tournament play to devote himself to the duties of captain of the U.S. team.

He captained America against Australia in the Challenge Round at Forest Hills, New York.





COOLING OFF in heatwave conditions Peter Talbert (left) hoses his brother, Pike, as they play on the apartment terrace. The boys like swimming and their parents plan to put in a terrace pool for them.

AFTERNOON SNACK. The Talberts on the terrace overlooking the busy street. The terrace is their favorite spot — "the nicest place to relax" — always warm during the daytime and cool at night.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Don't be silly, girls, I have all day tomorrow to do the dishes."

MOTHER



"I'm not enjoying this at all—I might just as well be at home."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dix

AS I write, there's a warm wind wafting in the window, an early wind bringing its breath of spring and promise of summer.

It's a pleasant wind, and a pretty thought. I'd continue in the same optimistic vein if it were not for having made a visit to the shops today.

Then, in a large department store, all such happy notions were instantly quelled. On the counters were Christmas cards and Christmas crackers.

Such a sight in September instantly produces one of those time - like - an - ever - rolling stream moods. What is the use of thinking about spring clothes when autumn will be on us so soon?

The friend who was with me, a more practical and better-organised character, asked the price of one of the boxes of Christmas crackers.

"Three pounds twelve and six, Madame," said the salesgirl, adding, "They have jewelled favors inside them."

"Diamonds, no doubt," rejoined my friend philosophically, and passed on to the haberdashery counter.

* * *

YOU go on accepting things all your life, and then suddenly somebody lands a bombshell.

In Brisbane last week, Mr. C. Ruhle, of the Commonwealth Office of Education, said in a talk to teachers that the aspirate in English was "a barbarity which should have been dropped long go."

It was, he went on, a "linguistic luxury." He was moved to these lengths when answering a teacher who mentioned the difficulties of teaching Italian migrants how to pronounce words beginning with aitch.

This is a new thought to users of English who have spent their lives carefully not dropping aitches.

However, all languages have their hazards for the alien.

How, if aitchless, would one say "Huh?"

* * *

ANYONE listening to a session of popular numbers must be struck with the melancholy of their themes.

The most popular songs have always tended to sadness. It's a strain that stems unbroken from "Alice, Where Art Thou?"

Among a batch I heard the other night was one about a lonely man on the shelf who was looking for a lonely girl in a similar plight.

It was a nice idea, but so unrealistic. Lonely men on the shelf are never looking for lonely girls on the shelf. They are invariably joining in the competition for one who is not so dusty.

* * *

SPRING fashion notes: According to one authority, the emphasis this season will be on the stomach.

Which explains, of course, an unaccustomed attack of indigestion that hit me the other day.

The stomach, poor thing, had stagefright.

SLOT - MACHINES which, at the drop of a coin, produce typewriters have been invented in America. This appears a natural development in a civilisation said to live on pep drugs by day and sleeping pills by night.

You are going along the street, to buy a pair of stockings or the chops for the evening meal, when you think of the unwritten letter, the idea which, if let slip, may be lost forever — so you turn to the nearest slot machine.

The ambitious young businessman, unable to afford office rent, might find such machines a boon. All he needs is a G.P.O. box number and coins. In a country such as America it is not too much to hope that a companion device will soon be made— one that produces a typist.

The material for a romantic short story plot is then available:

Beautiful young girl, for some mysterious reason unable to find employment in a venetian-blinded office, spends her days shut up in a slot machine.

At intervals she hears the welcome clang of the mechanism and is released to do a little work. Most of the customers are eccentrics or spivs.

Into her life comes a young poet, who can never finish his poems because he hasn't sufficient coins for the machines. The typewriter is always snapping shut while he's thinking of a word.

One day she confesses that her old grandmother taught her to write longhand, a now forgotten art. So she meets him after her daily release from her machine, writes out his poems in beautiful copperplate script.

These enchant an editor, who secures the young man gainful employment writing advertising verses for breakfast foods.

The pair marry and live happily ever after, saving up enough to afford their own dear little typewriter.

* * *

FEARSOME weapons beget fearsome phrases. I heard such a phrase the other night in a talk on civil defence. It was "urban vulnerability."

* * *

THOUGHTS inspired by a financial page headline: "Oil and uranium quiet."

Oil and uranium quiet . . .
And the modest investor sighs.
Such a little while since, this duo
Had filled him with wild surmise.
Would a trifle in hand, he wonders,
(Amid the encircling gloom)
Be better than nothing—yet, heavens!
Suppose, just suppose, there's a boom?
Such riches, such prospects to dream of!
How fancy roams wild and free!
But — "Oil and uranium quiet" —
A hundred two bobs, let me see . . .

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In this attractive Merriespun dress the soft, wide collar rolls back from a deep square neck. Gathered skirt.



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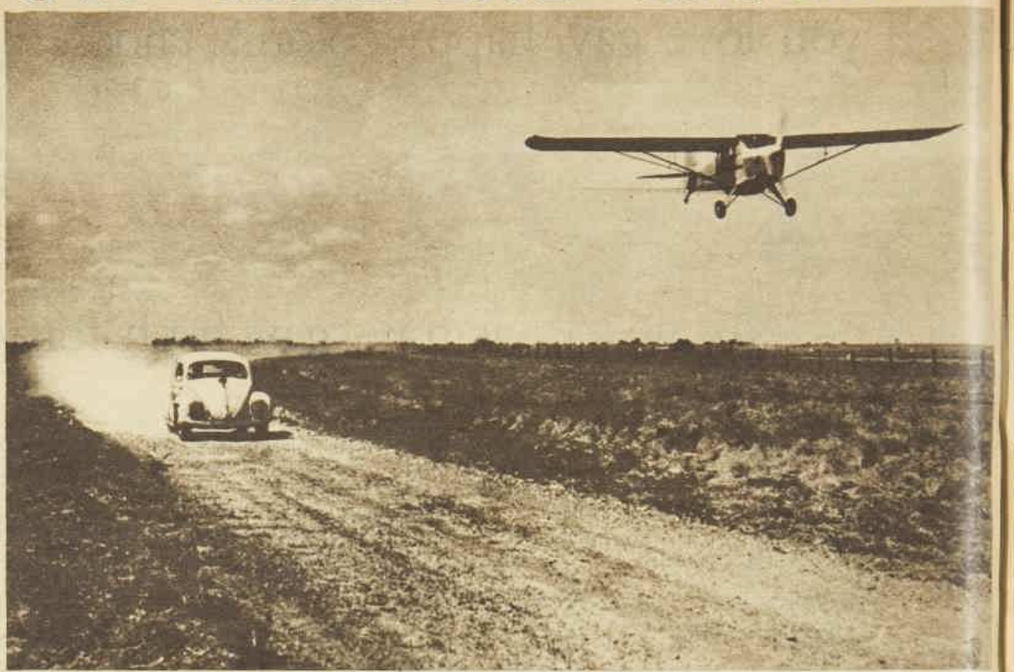
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F193

ON REDEX ROADS



ON THE FLAT, LONELY TRACK in the spinifex country between Mt. Isa and Hughenden a local grazier's plane hovers over a car taking part in the Redex reliability trial. The trial is over 10,500 miles of some of Australia's worst roads, and to most drivers the most beautiful scenery on the way is the rare stretch of straight bitumen road minus dust.

Our car team meets with gallantry and guinea pigs

By HELEN FRIZELL and BETTY BEST, staff reporters.

In reaching Darwin with nothing more disastrous than a damaged front suspension, smashed headlamps (flicked by the tail of a leaping kangaroo), two buckled wheel rims, and an overwhelming desire to sleep for a week, we considered ourselves among the luckiest in the Redex round-Australia trial.

WHEN we think of so many of the friends we've made on this trial whose cars have given up or who are in hospital themselves, the fact that we reached Darwin without a scratch, and two hours before the control point closed, filled us with gratification.

Unlike many of the other competitors who complained that the long run from Mt. Isa, through Camooweal and Tennant Creek, to Darwin was monotonous, we had no complaints at all to make about that lap.

The long, straight stretches of bitumen, sometimes 30 miles without a bend, didn't seem dull to us. To us, after miles and miles of dusty, dirt roads, bitumen, any sort of bitumen, was beautiful.

It wasn't without its dangers, though. The long road ahead had an hypnotic effect on our tired eyes, tending to send us to sleep.

Sleeping, we knew from the skid marks of earlier cars on the road, could be dangerous, and we took it in turns to lead conversations which would keep us awake.

Kangaroos, cattle, owls, and galahs on the road, particularly at night when the headlights attracted them, were a constant trap for the unwary.

The kangaroo that sideswiped our headlights with his tail, for example, was right in front of us before we saw him. Fortunately, for us though not for him, he wasn't big enough to do the rest of the car any real damage.

Apart from that kangaroo and a small bird that jammed in our radiator near Tennant Creek, our luck from Mt. Isa to Darwin was good.

From Cairns to Mt. Isa, though, it was very bad.

In that one day all our troubles came at once. We collected in rapid succession two buckled wheel rims, one bent front suspension, and a flat tyre.

First mishap

OUR first mishap came when we skidded off a single-track gravel-and-boulder road about 30 miles from Hughenden and bounced over rocks and sandhills hidden in the long grass.

This buckled a wheel and we pulled off the road to let others pass. The first one who came along did not attempt to pass.

It was car 29, driven by Fred and Jim Claridge, of South Australia. Though they were running hours late themselves, because of having to repair damage to their own car, they insisted on stopping to give us a hand.

With the Claridges' help we changed the buckled wheel and got going again. But in avoiding a pothole we bounced our nearside back wheel on another boulder. This time we had to unpack the boot to get at our sole remaining spare wheel.

We were just putting that on when car 48 appeared, driven by J. Hall, of Victoria, and pulled up. The crew spent most of the morning repairing a holed sump on their own car, but they wouldn't hear of going on until they'd helped us.



LAST YEAR'S WINNER. Jack Murray, car 46, races through the dust on the "horror" stretch between Marlborough and Sarina.



AT MT. ISA our team, Enid Nunn (on car), Betty Best, and Helen Frizell, took movies at the control. The girls are keeping a camera record of the 10,500-mile trip.

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Bitumen is beautiful



CAR-TRIAL COMPETITORS Mr. and Mrs. Bill Williamson, of Wollongong, N.S.W., look a little travel stained but still cheerful after checking in at Rockhampton control point.



SAFELY AT CAIRNS, our team (from left), Betty Best, Enid Nunn, and Helen Frizell, relax under a tropical palm and recover from the rigors of "horror" stretches.

Heartened by all this kindness, we drove carefully to the next control, nursing our damaged front suspension like a baby.

Though we lost points on time, we left feeling quite happy. Our happiness didn't last long—ten minutes to be precise. Then we had a flat tyre.

As we had no spare wheel there was nothing for it but to change the tube. We were straining at the levers when car 180 pulled up and out jumped the Kook brothers of N.S.W.

They helped us with the tyre, took a couple of pictures and went on their way.

Without the help from these gallant crews our time loss would have been greater and our spirits lower.

Courtesies

AS an all-woman crew we have few opportunities to return these courtesies of the road. When we pull up to see if we can help a car broken down on the roadside we invariably get calls of: "Don't worry about us, girls" or "It's done us good to see you. Keep going, girls."

Considering our grimy faces and dusty clothes we appreciate these gallantries doubly.

One crew, bearded and covered in grease, by the side of a completely wrecked car, waved us on with low bows and extravagantly thrown kisses.

Twenty miles out of Richmond on a lonely stretch of road with not a thing in sight we rounded a bend to find a car waiting for us. It was Mr. Harrington, a Richmond garage proprietor, who'd heard we were in trouble with our car and had driven out to meet us.

At Julia Creek we were given a rousing reception and a welcome snack by a group of girls Enid and Helen had met there on last year's trial.

Our strangest offer of assistance to date came from 15-year-old Clive Neily, of Cairns. Clive owns 36 guinea pigs and wanted to give us one for a mascot.

We thanked Clive sincerely, but pointed out that while human beings might survive the discomforts of the trail we felt it might be a bit unfair to guinea pigs.

Instead, we suggested Clive should buy himself another guinea pig and call it "Narda," after our Holden.

In the earlier sections of the trial the toughest part was undoubtedly the "horror" section from Marlborough to Sarina.

The toughness of the hazardous track wasn't made any easier by the grisly humor which had prompted local practical jokers to nail bones and ghoulish signs on the trees along the roadside.

At each dangerous crossing (and there were plenty of them) crossed leg bones, curled vertebrae, or an occasional jawbone were evidence of the grim wit the Redex trial seemed to produce in this area.

Dozens of locals made those crossings into picnic spots, all too obviously waiting there to see cars come to grief. To give them their due, though, they cheered when we didn't.

Near the end of the stretch, on a boulder-strewn spot which looked impassable as we approached, a big notice greeted us.

It read: "Undertaker to do any small digging jobs. The horror stretches for miles."

Even after leaving Sarina heading towards Townsville the road was still tough. We did most of it at night.

This constant night driving is very trying for the eyes.

As we've gone farther north, the brightness of the sun has been adding to the strain on tired eyes and we've been grateful for the sunglasses given to us by Polarizers (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

Another gift which we've found invaluable on the trial is a special watch given to us by Prouds of Sydney. Called an Envoy Chronograph, it's a watch that tells us practically everything except when a kangaroo's going to jump out in front of us.

Though this trial is tough, undoubtedly much tougher than it was last year, with the high speeds required forcing drivers to take extra risks, we've found our own troubles more than offset by the enormous kindness we've met from everyone—bystanders, officials, and fellow competitors.

CONTEST WINNERS

Queenslanders won three of the four Hillman Minx cars that were prizes in The Australian Women's Weekly Ideal Wife and Mother Contest. The other prize went to New South Wales.

ONE of the two outright prize-winners in the contest was a Brisbane woman, Mrs. Hilda Botwright of Coorparoo. The other outright winner was Miss I. Stibbard, of East Orange, N.S.W.

Two other Queenslanders were successful in the elimination contest held to decide the winners of the two remaining prizes.

They were Mrs. Jean M. Cook, of Turranna St., Stafford, Brisbane, and Mrs. E. H. Clarke, of Victoria St., St. George.

Both Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Clarke have two young children, and both families are thrilled at the success of their mothers.

Mrs. Cook, whose husband is a mail officer of the Customs Branch of the G.P.O., Brisbane, has two daughters, Beverley, 11, and Lorraine, 6.

She cannot drive a car yet, but says she will soon learn.

Mrs. Clarke, whose husband is an accountant employed by the local council at St. George, has a daughter Jill, aged 11, and a seven-year-old son, Brian.

St. George is 400 miles south-west of Brisbane, in the centre of rich sheep country.

The Clarkes have never owned a car before, but Mr. Clarke can drive and came to Brisbane to pick up Mrs. Clarke's Hillman.

Mrs. Clarke, like Mrs. Cook, cannot drive yet, but, again like Mrs. Cook, she says she will soon learn.

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Big as a wardrobe . . . sensitive as a kitten



HANS HOTTER, 6ft. 6in. singer touring Australia, dwarfs Eunice Gardner, Daily Telegraph music critic, as she stands with him in a doorway of his hotel.

Wife's verdict on famous singer

By HELEN GORDON, staff reporter

The true stature of a man of such immense musical (and physical) proportions as visiting German baritone Hans Hotter is sometimes difficult for an outsider to judge.

AT times it's necessary to get the picture life-size through the eyes of someone who knows him well.

His wife, Helga—tall, olive-skinned, and beautifully groomed—is just such a medium.

Of her 6ft. 6in., 16-stone husband, she says:

"He is as big as a wardrobe, but inside he is as sensitive as a kitten.

"I am the only one who tells him the truth. I go to nearly all his performances, and when he is not good—every singer is sometimes bad—I tell him, 'You were wonderful.'

"After a little while, a few days perhaps, I tell him what I really thought. If I told him the truth right away, he would be very much hurt.

"We live in Munich. I come from Hamburg, but I would not live anywhere else but Munich now. Hans is typical of the Bavarians.

"They are sensitive — sometimes happy, sometimes sad, their moods go up and down. He is like that. He has temperament, but his moods are soon over.

"Hans sings in opera and also gives concerts. I like him very much singing opera — he is a wonderful actor.

"But I think, in my heart, Hans likes concert singing best, where he doesn't have to move around and act. He is really a bit shy."

Of Hans Hotter's Wotan in the Ring Cycle at Covent Garden, London, this summer the music critic of a leading English weekly, impressed by his immense god-like dignity, said: "He seated himself and spread his robe like the Moses of Michelangelo . . . In the second act of Siegfried he filled his lungs to capacity (an impressive sight) and then let rip . . ."

Mrs. Hotter added:

"While we are in Australia we want to see the Australian soccer team play. We will go to the football whenever we can—my husband is very fond of it.

"I don't like it much, but I don't tell Hans that.

"He was goalie for the Hamburg Opera House team, when Opera House played the Theatre."

Helga Hotter travels with her husband on all his tours. His 12 weeks' Australian tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission will cover capital cities and big country centres in all States.

The Hotters met in Hamburg when both were at the beginning of their careers—she an actress, he a little-known singer at the Hamburg Opera House.

"We met at a ball," Mrs. Hotter says. "I had gone to the ball with my drama teacher, and later in the evening Hans arrived. It was nearly midnight and we danced together.

"We were married a year later. Hans had to make a trip to England to ask my parents for my hand. I gave up acting. No, I don't regret it. Perhaps I would not have been a very good actress, anyway.

"In those days Hans was very thin. You would never know it, looking at him now. He was so thin when we met that my best girl-friend told me, 'You must not marry him, he does not look healthy, I think he is tubercular.'"

Her husband entered the room just them and Mrs. Hotter said: "Hans, I am telling how skinny you were."

"I was terribly thin," Hans Hotter admitted. "I was so thin I had to wear padding on the stage."

He gestured in the air in front of him and patted his chest.

"I had to wear chest padding inside my costumes — there is a word for it—falsies!

"I had to wear padding on my legs, too. You can't sing Wagner with skinny legs.

"Now I am twice the size I was. Singing makes you grow sideways.

"When I went to America for the first time, in 1950, one of the passengers on the ship asked me for my autograph because he thought I was Johnny Weissmuller.

"The first time I went to England, I was staying in Kensington, at a family-type guest-house. I had never sung in that country, and nobody knew me.

"I had not been there long when one of the other lodgers came up to me and said he knew my face. I was quite thrilled, I thought he must have heard me singing on the Continent. So I asked him, 'Did you see me in Vienna?'

"He said, 'No, it was in the East End. Weren't you wrestling down there the other night?'"



GERMAN BARITONE Hans Hotter and his wife, Helga. They spend much leisure time between public appearances in Sydney on the sunny terrace of their hotel.



THIS SNAPSHOT of their children travels with the Hotters wherever they go. Pieter (18) is 6ft. 9in. tall and Gaby (16) is 6ft.

Lichine here for premiere

World-famous dancer and choreographer David Lichine, newly arrived from Los Angeles, is rehearsing the Borovansky Company for the world premiere of his new ballet, "Corrida."

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

"CORRIDA" will have its premiere in Sydney in November, and will be seen later in other Australian capitals.

The Borovansky Company will also perform two other Lichine ballets, "Francesca da Rimini" and a full-length "Nutcracker Suite"—the first complete version since Petipa's in Russia before the Revolution.

Mr. Lichine is rehearsing the Borovansky Company in Adelaide, where it is now playing.

The 45-year-old Russian dancer and his lovely wife, Tatiana Riabouchinska, recently completed a successful season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

"My wife is wonderful," Lichine told me. "She has matured since she was here and comprehends what she is dancing. She is not only a good wife, but is also a great help to me in my creations.

"And there is our daughter, Tania. She is nine and at school, where the nuns teach her dancing.

"The nuns have a great sense of humor. They say: 'Tania teaches us to dance. She says what we do is wrong and "if you don't believe me call my Daddy".'"

At home the choreographer is the "regular chef."

"I am a better cook than I am a choreographer," he said. "I use French, Italian, and Russian dishes, but they must be lightened through the necessity of a ballet figure.

"I am a very messy cook — and my wife cleans up.

"Now that our house is fully mechanised, she does not mind my cooking so much.

"I have taught her to cook, and Tania, also. But I would not say her dishes are always eatable.

"I never use prefabricated ingredients. I start from scratch . . . that is the most fun of cooking. I have several kinds of salts, herbs, and vinegars. Spaghetti I cook with different vegetables and herbs and make it look like rainbow spaghetti.

"We also have a lot of English Christmas puddings too. We get a little bit tipsy on them."

Of the "Nutcracker Suite," Mr. Lichine said: "I will follow Petipa's great choreography closely.

"Wherever the ballet dances Mr. Borovansky will arrange to have children from ballet school to dance in the delightful children's scenes."

There are only five persons in the cast of "Corrida," which tells the story of a matador who cannot kill any more. In his nightmares he thinks he is bewitched and sees himself in the double personality of matador and bull.

"The Scarlatti music for it is not typical gentle Scarlatti," Mr. Lichine added. "It is violent and tragic."

On his return to Los Angeles, David Lichine will become an American citizen. Already Tatiana and Tania are Americans.



DANCERS David Lichine (left) and Edouard Borovansky, director of the Borovansky Ballet Company. Both were in the De Basil Company during its 1939 season here.

● *Many schoolchildren on holiday have been among visitors to the Art Gallery during the past week to see the exhibition resulting from our Portrait Prize competition. Pictures reproduced in color in this issue are among the 192 entries on view. The exhibition will be open until Sept. 18.*

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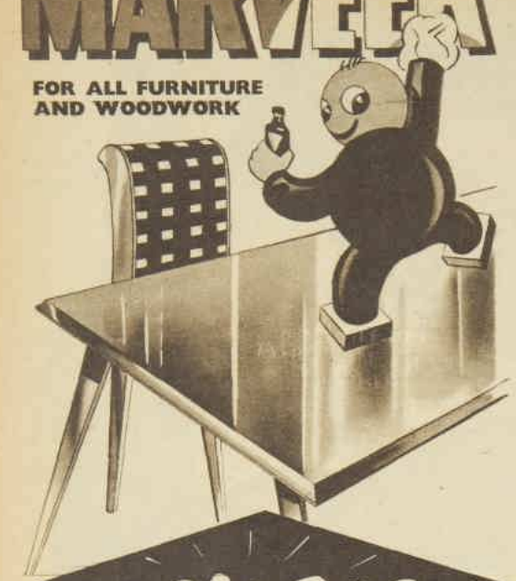
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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

More about the good-night kiss this week, because letters around and about the subject happened to dominate the mail.

THE first letter is from a boy who asks for "an answer to the age-old custom."

He says:

"TAKING a girl home from a first date, is it the accepted etiquette not to kiss her good-night the first night but wait till the second or third date? Or is nothing amiss by availing yourself of all three opportunities to kiss her good-night? This is a complex question, probably depending on how well the boy knows the girl, etc., but I would appreciate it very much if you could give an opinion."
"Interested," Victoria.

It is customary to wait until the second or third date before trying the good-night kiss.

Please note I refrain from saying whether I think it's right or wrong or etiquette. It's simply customary.

The only thing amiss in availing yourself of "all these opportunities" is that you might miss the kiss.

As you say, it's a complex question, depending on the boy, the girl, the mood, and the moment. But, generally, girls don't appreciate this particular type of rush. It's one occasion when patience is well invested.

"I AM 17 and considered average-looking. When I go out with boys I find that after a few dates they get over-amorous. I am not a prude, but I draw the line at certain behaviour. Like most girls I do not encourage them, and I am very worried because other girls have such a good time with the same boys. Could you advise me on what I could be doing unconsciously? I do not yet wish to go steady, but I find that girls call me fast. The only feature I have of any beauty is a lovely figure, but I dress respectably."
Sought-after-Jane, W.A.

You haven't made your questions plain, but I'll try to answer what I think you're asking.

What you may be doing unconsciously is being the kind of girl boys like most. You can't help that. And, really, would you want to?

After a few dates most boys get over-amorous, and your best protection here is to foresee the approaches.

Have your coat and bag gathered together before the car stops. If there's no car, have your front-door key ready when you get home.

Don't linger. Take the boy's hand in yours, and say, "Thanks, Tom, it's been a lovely evening. Goodnight," and disappear inside. Or, "Sorry, Bill, not just now."

Or, if there's a light showing in the house, use that as an excuse that you can't linger—your parents are waiting up for you.

As a last resort, if the boy's too clever and you're cornered, don't hesitate to use a plain "No"—and let your voice be emphatic and decisive.

But the ringing "No" is a last resort. You have to try to convey in your refusal that it's only the amorous approaches you're refusing, not the boys themselves.

The other girls should be the least of your worries. There's possibly a bit of jealousy inspiring their remarks. And, as you imply, why should you go steady when there isn't any boy around you want to go steady with, and when you're still only 17.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

THIS week Debbie, our teenage chef, gives one of her favorite recipes—caramel squares, made with walnuts and dates.

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 8oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

1. Melt butter or substitute.
2. Add brown sugar and egg, mix well.
3. Fold in dates and nuts.
4. Fold in sifted flour and baking-powder.
5. Continue folding mixture until it is smooth and even.
6. Spread evenly in greased slab-tin, whose base has been lined with greased paper.
7. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.
8. Cut into squares while still hot, but leave in tin until cold.
9. Ice with lemon icing if desired.

Penfriends

THERE is never much space for penfriends' names. I use as many requests as I can. But would you all please make use of the names printed, and, when writing, ask the addressee to pass on the letter to a friend if he or she already has a full quota of penfriends.

Wendy Hartley, aged 14, 77 Victory Ave., Paddock, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, would like penfriends. So would Shirley Brackett, aged 20½, 11 Benyon Rd., Hackney, London N.1, England.

Lorna Worthington, P.O. Box 15, Otorohanga, North Island, New Zealand, would like penfriends of either sex 18 years or over.

• Thank you for the many letters to this page. Please don't request personal replies or send stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Queries will be answered only through this column.

DISC DIGEST

AS may be expected, the current visit to Australia of an Italian Opera Company has sparked special issues of operatic recordings. It's pretty safe to say that the No. 1 favorite composer is Puccini, and, therefore, the new LP (33OCX-1204) is certainly going to be enjoyed. It introduces the new soprano Maria Callas, who has been showered with extravagant praise wherever she is heard. Her debut disc is called "Puccini Operatic Arias," and it's really good value, giving you eleven principal soprano arias from "La Boheme," "Butterfly," "Manon Lescaut," "Suor Angelica," "Gianni Schicchi," and "Turandot."

ANOTHER operatic record of interest — and tons of entertainment — is the long player PMD.1022 called "Operatic Intermezzi." As the name implies, it groups a number of popular orchestral passages from various operas such as "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Jewels of the Madonna," and "The Four Rustics" (both by Wolf-Ferrari), "Pagliacci," "L'Amico Fritz," and the two lovely entractes from "Carmen." Seems to be the ideal record for those rare folk who enjoy opera music but aren't particularly fond of singing. It's played by that fine body, the Philharmonia Orchestra, under Wilhelm Schucter's baton.

THOSE of you who went for "Beat Out Dat Rhythm On a Drum" and "Dat's Love," from the Bizet-Hammerstein version of "Carmen Jones," will be glad to hear that they have been extracted from the big LP disc and are now coupled on a handy 45 r.p.m. platter numbered SCDO.7502. Whoever thought that Bizet's Carmen would finish up on the Hit Parades!

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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NP16

DISNEYLAND . . .



CREATOR OF DISNEYLAND, Walt Disney (left), accompanied by Governor Goodwin Knight, of California, and Fred Gurley, President of the Santa Fe Railroad, smiles happily from the footplate of the miniature Santa Fe train which encircles Disney's new amusement park at Anaheim, California. The park is the realisation of one of Disney's ambitions.

America's newest amusement park is a paradise for children

There's a new westward movement across the U.S.A. that threatens to disturb the peace of every American family—at least those with children.

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

THE modern Pied Piper is Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. And the big draw to the West is Disney's biggest and most elaborate venture so far — Disneyland, a labyrinthine, 160-acre amusement park for kids, "from 6 to 60," to romp and get lost in.

The movie fun-man built his "permanent world's fair" at Anaheim (California), within coo-ee of Los Angeles and of Disney's own film studio at Burbank.

In Disneyland, says the dedicatory plaque over the front entrance, "Age relives fond memories of the past, and youth may savor the challenge and promise of the future."

The 17-million-dollar (about £A7,550,000) extravaganza was launched recently with a big splash on a 90-minute national television "spectacular." Several dazed parents told me after watching the show that it was well calculated to induce little boys to leave home if Pop didn't pack up the family car instantly and head for the West Coast.

Disneyland has so many wonders to display that it had to be divided into four "lands," Frontierland, Tomorrowland, Fantasyland, and Adventureland.

Each part is so big and full of fun that it takes a whole day on its own, or four days for the lot.

If a child has the endurance and his parents have the money, he can spend a whole week going through everything and taking every ride.

The fun starts when you enter the grounds through an old-time railway station and climb into a scaled-down replica of the funnel-stack locomotives that puffed around 75 years ago. The shiny little engine pulls six coaches carrying 300 passengers around the mile-and-one-half perimeter of Disneyland.

Back at the station, you walk down a reproduction of "Main Street" of the 19th century, complete even to horse-drawn trams pulled by ponies. All the exhibits are five-eighths of normal size.

The buildings are not papier-mache false fronts like those used on Hollywood film sets. Each has four walls and a roof. The quaint shops on Main Street are operated as concessions by well-known American firms, who consider it an excellent promotion scheme.

A plaza at the end of Main Street is the hub from which the visitor reaches the four lands.

Tomorrowland is identified by a towering, pylon-like space rocket, and you are quickly transported to the post-Orwellian year 1986.

Kids and grown-ups can take a trip to the moon from Tomorrowland — or at least board a passenger rocket and have all the thrills of the trip. If outer space gives you vertigo, you can peer at the world from a "man-made satellite" orbiting 500 Disney miles above the earth.

As you leave Tomorrowland you get a sharp jolt when the clock turns back more than a century to Frontierland. Young Davy Crocketts and Hopalong Cassidys are ordered to check their gunbelts at the entrance. Then they line up



PANORAMIC VIEW of Fantasyland with the Sleeping Beauty's castle in the background and the Mad Hatter's tea-party whirling in the foreground. Visitors to Fantasyland meet fairytale characters like Peter Pan, Snow White, the Seven Dwarfs, and King Arthur.

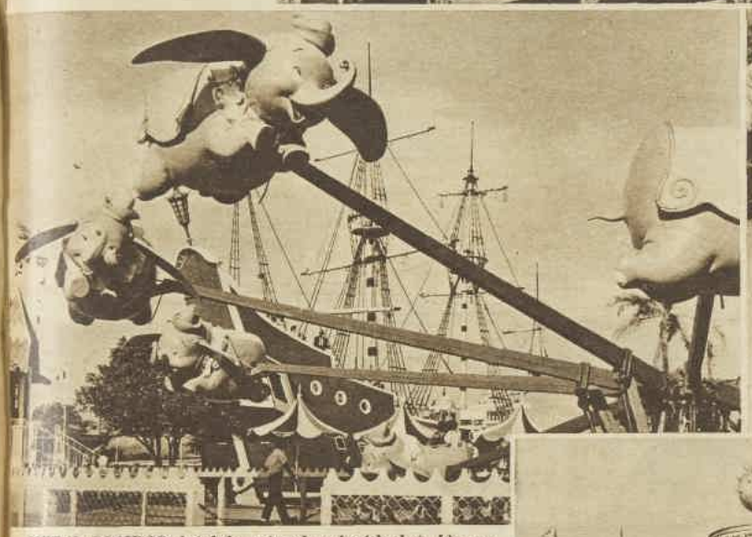
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17-million-dollar daydream

Walt Disney's worlds of fantasy become realities



CASEY JUNIOR, Disney's most famous train, looking exactly as it does in the cartoon, is one of the attractions of Disneyland, Walt Disney's new amusement park. Casey Junior runs on an elevated track.



METAL DUMBOS, brightly painted and with their big ears flying, make the seats in one of the rides in Fantasyland. All Disney's cartoon characters appear in Disneyland.



EXPLORERS' BOAT sets off down the muddy river of Adventureland. Tropical vegetation, ruined temples, and lifelike, though plastic, wild animals line banks of the stream.



FUTURISTIC clock (above) marks the entrance to Tomorrowland. A moon rocket is in the centre background.



PADDLE STEAMER Mark Twain (right) takes passengers to Frontierland as real steamers did a century ago.

the bar, feet on the rail of the "Golden Horseshoe" or another equally desperate saloon, "Sluefoot Slue's."

The bars are open to adults, too, but are strictly non-alcoholic.

After a bracing shot of soft drink, Junior can totter on board the Mark Twain, a 105-feet-long stern - wheeler, which takes him down the Disney-made Mississippi.

Fantasyland takes children into a world of imagination, hopes, and dreams. Across a moat, the kiddies "ooh" and "ah" at a soaring, pastel-tinted fairy castle with spires and battlements.

The drawbridge clanks into place and you cross into a courtyard where King Arthur is in charge of the Round Table. Up a set of stone steps you find Sleeping Beauty surrounded by medieval splendor in a vaulted bedchamber. Below is a dungeon staffed with a resident ogre and equipped with junior-size implements of torture.

Fantasyland eschews the tame carousel and ferris wheel in favor of more imaginative rides.

One is the "Peter Pan," that takes you flying over a moonlit London in a pirate galleon to a Never-Never Land of mermaids, buccaneers, Indians, and Lost Little Boys.

The "Snow White" train carries you into the den of the wicked witch, and the "Mr. Toad Drive-Thru" takes you in a 1903 motor careering through a barn door and delivers you beyond the pearly gates to the accompaniment of heavenly music.

A tamer but more fascinating place is Adventureland. There is a Tahitian settlement with a rich display of tropical birds, fish, shells, and flowers. An explorer's boat takes you down a tropical river, where lifelike plastic crocodiles come swimming towards the boat. On the lush banks are rhinoceroses, hippopotami, elephants, and lions that make all their proper noises and move about.

The 53-year-old Disney, ever since he landed in Hollywood 25 years ago with 40 dollars in his pocket, has shown himself to be a very practical dreamer. Disneyland was thought out to the last profit potential.

Already it is taking 350,000 dollars (about £A167,000) each week.

At this rate, the park will pay for itself in just short of a year.

The 350,000-dollar figure does not include money spent on food or drink, another item of considerable expense to all visitors at the park.

It is estimated that some 160,000 persons are attending the park each week.

The advent of Disneyland caused an immediate doubling of the price of lots in Anaheim, a city of 30,000, which is expected to grow to 100,000 by 1960.

On the strength of the big attraction, one promoter is building a 10-million-dollar (£A4,450,000) motel across the street from the main entrance. The builder calculates that it will take at least a week for a family to see all of Disneyland.

He will also offer day and night baby-sitters to stay with the children when Mama and Papa tire of playing Mickey and Minnie Mouse and want to step out for a night in the gin mills. They'll flourish, too.

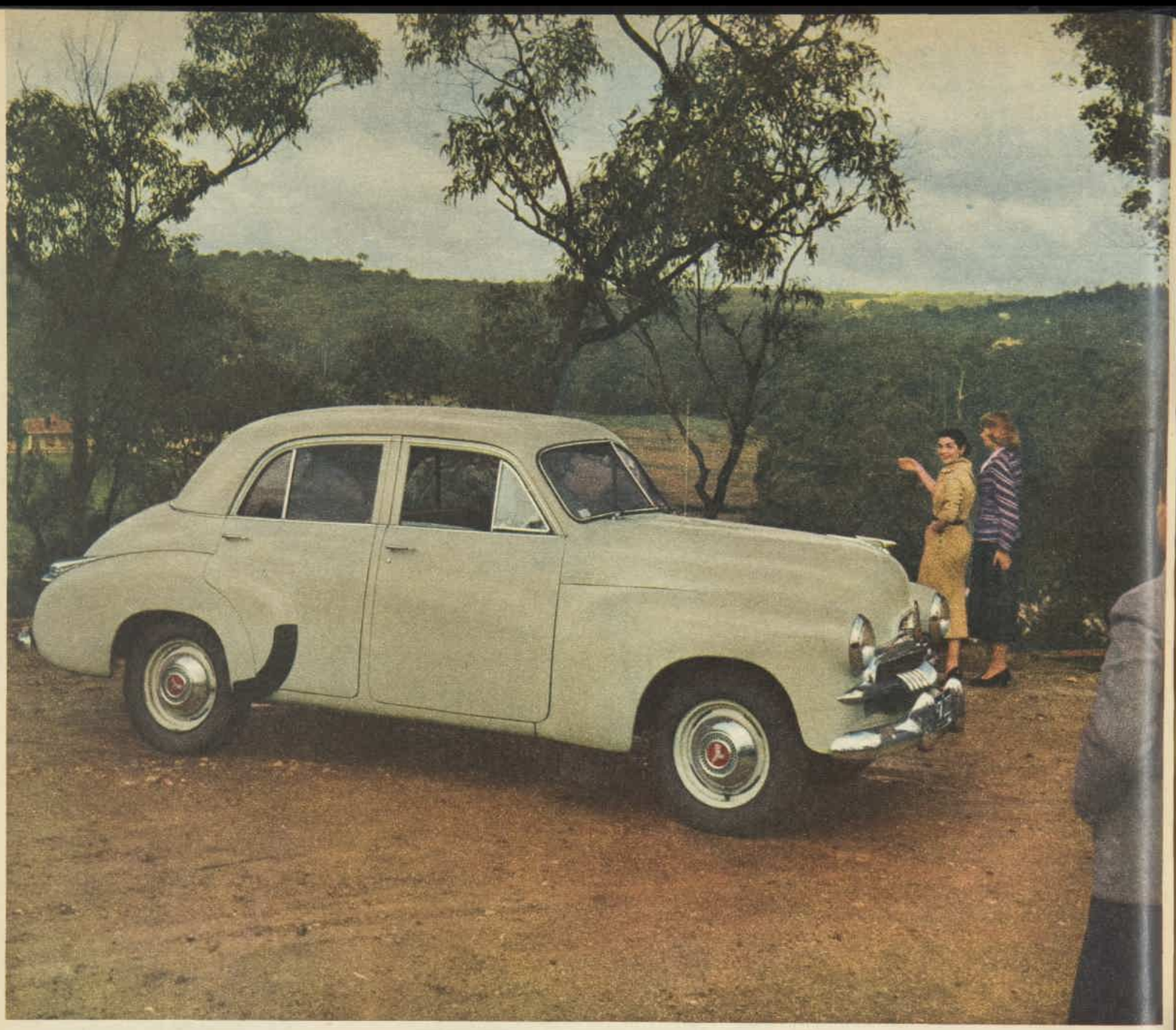
With his motion picture interests, two new weekly television shows, and now Disneyland, the quiet man with the moustache has become one of the titans of U.S. business. But he is still essentially a simple soul who speaks the language of children the world over.

One reporter covering the opening of Disney's 17-million-dollar "daydream" found him to be "like a kid who's got the toy he always wanted."



MICKEY MOUSE AND DONALD DUCK emerge from the Sleeping Beauty's castle to a fanfare of trumpets by the Knights of the Round Table. As well as real knights on real horses, Disneyland has a merry-go-round with 72 wooden steeds like King Arthur's.

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WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Dale Turnbull (centre) at St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding, with bridal attendants (from left) Alf Saunders, Pam Macarthur Onslow, Geoff Ritchie, Barbara Potter, Pat Gunning, Mrs. Gunning, John Allen, and Mrs. David Lloyd Jones. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Fuller.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

IT will be a temporary home at Double Bay for Gillian Galbraith and Bill Maxwell after their wedding on September 15. Gillian and Bill are taking over Air-Commodore and Mrs. C. B. Wincott's flat while the Wincotts are overseas for six months, so they'll be able to house-hunt at leisure.

Mrs. Paddy Throsby, of "Growce," Rylstone, and Ann Livingston will attend Gillian at the ceremony at All Saints', Woollahra.

Gillian is the daughter of Mr. Colin Galbraith, of Edgecliff, and Mrs. Keith Martin, of Point Piper, and Bill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Maxwell, of Moss Vale.

• • •

FIRST-HAND news of James and June Grande and their baby son, John—who live in Minneapolis, U.S.A.—came last week for June's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hazlitt, of Northwood. Neighbors of the Grandes in Minneapolis, Fulbright scholar Roy Ampt, his wife, and daughter, arrived in Sydney by air and stayed overnight with Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt before going on to their Melbourne home.

DIAMOND ring that belonged to her fiance's mother will be "something old" for pretty Lindy Lane when she marries Bill Eleveld, of Double Bay, on September 8. Lindy, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lane, of Neutral Bay, will be attended by her three sisters—Jennifer, Rosemary, and Margaret—at the wedding at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. Bill is the son of Captain W. Eleveld, of Aerdenhout, Holland, and the late Mrs. Eleveld.

• • •

AFTER a honeymoon spent touring the South Coast, newlyweds Maureen and John Kellett will make their home at Grafton. Maureen is the younger daughter of Mr. F. J. Cahill, M.L.A., and Mrs. Cahill, of Ashfield.

QUITE a problem will confront Lady Richardson (actress Meriel Forbes), Mrs. John McCallum, (who is Googie Withers), and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere at the Elizabethan Ball on September 14. They are the judges who will award a flacon of French perfume and an antique figurine to the wearer of the "gown of the year." The ball will be held at the Trocadero.

• • •

FASHIONWISE — Mrs. Cecil Scott Waine's slender-skirted, full-length evening gown of bittersweet-pink satin, the bodice swathed to form a square neckline. Matching guipure lace veils the satin from above the waistline to the hem.

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . just back from their honeymoon, Rob and Jeanette McGeoch are living at "Brantford," Wagga, till their new home is built nearby . . . Margaret Toshack and Rex Ewens have chosen September 10 for their wedding at St. Peter's, Cowra . . . Margaret Himmelhoch of Belmore was among this week's prettiest debs.

Anne





ABOVE: Dr. and Mrs. Richard Bourke (left), Mrs. S. Devenish Meares, and Dr. Meares were guests at the Australasian Medical Congress Ball, at the Trocadero.

LEFT: Mrs. Edgar Thompson with Dr. J. O. Mercer, of New Zealand, at the Australasian Medical Congress Ball. Dr. Mercer was a vice-president of Congress. Mrs. Thompson wore a gown of heavy cream lace, with ruched organza panels.



GAY COUPLE at the "Haywire in Hades" dance, Jan Burt and John Stratton, were delivering "hay-wires." The dance was held at the A.C.I. Ballroom in aid of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children.



LEAVING for reception after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, are Mr. and Mrs. William Vout. Mrs. Vout was Ann Fairlie-Cuninghame, second daughter of Mona, Lady Fairlie-Cuninghame, of Darling Point, and the late Sir Hussey Fairlie-Cuninghame.



AT ST. MARK'S. Captain John Lenehan and his bride leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Lenehan was formerly Annette Clayton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Clayton, of Darling Point.

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ALL OVER AUSTRALIA

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

• Dotted cotton sheer in its 1955 shape — super-smooth fitted torso, and wide skirt.

THIS fashion flash answers a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"DO you think you could design me something really new for some dotted cotton sheer and give me an idea for the trimming? I want to keep the frock for wearing on special occasions—when I go out with my boy-friend to movies, etc., nothing formal. I take a 36in. bust and my proportions are good. Would a torso frock suit me? I make my own clothes and have used several Dress Sense patterns successfully."

Certainly a long-torso dress would suit a well-proportioned 36in. fitting. Actually, you will be surprised how flattering a torso dress can be. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. The narrow velvet-ribbon trim couldn't be newer or prettier.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch give further details and how to order.



D.S.155. — Long-torso dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5¾yds. 36in. material and 7yds. ribbon. Price, 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I HAVE a navy linen suit with a hip-length box jacket and narrow skirt. The jacket does not fasten. At present I wear the suit with a blouse, but it seems incorrect. What do you advise?"

A suit with a boxy jacket will look best worn with a waistcoat. As the suit is in navy linen, I consider white pique would be chic for the waistcoat.

"WOULD you suggest a popular style for me to choose this summer, also the most popular pastel colors for the same season?"

A bare-arm look, with low or scooped neckline and slim skirt, is a popular summer daytime design. Pastel shades, headed by pinks, greens, and blues, are all good-selling summer colors.

"WOULD you please tell me if the A-line silhouette has a narrow skirt?"

Dior's A-line silhouette has a long, easy bodice, narrow shoulders, and a high bustline. The skirt spreads towards the hemline, or features all-around pleats.

"I HAVE just finished making a very tailored and plain coat-frock in black linen and would like to know what to wear for the accessories."

With black there is nothing smarter than black-and-white accessories, plus one touch of strong color. This accessory plan could be carried out in the following arrangement: White hat, black-and-white shoes, black bag, white gloves, plus a rope of turquoise beads and matching ear-rings.

"MY problem is the style, color, and the material most used for an after-five coat to wear over semi-formal clothes. I hope you can help me."

This season satin, cotton-brocade, faille, and linen are all being used for late-day coats—New York designers call them theatre coats. All-black, all-white, and small prints are currently popular. Designs are simple — narrow shoulders, a faintly fitted body-line slightly spreading towards the hemline (this an A-line adaptation) is the most popular silhouette.

"WHAT would be the best type of corset to wear with a sheath frock? I have a 37in. bust, so you see I am not really slim."

A one-piece foundation would be best. Don't forget in the newest silhouette for spring the bust is raised and smoothed out into less pointed contours and the separation of the bosom is eliminated.

"I WANT to remake a pink-lace evening frock with a bodice-top which shrank when it was cleaned. I thought of a new top. The skirt is wide and flared."

A black velvet halter-top combined with a wide pink-lace skirt would make a very pretty evening dress.



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Beauty in Brief:

WAISTLINE EXERCISES

By CAROLYN EARLE

• No matter how fashions change, the slim and supple waist remains the vogue, for it's young at any age. Moreover, the tidy waistline makes for comfort.

THIS last applies particularly to the short-waisted person, who, with less space to spare between the lowest rib and the top of the hip-bone, can ill afford extra poundage just there.

Unless there is any reason why not, the way to coax a slender middle is with upstretch and side-bend types of exercise, plus extra care in general deportment.

For instance, where it applies, stop settling down in a lump, for it's a habit that can spoil a tidy midriff in no time at all.

The twister is worthy of inclusion in an exercise programme.

Here's how you do it:

Position: Sit on the floor, legs straight forward, with elbows bent and hands clasped behind the head.

Movement: Pull up with the midriff muscles and twist gently at the waist to the right, halfway round; now, holding the upward pull, bend forward to touch the left elbow to the left knee.

Return to original, upright position, then twist gently to the left and touch the right elbow to the right knee in the same way. Repeat as often as is comfortable.



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Laconia

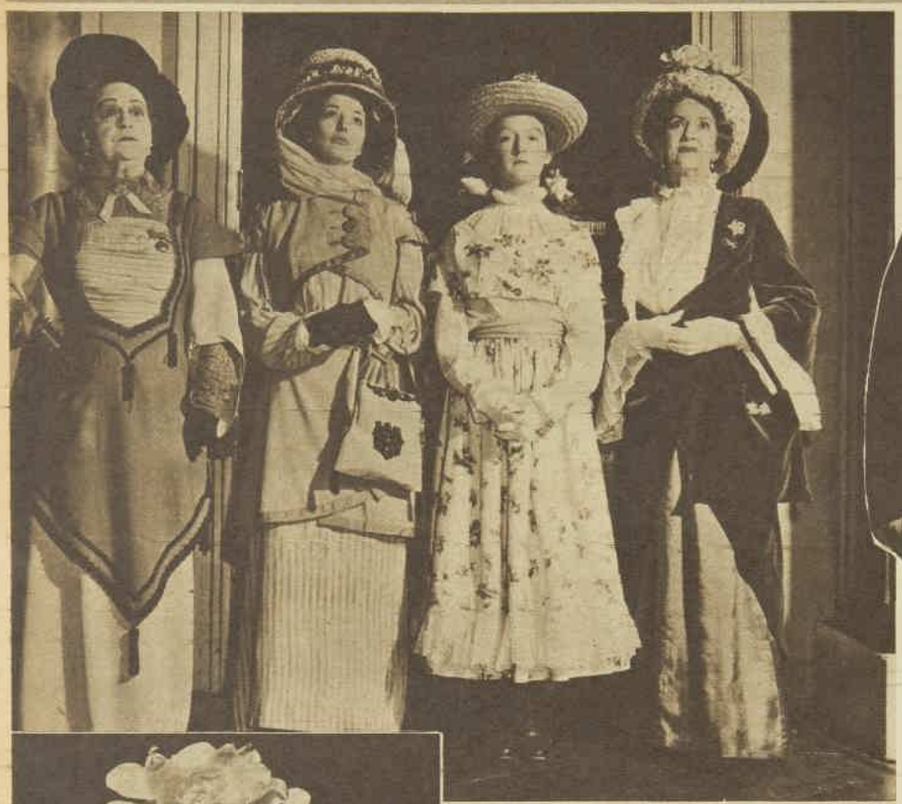
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"ELIZABETHAN" HEADGEAR



CARPATHIAN ROYALTY on the stage of the Elizabethan are, from left: Lily Moore, the Baroness; June Collis, the Countess; Jane Casson, the Princess; and Winifred Green, the Archduchess. Pictures by staff photographer John Smith.



WHATEVER HAVE WE HERE? seems to be the reaction of Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson, as the Regent and his mistress, Mary, to the four Carpathian Royal ladies.



● **Truly labelled "an occasional fairy-tale" by its author, Terence Rattigan, "The Sleeping Prince," at the Elizabethan, Newtown, is a light-hearted blend of fantasy in subject matter and authentic period costume.**

Set in the Carpathian Legation in London in 1911, the play stars Sir Ralph Richardson, Meriel Forbes (Lady Richardson), Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Sir Lewis Casson. One of the delights of the play is the costuming, especially the hats worn by the Carpathian Royal ladies in the cast.

"WHAT AM I NOW?" asks Winifred Green in her concoction of straw, mauve velvet, and cabbage-roses.



NEED a spare tea-cosy? Above: Lily Moore disapproves her dark brown model. Right: Jane Casson preens in youthful straw.





ANOTHER feather and I'll fly (above). Dame Sybil is amused by her feathers. Right: June Collis —"Who wouldn't be wistful?" might be her anguished query.



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Special Offer

6 GUINEA AMERICAN KOL (cold) WAVE FOR 3 GUINEAS

As illustrated at right, the very latest American Kol (cold) Wave . . . a self-setting, free-from-frizz permanent wave. This is the most natural wave yet designed—even expert hairdressers cannot determine whether it's natural or permanently waved. Don't miss this opportunity to obtain the American Kol Wave for only three guineas.

4 GUINEA COLIN DUVAL SPECIAL WAVE FOR 2 GUINEAS

Below is an actual photograph of the Colin Duval special wave now offered for only two guineas. This permanent wave is also free from frizz and done in the layer cut, individually styled. A permanent wave for only two guineas is back to pre-war prices. Don't miss it.



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Colin Duval is a member of the Master Ladies' Hairdressers' Association, registered by the Victorian Board of Hairdressers, licensed under the N.S.W. Hairdressing Act and a member of the London Guild of Hairdressers.

All staff, apart from being personally trained, are supervised by Colin Duval. Children are specially catered for—so bring your daughters along, too. All branches of ladies' hairdressing and beauty culture—hair tinting and bleaching are so expertly done and matched to your colouring that you'll agree it's the most natural you've ever seen . . . also shampoos, setting and cutting.

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Dandruff causes falling, thinning hair as well as ugly skin blemishes—read any beauty magazine and you'll see *before you treat your skin, treat the dandruff, as dandruff causes such unsightly skin disorders.*

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Colin Duval Creme will stop falling hair, promote new growth, which will be much healthier hair.
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To clear up dandruff and stop falling hair, apply regularly, and for persistently bad cases several jars of creme will be required.

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Write to us, fully describing your complaint. When you commence using Colin Duval Dandruff Creme, tell us of your progress. We'll be glad to answer any enquiries concerning dandruff, skin blemishes, falling hair, regrowth of hair.

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If you are not completely satisfied with Colin Duval Dandruff Creme, return the partly used jar and your money will be immediately refunded. That's proof that Colin Duval Dandruff Creme will clear away dandruff, stop falling hair and clear away skin blemishes caused by dandruff. Send to-day for your £1/1/- treatment of Colin Duval Dandruff Creme . . . it's post free. Send full name and address, but do it now.

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OLD-WORLD ART



BRITISH WAR WIDOW Mrs. Dorothy Aherne with some of the toys she made in her hospital-bed workshop at Wahroonga, N.S.W. A former musical-comedy actress, Mrs. Aherne learned to make wool and felt toys when she was paralysed a year ago.

New Australians create beauty by family teamwork

Traditional European arts and crafts, some of which date back many centuries, are becoming part of Australian life and are earning a living for the new settlers who introduce them.

A HUNGARIAN glass-blower, a Latvian potter, a Latvian woman weaver, and a former British actress, who now makes toys, were among exhibitors at a recent Sydney exhibition arranged by the New Settlers' League.

The glass-blower, Mr. Bill Sido, who formerly owned a business in his native Budapest, carries on his craft in a small workshop behind his home in Marrickville, N.S.W.

"Glass-blowing is a craft which comes from pre-Christian times — perhaps 2500 years ago, more, maybe, in China," said Mr. Sido, in English which still has a strong accent.

"In Europe many people learn it—here not many yet. We work just as a family."

The Sidos escaped from Hungary into Austria when the Communist Government was established.

Then they border-hopped to Switzerland, coming to Australia as migrants by way of Italy.

The Sidos' children, Kathleen, 9, and Bill, 11, both understand Hungarian and German, but insist on using only English, even with their parents.

Already they have considerable skill in the family craft of glass-blowing.

Mr. George Alexis, Latvian-born potter and sculptor, who came to Australia four years ago with his wife, Marina, daughter, Irene, and son, Dimitri, has already distinguished himself in his profession.

One of his finely glazed pottery vases with a typically Australian design was among five chosen from all States to represent his new country at an in-



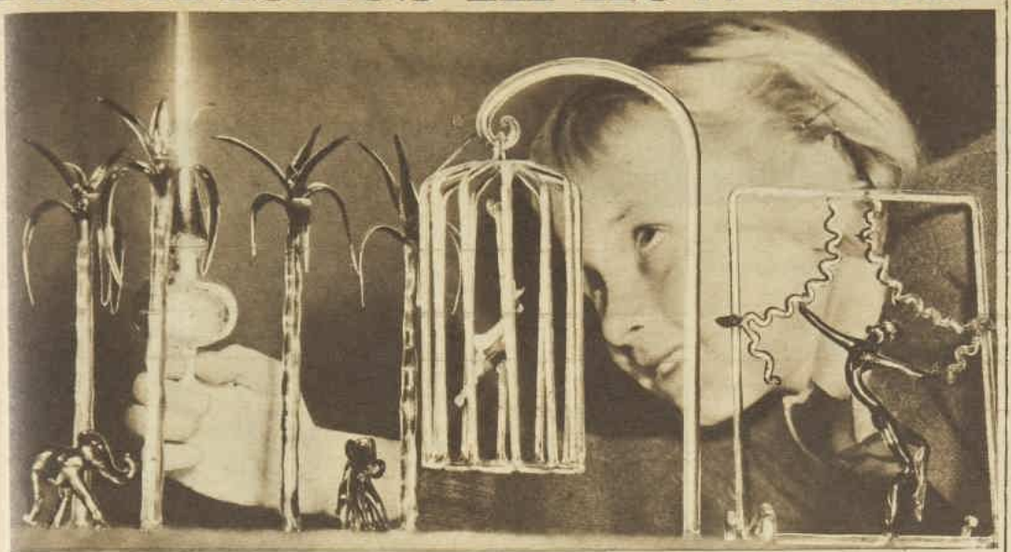
LATVIANS Mr. and Mrs. George Alexis at work in their studio at Lane Cove, N.S.W. Mr. Alexis moulds the shapes in clay, while his wife designs and paints the patterns.



TRADITIONAL LATVIAN ART of weaving in fine cotton is done by Mrs. Olga Pijols. She uses two pencils as a "loom" with a paper knife to pick out the threads. Here her husband, Konrad, holds the pattern while she works on an ornamental belt.

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Flourishes in new land



DELICATE glass pieces are the work of the Sido family, of Marrickville, N.S.W. Nine-year-old Kathleen (above) makes the bases on which her mother and father build their pieces.

By SUSAN BARRIE, staff reporter

ternational exhibition of ceramics at Cannes this year.

Like the Sidos, the Alexis family work as a team. George Alexis designs the shapes, while his wife devises and paints the intricate designs which decorate them.

Exquisite porcelain and china made in the early 19th century decorate their studio home at Lane Cove.

"Once the firm which my great-great-great-grandfather founded in Latvia was the largest in the Eastern Hemisphere. It extended through Russia to Moscow, with seven factories and 34,000 employees.

"After World War I all that was lost, but my family got on with the job again in 1922 after the revolution. They established another firm in Riga which employed about 2000 people."

In 1944 the Alexis family again lost everything when the Communists took over their country. They went to Austria and carried on with their ceramic work.

"Then we came to Australia to start all over again," Mr. Alexis said.

Another former Latvian citizen who carries on a traditional craft is Mrs. Olga Pijols, who does fine cotton weaving in intricate designs, using a loom improvised from two pencils.

"Some of my designs are traditional, some I make up myself," said Mrs. Pijols, showing me a long red-and-white sash which she made for her own national costume.

Mrs. Pijols was formerly a concert singer and is a graduate of the Academy of Music in Riga. She still keeps her rich soprano voice in "working order" despite her craftwork and a full-time job as a packer in a store.

With her husband, Konrad, a painter and builder, Mrs. Pijols lives in a tiny timber cottage at Pennant Hills, an outer suburb of Sydney.

"My husband built it of packing-cases for £65," Mrs. Pijols said. "But the doors and windows were presented by our friends."

On the same block of land the walls of a spacious brick house are already half erected—a one-man task which Mr. Pijols tackles in the weekends when he finishes his job as a builder.

Toy-making, a craft "as old as time," is practised in modern form by another new settler, British war widow Mrs. Dorothy Aherne.

Mrs. Aherne, formerly a musical-comedy actress and dancer, was paralysed by illness nearly a year ago and learnt to make wool and felt toys in hospital.

Her days on the London stage now seem to Mrs. Aherne "like some book I once read—but fascinating, with so many memories.

"It was all great fun, and now I just have to concentrate on getting well. Meanwhile, I have wonderful friends and the toys to keep me busy."



WATCHED by his wife and daughter Kathleen, Mr. Bill Sido blows a Christmas-tree decoration in glass. Like many New Australian craftsmen, the Sidos work as a team.



COACHED BY HER MOTHER, Kathleen Sido blows a delicately fluted bulb. Another willing helper in the family's glass-blowing business is the Sidos' 11-year-old son, Bill. Both children are astonishingly skilled in the ancient craft.

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NO DISCORD IN THIS FAMILY



TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS rehearse in a Sydney park with their recorders and ancient flutes. From left: Agatha, Maria, Werner, and Johannes Trapp, Barbara Stechow.

HEDWIG TRAPP and Pietro LaManna. The family wears Tyrol dress on and off stage.



● Members of the Trapp family, now touring Australia, began their musical education at the age of four.

THE Trapp Family Singers, 11 of them, are a self-contained entertainment unit which provides a programme of early church music and madrigals, folk songs, dancing, yodelling, and music played on ancient instruments.

The group is headed by dynamic Baroness von Trapp, and includes her 16-year-old son Johannes, step-daughters Hedwig, Agatha, and Maria, and stepson Werner.

The Baroness says each generation of the family grows up with music. The children are given recorders when they are four, and join in the traditional round songs of their Austrian homeland.

The original all-Trapp Family Singers left Austria for America after the arrival of the Nazis.

In America marriage made some vacancies in the original group of seven girls and three boys.

So the family has "adopted" South American-born Pietro LaManna and Alvaro Villa, and Americans Barbara Stechow and Annette Brophy.

Also touring with them is their priest and musical director, Father Brophy.

When not on tour, the family live on their farm in Vermont, near the Canadian border.



JOHANNES TRAPP and his mother, Baroness von Trapp, admire the Sydney Harbor Bridge and the city skyline from the balcony of a private hotel at Cremorne, N.S.W.

Now enjoy your daily bread

—and say "goodbye" to middle-aged spread!







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Everything you like tastes better with Ryvita. See how it brings out the flavour of jam, cheese, salads or your favourite spread. Taste how *good* it is just spread with butter. Serve Ryvita for a quick, sustaining snack after school. Enjoy it with every meal — and keep your waistline in its place the easy modern way.

England's most popular crispbread . . .

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So deliciously! different!

Here's a new set of Mums recipes to delight your family and guests. One depends upon the rich, creamy smoothness of Mums Custard with its delicate, real vanilla flavour; another upon the delicious, pure fruit flavour of Mums Jellies; and the layer cake owes its even, feathery light texture to Mums Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Mums Famous Food Family is superior to anything you can buy. Once you've tried Mums you won't be happy with anything else.

"MUMS" LEMON CUSTARD TART

PASTRY: *6 ozs. flour; ¼ teaspoon "Mums" Baking Powder, 1½-2 tablespoons milk; 3 ozs. butter or margarine; 1 tablespoon sugar; pinch salt.*

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Rub in shortening. Add sugar and mix to a dry dough with milk. Knead lightly on a floured board. Roll out to fit a 9" pie plate. Decorate edges and prick base. Coat with egg white. Bake in hot oven 12-15 minutes.

LEMON FILLING: *¾ cup sugar; ½ cup water; juice and grated rind of ½ lemon.*

Boil together for 3 minutes. Add 1 heaped tablespoon "Mums" Custard Powder blended with a little water. Boil gently 1-2 minutes, stirring well. Allow to cool. Fill into pie shell.

CUSTARD: Make up 1 pint "Mums" Custard to directions on packet. Cool and spoon over Lemon Filling.

MERINGUE: White of 1 egg, beaten till stiff with a pinch salt. Add 2 tablespoons castor sugar and beat well. Pile onto centre of pie. Brown lightly in a very moderate oven.

"MUMS" FRUIT COCKTAIL JELLY MOULD

Make 1 pint "Mums" Pure Fruit Jelly* according to directions. Allow to cool, but not set. Spoon jelly into mould to a depth of ¼". Allow to set. Place fruit cocktail and balance of filling into mould alternately, allowing each layer of jelly to set before adding the next quantity. Place in refrigerator or ice chest till set solid. Unmould and decorate with whipped cream and fruit.

**"Mums" Jellies are available in the following flavours: Lemon, Raspberry, Black Currant, Strawberry, Orange, Mandarin, Red Currant, Pineapple, Lime Fruit, Port Wine, Cherry, Vanilla and Grapefruit.*

"MUMS" LAYER CAKE

3 eggs; 6 ozs. butter; 9 ozs. castor sugar; 3 cups flour; pinch salt; 2 teaspoons "Mums" Baking Powder; ¾ cup milk; 1 dessertspoon cocoa; 1 teaspoon essence vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Gradually add well-beaten eggs. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder and salt, alternately with milk and vanilla. Divide mixture into three; to one add the cocoa blended with a little extra milk. Spoon into 3 x 7" sandwich pans—well greased and floured. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. When cold form together with mock cream, placing the chocolate layer in the centre. Ice with soft pink icing. Decorate with walnut halves.









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TOP OVERSEAS FASHIONS FOR AUSTRALIA

• World-famous designers created these five ensembles in cotton for one of Britain's oldest established textile manufacturers. The designs will launch the manufacturer's spring fabrics and will highlight a collection of 35 spring garments to be paraded by Australian girls in all Australian capital cities and main country centres.



MICHAEL SHERARD'S short party dress (above) made in white robia with pink poplin cummerbund is worn with a poplin coat.



STRIKING dress-and-coat ensemble (right) designed by John Cavanagh in white brocatin spotted in black. The coat lining is poplin.



BALENCIAGA designed the full-skirted late-day dress (above) in self-striped white robia. The bodice is sleeveless; the skirt is supported by a stiffened underskirt finished with a wide hemline frill.



NAVY POPLIN was used by Givenchy (above) for what this designer calls an "event" dress. The high-to-the-throat bodice is smoothly fitted; the wide skirt has a front panel finished with buttons.



TWO-PART ENSEMBLE (above) of straw-slender sleeveless dress and matching tailored jacket in blue linen was designed by Hardy Amies. The shoulders of the dress and hipline of the jacket are finished with white pique bows. White gloves and shoes and a green straw hat with a down-turned brim complete the ensemble. Hat by Vernier.

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Continuing Sammy Had a System

from page 3

bags. There seems to have been some sort of mix-up . . ."

"Get out of this room!"

"Now, keep your temper! It's not my fault!"

"Get out this instant! Or I'll have you thrown out!"

Sammy took his time. This was different, finding a girl in his room. It was colorful, novel. She was cute, too.

"My good woman, don't yell! There are folks trying to sleep. I'm going. You go back to sleep and try to forget this whole terrible episode. And don't worry about me. I'll find another room."

"Get OUT!"

She was cute. She was staring at Sammy as though he were a new disease. But, man, the cutest thing that ever looked at a wool-buyer down a turned-up nose . . .

"Night, now."

.

"She's a model," the waitress said, handing Sammy his bacon and eggs. "Melody Baxter. From Sydney. She's down here for a week modelling underwear."

"Thanks," said Sam.

Sammy took another look at the girl and felt again his heart beating like an auctioneer's hammer on a rising market. It was an old familiar feeling, this sensation that he could fly to the top of Mt. Wellington without an aeroplane.

"Did you see her, Max?" he said in a voice suited to cloisters and candlelight.

"Yes." Max was reading the morning paper.

"She's the girl who spent last night in my bed."

"I thought you travelled light."

"Last night she was cute. This morning she's beautiful."

"By the end of the week she'll be some babe!"

Sammy looked again. Her hair was wonderful and her eyebrows two thin sweeps of expression. Her complexion was as fresh and creamy as the morning's milk. Those lips, those eyes . . . Here was material to fall in love with.

.

The following evening it was snowing. Only very lightly. Sammy went out on to the hotel balcony to look at the snow and the Derwent and he saw Melody.

She was by herself, looking at the snow and the Derwent. He walked up.

"I like snow," he said.

She looked him up and down, from the knife-edged crease in his trousers to his black hair, which was just a little too long. Then she looked back at the snow and the Derwent.

"I like the Derwent, too."

This time she looked at him a little longer.

"But I'd swap it all for Sydney Harbor," he said. "You're from Sydney, too."

"That's right."

She had a nice voice when she wasn't yelling. A musical voice. Sammy liked music.

"You're a model. Melody Baxter. You're modelling underwear."

"Right again." There was the whisper of a smile around her lips.

"I can tell you about me, too."

"Oh?"

"I'm a wool-buyer. From Sydney. The market is steady, competition is widespread, and I go home on Friday after three months on the southern circuit."

"The southern circuit?"

After that they began to bubble conversation like buyers bidding at an opening sale.

Sammy had a system. A system of steering conversation from the topic general to the topic intimate. He led their talk from Tasmania's scenic attractions, its snow, the Derwent, to his own favorite scenic spots.

Here and there, in drawing-room baritone, he deftly drew from Melody her own fancies in the world of landscape. From there he went to more personal matters. His job, her job, his travelling, her travelling. Very soon he was around to movies.

When Sammy got to movies he had got somewhere. Then he was on books. When Sammy got a girl telling him why she liked the latest book she had read, his pencil was almost making scratchy noises with her telephone number.

He got from books to music. That was a vital step. When a girl told Sammy that Tchaikovsky seemed to lift her above all the petty concerns of day-to-day routine, and did he feel the same, and funny she should mention it, but he did feel the same, well, it was just a matter of what time she could be ready to go out with him.

His system worked perfectly. In three-quarters of an hour they were discussing Katchanonion's "Entry of the Legless Maidens." Almost a record. He had done it once in thirty-eight minutes. But, then, again, other times it had taken him more than one sitting. This was fine. He had drawn out her opinions with subtlety, with the finesse of the practised.

He had kept a good balance of discussion. He had not dominated the conversation, neither had he relaxed his control on its direction. And when she had joked he had laughed in pleasantly modulated three-four time.

He had not noticed the way she had watched him when he was looking away. The manner in which she had inspected his clothes, his hands. And while he had looked into her eyes she had been noticing the crinkles at the corners of his eyes, the whiteness of his teeth, the lopsidedness of his smile, the way one ear stuck out more than the other.

Even if he had noticed this unobtrusive examination, carried out with subtlety, with the finesse of the practised, he would have regarded it as anything but sinister.

At the end it went like this.

". . . so here I am with two weeks in my home town coming up and I'd like to have some fun. Would you like to help me have some fun?"

"Why, Sam, don't you have a file of Sydney telephone numbers?"

"They're always married by the time I get back," Sammy explained briefly. "Of course, I guess with your being out of town for a week the natives in Sydney are restless for your return. But we could have fun."

"I suppose you could ring me up at the weekend."

"I'll do that."

After the usual winding-up pleasantries they departed to their respective rooms and Sammy went contentedly to bed. She was wonderful. That good old-fashioned falling-in-love feeling had him down on the mat and he wasn't making with the distress rockets.

.

Sammy rang on Saturday afternoon and checked through the evenings of the week with her. She stopped him at Wednesday and said she'd love to.

They went to dinner, then to a live show. Sam had his brother-in-law's car and the night was wonderful. They had fun. They laughed together. They smiled together. And Sammy fell in love.

Came Saturday and it was the Copper Room at ten. Sammy knew again what it was to hold someone he loved, to dance in half light, to feel warm shoulders beneath his touch, to breathe in deeply of expensive perfume. And when he kissed her his blood pounded like the winter surf the night the clubhouse blew down.

The next day, Sunday, they spent together on the harbor in a friend's yacht. The harbor was magnificent. Sammy had to wear dark glasses to look at Melody in halter and shorts.

That evening they had dinner with Sammy's sister. He watched Melody kiss his two small nieces good-night and he got that sponge-rubber sensation around the kneecaps.

The following Thursday Sammy had dinner at Melody's home. Then, because she told him he was spending too much money, they went for a ride on the Manly ferry.

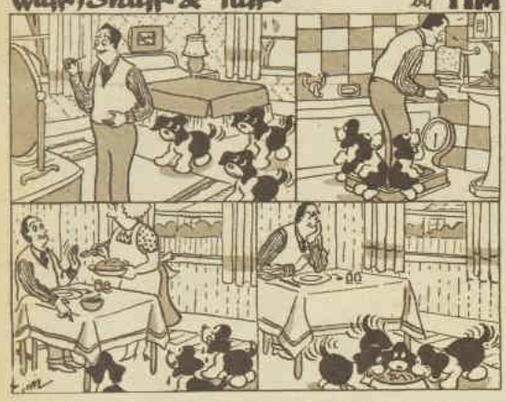
Saturday was around again. They went to a football match in the afternoon and to a ball in the evening.

Two o'clock in the morning found them in Melody's lounge room. A long-playing record was spinning and Melody was nestling. Sammy was thinking. Tomorrow was Sunday and tomorrow he took a plane to Melbourne. After a week in Melbourne it was Adelaide, then Albury, then Melbourne again, then Geelong . . .

To page 45

FOR THE CHILDREN

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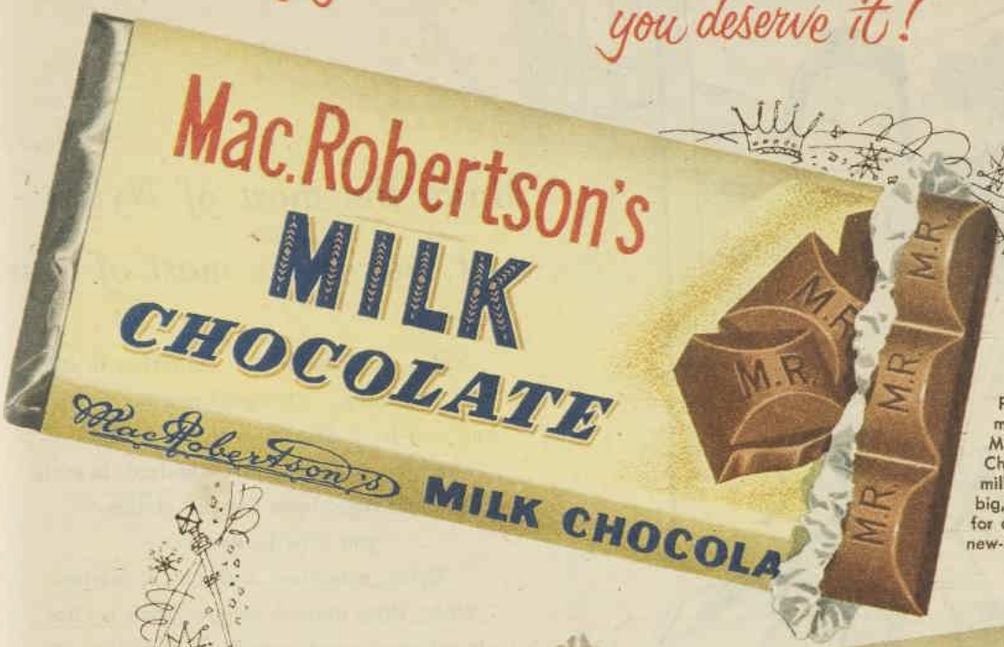
Buy *two* bottles of Trushay . . . one for your dressing table, one for your kitchen. Use it faithfully (before *and after* your working chores) . . . and see how Trushay keeps your hands soft, smooth, *romantic*.

In three sizes, 2/3, 3/6, 5/9, from all chemists and the better stores.

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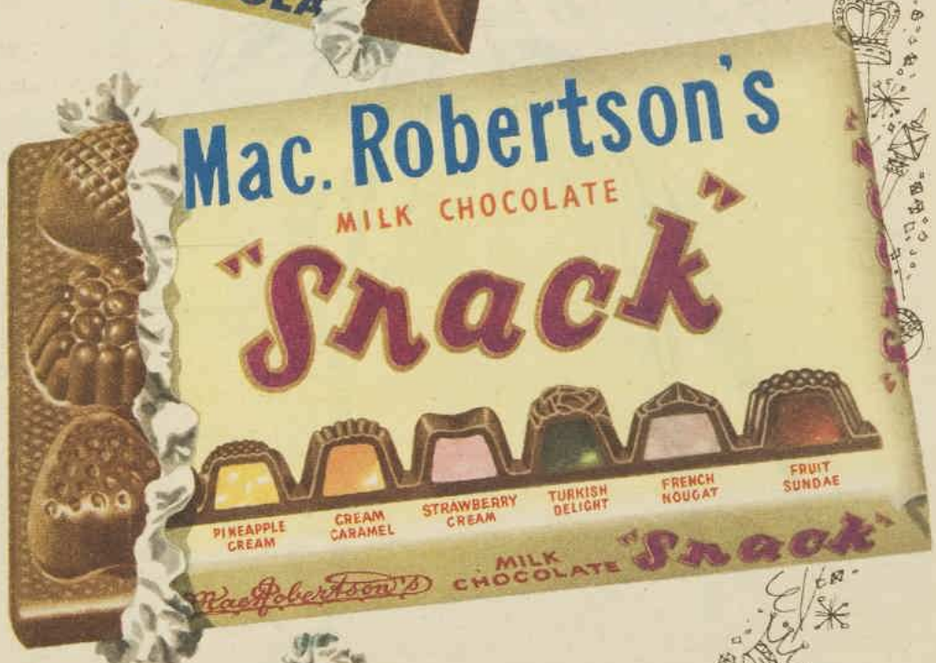
Enjoy a **Mac. Robertson** *favourite every day — you deserve it!*





Proclaimed the king of milk chocolate blocks . . . Mac. Robertson's Milk Chocolate — "it tastes milkiest of all". Now 21 big, delicious squares for only 2/-, in the new-shape ¼-lb. block.

Enjoy fine quality chocolates without paying a king's ransom. Call for Mac. Robertson's "Snack". 6 luscious centres — 12 delicious chocolates — in every block. And don't forget your lady fair — "Snack" is a treat for her "sweet tooth"





"Niblets" are new . . . and nice to nibble — 12 chunky discs of Mac. Robertson's Milk Chocolate in this handy roll pack. "Niblets", worth a golden sovereign — but only 1/-



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Make the most of Nylon – it makes the most of you

Nylon, glorious Nylon ! Limitless in its versatility . . . bringing new loveliness and ever-fresh daintiness to the field of fashion . . . setting new standards in style and ruggedness for the clothes you love to live in.

Nylon, wondrous Nylon ! It swishes clean, dries indoors, seldom needs an iron, almost never needs mending . . . makes the most of you and your time.

Nylon, illustrious Nylon ! As you like it, in a variety of weaves to suit time, place and season. Give thanks to Nylon . . . in frocks and fabrics, foundations and frillies . . . for what Nylon does, for what it can do for you.

More and more, it's a Nylon world.

IN THIS MODERN WORLD

nylon

BELONGS

B Nylon S

One of a series of advertisements dealing with the practical advantages of Nylon merchandise. Inserted by British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Mon., the suppliers of Nylon yarn and Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

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Continuing

Sammy Had a System

from page 42

Twelve weeks he would be away.

"It's been a wonderful two weeks, Melody."

"When will I see you again, Sam?"

"I'll be away twelve weeks, Mel. I'm going to miss you."

"Are you, Sam?"

It rushed over him suddenly, a great surge of gentleness that was something more than soft shoulders and being in love. Something bigger than wool-buying.

He fought it.

Sammy, he told himself, you have had a great fortnight with this young lady. But tomorrow you're back doing business at the old stand—the hotel rooms, the wool stores, the auction sales . . .

But I like it here.

You don't belong here. And remember, this dallying with the delicate stuff was intended as a brief tonic, not a long-termed convalescence.

But maybe it could be like this all the time?

Sammy, pick up your hat and go. You'll feel different when you're back on the beat. Right now, you're a natural for nurses.

"Well, good-night, Melody." He kissed her and the hair on the back of his neck stood up straight.

"Good-night, Sammy. I'll be hearing from you?"

"Sure . . . sure, Mel. 'Night."

.

At the airport terminal Max was reading the Sunday paper.

"What's new, Max?"

"Nothing. Have a good two weeks?"

"Hilarious."

"You meet that girl? You fall in love?"

"I met her and I fell in love."

"That's the way the agenda reads."

"Want part of the papers?"

"Give me the comics. I could use a laugh."

The Melbourne wool sales were lively. There was a lot of valuing, a lot of bidding, a lot of after-hours paper work. He would have almost forgotten about Melody if it hadn't been for the dreams. Dreams of Melody out with other men.

"You try a rum before bed?" Max suggested.

"Yes. And I dream in technicolor. I tried aspirin, too. When I take aspirin she's on the big, wide screen!"

It was rough on the week-end when he had less to do. Whenever he thought of Melody wool-buying seemed as interesting as Spherical Geometry was interesting. He kept thinking about Melody on the yacht, Melody, kissing his nieces goodnight, Melody at the Copper Room. He and Max went out with some local girls on Saturday night. But even that didn't work. He hoped Adelaide would be a lively market.

But Adelaide had its own little surprise. On Monday morning "Woman's Life" came out. And on the cover of "Woman's Life," in a new season swimsuit, was Melody. And everywhere Sammy went, along the street, at the hotel counter, there was "Woman's Life," and Melody Baxter.

Sammy began to walk with a slouch. On the Tuesday he missed bids and almost bought a wrong lot.

In the hotel lounge that night Max lowered his paper and spoke.

"Sam, you want to pull yourself up! Go on like this and you'll lose your job as well as your girl!"

"I don't want a girl. I can live without a girl! I want to be free!"

"Free! You're not free. You talk about freedom and you spend all your vertical hours rushing round like a fat chicken at Christmas time—buying wool for a private company. You're head over turkey for this girl, and you know it!"

"I'm all confused, Max. I—"

"Go away, Max. My system—"

"Don't talk about our systems! Wise up, Sammy, you're being outsystemed by an expert!"

On Wednesday it happened. He wrong-lotted. He had entered the description and value of a clip in the wrong space of his catalogue, bought the lot, and found himself with twenty-five bales he did not want at a price he could not afford.



"Your heart set on going to this shindig, I suppose?"

"What do you want me to do? Play sad strains on a violin? It's your problem, but you'd better make up your mind before you cruel your job. What are you, anyhow, a man or a wool-buyer?"

"A wool-buyer!"

"You aim to spend your old age snuggling up to a bale of type 42's?"

He arranged for it to be resold and mentioned the matter to his boss, J.B., in Wednesday night's report. He received a telegram in reply.

It was a most unexpected telegram, but brief and to the point. It read simply:

WHO IS MELODY?
BANNON.

Sammy's face went a pale shade of white and he wired back.

MELODY SYDNEY MODEL SEE COVER WOMAN'S LIFE HIGHLANDER.

Then he went on a diet of fingernails until the second wire arrived.

RETURN SYDNEY WISH TO SEE YOU FRIDAY AFTERNOON. BANNON.

The only thing Sammy remembered about the trip back was that the woman seated next to him was reading "Woman's Life."

He arrived at the office at three o'clock. Mr. Bannon would see him straight away.

"Hello, chief."

"Hello, Sam." J.B. was round and built close to the floor. He came out from behind his desk and shook Sammy's hand. "How was the trip?"

"Fine, chief. Look, about that mistake. If the market holds, the stuff will resell at—"

"Oh, don't worry about that, Sam. You've earned yourself the liberty of making a few mistakes. What I really want to speak to you about is . . .er . . ." J.B. picked up a copy of "Woman's Life" from the desk and waved it expressively.

"Chief, I . . ."

"I don't want to be too personal, Sam, but you've been with me a long time. I take an interest in you. And when it's obvious you're worried about a young lady I want to help. That's why I brought you back here instead of your going straight to Albury."

"But, chief, how did you know about her?"

"Well, your daily reports. Monday's began, hmff, 'Dear Melody,' then Tuesday's finished 'always in my thoughts,' Wednesday's—"

"Oomp."

"Don't worry, boy. When I was courting Mrs. Bannon I once took a train to Bourke instead of Brisbane. Don't worry about it. What I want you to do is spend the week-end here and straighten things out if you can."

"Thanks, chief."

"But make sure you're in Albury on Monday morning."

"Yes, chief."

"And I won't be able to give you any honeymoon leave until the end of the season."

"No, chief."

Sammy went and ate peanuts in Hyde Park.

At six he took a bus to Melody's house. Mrs. Baxter led him into the lounge and called up the stairs to Melody.

Sammy paced. This was going to be a surprise to Melody. She'd probably throw him out.

"Sammy!"

She was standing there more beautiful than ever. Then she was in his arms. He felt gentle and tender and he wanted to protect her, work for her, buy wool all over the place for her.

"How was Adelaide?"

"Adelaide was flat. Melody, I want you to marry me. I've had a crazy two weeks. I had double-feature dreams every night, and I can't concentrate, and I wrong-lotted, and you were everywhere in that new swimsuit, and . . ."

"Sammy, hold on . . ."

"I love you. And I want to marry you and work for you."

"Sammy. Me, too. Sammy."

"You mean it, Mel? Boy, if you do I'll knock the socks off that Albury market on Monday . . ."

(Copyright)



THE MOST NATURAL-LOOKING WAVE!

THE FASTEST HOME PERMANENT!

THE LONGEST-LASTING WAVE!

Crest guarantees all this . . . or double your money back

You'll marvel at the soft, natural-looking curls when you comb up your first Crest Home Permanent. How shining-soft Crest leaves your hair! Crest, with its amazing Creme-Rose lotion, perms swiftly, gently, and is so good for your hair. You'll find the wave lasts so long. A Crest is simplicity itself. In no time at all you'll have a lovely soft wave that looks like naturally curly hair—and as easy to manage.



On duty . . . Off duty

ATTRACTIVE PAN AMERICAN HOSTESSES PREFER CREST

Good grooming is an important part of this smart hostess' job. Crest keeps her hair-do at its beautiful best. Whether she's surfing on Waikiki Beach or attending to passengers on the long hops to America, her Crest wave stays manageable, soft and natural-looking.



* Double your money back offer

The makers of Crest are so sure you'll be satisfied that if it doesn't give you the best results you've ever had from a home perm, when used according to instructions, they'll give you double your money back.

Full Kit, 24/-; Refill (using any make of curler), 12/6; Junior Kit (for end curls), 8/6.

Crest—the choice of Pan American hostesses

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Me & My Dog



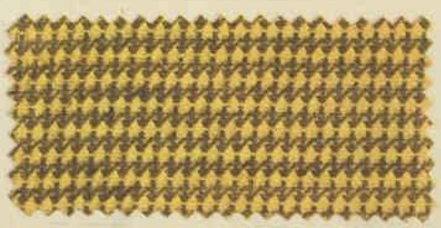
Hush-a-bye baby, on the chair top,
Pup's dirty paws don't matter a drop;
When Mummy comes, she won't say a thing . . .
With "Vynex" upholstery, he lives like a king!

Beautiful, colourful "VYNEX" furniture is the answer to all mothers' dreams for upholstery that is easy to clean (just one wipe with a damp cloth); scuff-proof and durable... "VYNEX" fabrics stay lovely through the years. Gay, modern colours, patterns and textures are "VYNEX" features... ask to see the full range! Look for the "VYNEX" tag on the furniture you buy. It's your guarantee of the best in vinyl coated fabric.

. . . the name that distinguishes the best from the rest!



"HOUNDSTOOTH"
a new "VYNEX" release.



The friendly look of tweed . . . the casual air of a modern fabric . . . the washability and hard-wearing quality of a vinyl coated material that's "HOUNDSTOOTH", the new "VYNEX" release, available in popular colours.

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Worth Reporting

RUDE remarks about women drivers don't worry an attractive Melbourne woman who drives all kinds of cars—from small sedans to heavy trucks—for a living, watched by critical male motor mechanics.

Mrs. Pat Deagan, of Port Melbourne, drives at least a hundred different cars every week, taking them in and out of a large Melbourne motor workshop, around to the panel beaters, and chauffeuring clients into the city when they leave their cars for repairs.

Mrs. Deagan was astounded when informed that she had defeated four male applicants for the job of "versatile driver."

Her husband, who taught her to drive two years ago, is a motor mechanic, and he was just as dubious about his wife's ability to make a success of her new job as were the staff mechanics who gasped when the "new driver" reported for work.

"They all accept me as part of the works now," Mrs. Deagan said. "But I still get sceptical glances from new clients and passers-by who aren't used to seeing a woman at the controls of an outsize truck."

Parking by not-so-remote control

A SYDNEY motorist parked his car beside a "No Standing" sign in a busy city street the other night.

He got out, picked up the sign, and carried it to the rear of his car, just to be on the safe side, and went into a nearby theatre.

At intermission he noticed that another "No Standing" sign farther down the street had been moved up by some other enterprising motorist and the original sign had been moved farther down.

When he came out of the theatre to drive home, there were cars parked solidly all along the street and the two "No Standing" signs were standing side by side.

* * *

TWO sweet young things were looking at an advertisement for the Italian Grand Opera season.

"Cavalleria Rusticana and I Pagliacci. Great Double Bill," read out one.

Said the other, astonished: "Doesn't it take the Italians a lot to say 'Great Double Bill'?"

ONE of our curvier colleagues, trying on knitted cardigans in a Sydney store, found that all those offered fitted like a second skin.

"Haven't you any looser jackets with the new straighter line?" she asked.

"No, madam," said the saleswoman firmly. "We've no straitjackets in this department."

Little man, what now?

A YOUNG man of our acquaintance is fascinated by a patent towel dispenser in the washroom of the office where he works.

"It's uncanny," he says. "I spend every spare moment pulling out yards and yards of clean towel and dirtying it. As fast as I pull it out, the dirty towel is sucked back into the gadget."

He has come to the frightening conclusion that there is a little man inside, equipped with a bar of soap and an iron, just washing and ironing all day long.

Now the young man's greatest worry is: Where will they get another little man to replace this one when he takes his annual holidays?

Husband-and-wife writing team

A HUSBAND and wife, both authors, have just published a book apiece within a fortnight.

They are Norman and Evelyn Bartlett, lately of Canberra.

Mrs. Bartlett's book is "Dumper the Kangaroo," her second children's book. Mr. Bartlett's "Island Victory," a war novel about the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea, is his third novel.

The Bartletts have lived in New South Wales, Queensland, and Canberra since they left Western Australia, their home State, during the early years of World War II.

Now they are on their way to Bangkok, where Norman Bartlett will take up a two-year appointment as Information Attache to the Australian Legation.

Authors, please note

AUSTRALIAN writer Florence James, co-author with Dymphna Cusack of "Come in, Spinner," is now working for Constable and Company, publishers, in London.

"It is part of my job to find Australian manuscripts," she told us. "I am on the hunt for fiction and factual MSS, provided they are of good literary standard and more than local interest.

"I'd like Australian authors to know where they will get a sympathetic reading in England. A preliminary letter should be addressed to me, c/- Constable & Co., 10 Orange Street, London, W.C.2."

BOOK NEWS *By HELEN FRIZELL*

On Friday, April 20, 1945, when the Russians were close to Berlin, a young woman sat in a cellar shelter, and, with the sound of close artillery fire in her ears, began the diary which has now been published under the title "A Woman in Berlin."

She calls herself "Anonymous," and so, with the utmost frankness, reports what happened to her and to so many other women during those eight weeks of diary-keeping.

They experienced hunger, homelessness, and rape. They saw the dissolution of Hitler's Third Reich, and death in the streets of Berlin.

Well-educated, well-travelled "Anonymous," formerly a writer on a Berlin magazine, shared this animal-like, existence in which self-survival was all.

"Anonymous" does not want pity, the quality which atrophied within her.

Her diary captures the atmosphere of rubble-strewn Berlin.

There are fresh graves among the shelled houses, and dead horses lying in the streets to which the Berliners rush, cutting away the flesh with knives.

"I hope to survive—hope for it in a completely primitive, animal way," writes "Anonymous" towards the end of her diary.

Her account of the methods she and the others used for survival make a horrifying if absorbing story of life in the 20th century.

Published by Secker and Warburg. Our copy from the publishers.

They're not starving

PILOTS training on R.A.A.F. Avon-Sabre jet fighters at Williamtown, N.S.W., are now eating seven meals a day.

They have been ordered to do so—not because of their weight but as an experiment to find which foods make pilots most efficient and comfortable.

The "guinea-pig" pilots are converting to Australian-built Avon-Sabre jets. They will become the nucleus of Australia's first Avon-Sabre jet squadron.

During working hours the pilots eat meals prepared in their own kitchen. They consist of lean meat (including poultry), fish (preferably grilled), milk, cheese, eggs (soft-boiled or poached), and small quantities of bread, biscuits, butter, fruit, and vegetables.

Sugar and sweets have been cut down drastically, and tea and coffee are served warm, not hot.

R.A.A.F. doctors say seven meals a day, taken at 7.30 a.m., 10 a.m., noon, 2 p.m., 4 p.m., 6 p.m., and 7.30 p.m., mean less discomfort during high-speed aerobatics and high-altitude flying.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY *By RUD*



If you are the woman in his life...

...watch his hair!

Too many men take their hair for granted and accept the prospect of thinning hair as being inevitable. Fortunately, many women today realise there is no excuse for unhealthy hair and start their menfolk on the Silvikrin treatment before it is too late. Hair health and vigorous growth depend upon a balanced supply of 18 organic foods which normally reach the hair roots from the body through tiny blood vessels. If this supply fails, or is reduced for any reason, the hair roots lose their activity, and die. Pure Silvikrin is your insurance against this happening. This unique biochemical preparation for hair health, alone contains the *same* 18 vital substances nature uses to grow hair. Massaged into the scalp, Pure Silvikrin reaches and nourishes the hair roots with their *natural* food. See that the man in your life knows about Silvikrin—see, before the hair roots die, that he uses Silvikrin regularly!



This drawing, based on a photomicrograph, clearly shows the surface of the scalp and a hair lying within its surrounding "follicle". Silvikrin, massaged into the scalp, flows down this follicle to reach the bulbous hair root which must receive constant nourishment if the hair is to grow.



Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

THE

Silvikrin Products

FOR HAIR CARE



PURE SILVIKRIN

—a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food and the basis of the whole Silvikrin method. A treatment for falling hair and severe dandruff.

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIRDRESSING



—a lotion with oil—specially prepared to be the ideal daily dressing. It contains (a) just enough oil to keep the hair handsome and neatly groomed all day, and (b) a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin, so it is truly a *tonic* hairdressing.

SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC

—a lotion without oil. Contains Pure Silvikrin and is a natural corrective for greasy hair.

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WINNING PORTRAIT: *Distinguished entries by noted painters*



£1500 AWARD: ARRANGEMENT IN GREEN, by J. Carington Smith (Tas.). Opposite are four of the 15 paintings from which the judges made their final choice. The best entry by a woman appears on our cover.

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MRS. MICHAEL HONE AND CHRISTIE — Ivor Hele (South Australia)



ANNE HAMER — William Dobell (N.S.W.)



MRS. J. LANDAU — Michael Kmit (N.S.W.)



VAN AND KATE — Elaine Haxton (N.S.W.)

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compensate for the hard labor, the bad food, and the half-dozen toughs among whom he had lived, imitating their habits and their speech for fear of being different. The best of it had been that it had amounted to an anaesthetic. He had almost entirely succeeded in his intention not to think.

Whether he had really put his brother, the past months, and, above all, Renata Tosi out of mind; or whether he had only managed to stave off their reappearance, he had at least had a respite. He felt calm, unconfused, and certain what he meant to do. He would go straight to the house, sure that Seymour would not be there at this time of day. He would clean himself, get properly dressed, pack his clothes and his most important possessions, and go and find somewhere to live.

Then, taking care always to avoid Seymour, he would go to the house every day and gradually he would take away his things, carrying as much as he could at a time until he had removed them all. Beyond that he had not taken thought or made a plan.

He reached the low iron gate at the pavement and stood for a moment fingering the keys in his pocket and looking up past the littered front yard at the blank blinded face of the house. I might, he thought, be looking at the family tomb. He walked up the path, selecting from his bunch the key to the front door. He unlocked the door and shut it quietly behind him. Then he stood for a moment in the front hall, noting that nothing seemed changed and wondering for the first time exactly how long he had been gone. Twenty-seven days on the Comanche; how many days before that in that fearful place which was only an ugly, clouded memory?

He would never know. That had become a tough scar, beneath which lay the wound . . . he must not let himself feel . . . or even think . . .

He mounted the stairs, quietly, wondering at the musty smell of the house and whether it had always smelt like that, and he turned at the top to go to his own room. Then he jumped and gasped, gripping the newel-post; and almost fled.

"Who is there?" said Seymour's voice from inside his own room.

The voice was frail and low. It held Randall still when he would have run. You don't mean to see Seymour, he told himself, and put his foot on the step to go down. "Who is there?" he heard again, weaker and with a frightening helpless note.

Randall swallowed and passed his hardened hand across his eyes. He meant to go, he meant to go straight back down those stairs. Against his will he turned and moved and said, walking into the room, "It is I."

Seymour lay on his bed, with his hands folded on his chest. His eyes were closed. When he heard Randall's voice his right hand flung out; he stiffened as if to raise himself, but he kept his head still and Randall heard him choke or sob in a hoarse, low cry.

Randall strode to the bed and took Seymour's hand and said, "What is it? What's happened to you? Look at me, Seymour!"

Seymour moved convulsively; his left hand together with his right closed on Randall's, but his eyes remained closed. He said, and Randall heard that he was in tears, "Oh, Randall. Randall. God bless you."

Randall fell on his knees, his free hand touching Seymour's face. "Please," he said, "Brother, open your eyes and look at me. Tell me what has happened to you."

"Are you all right?" Tears slid from his closed lids down Seymour's cheeks and he clutched harder at Randall's hand. "Tell me, are you?"

"Yes, yes, never mind about me. I'm fine." Randall stared at Seymour's face. A terrible idea was beginning to work into his mind, a suspicion so frightful that he dared not face it.

"It's you that matters," he said. He passed his free hand lightly over Seymour's forehead, watching the white, set face; watching, wondering.

Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

from page 5

Suddenly he cried, "Seymour! open your eyes!" He saw Seymour's mouth tighten, the long jaw move in an effort at control. "Seymour," he whispered, "can't you open your eyes?"

There was a dreadful sound, a groan or a sob; the eyes remained closed. Randall shook with terror, watching Seymour struggle in what he would understand later was the last stand of fanatical pride and courage in defeat. "Please," he begged, "can't you open your eyes, Brother?"

"I can open them," said Seymour in a hoarse whisper, "but I am blind." He began to sob like a child.

"Brother . . . Brother . . ." Randall bent over him. "Oh, my poor Brother . . . And I left you alone. Oh, Seymour, what have I done?"

"I drove you . . ." Seymour tried to master his tears. "It was I who—think what I did to you! I deserve this. Worse than this."

"No. No." Randall put his fingers against Seymour's closed eyelids, a curious reverent gesture as if to make contact with a talisman. "No, Brother. I left you alone; oh, I can't bear it! Tell me. Tell me what it is, when it happened. Tell me everything."

"Haven't you always known, Ran?" Seymour spoke only after a long silence. "I thought you had."

Randall shook his head wretchedly. He said, "How could I? How could I imagine it would end in this? I only thought—" For a moment he could not speak. Then he said, "Have you known for a long time, Brother? Do you mean you've gone on for years?—with that much courage, knowing this was hanging over you?"

"What else would a man do?"

"What is it, Brother? What happened to your eyes?"

"Oh," said Seymour drearily, "does the name of it matter?"

"Of course it does. Everything matters. I have to know. Oh, to have left you alone to face this! Tell me what it is."

Seymour sighed. "A condition called high grade myopia with eventual detachment of the retina, which is what has finally happened. It's progressive and incurable and for years he's warned me to stop doing this and that and every other thing until I've done them all almost out of—oh! You understand."

"Was the—all the driving and being outdoors this past summer? Was that very bad?"

"Probably. He says the end wasn't precipitated by too much exposure to light, that it would have happened anyway. But it certainly didn't help."

"And now? Brother, is it—you know what I mean."

"Final? Hopeless? Yes. I'm not quite totally blind yet." Seymour's voice began to regain some of its normal firmness. "I will be soon. It doesn't matter how soon any more, because I can't see enough to use my eyes for anything. I can see—oh, shapes, if they're very large. Or the difference between light and dark, that's about all. And it hit me just the way he said it would. One day I just couldn't see anything any more."

"When was that?"

"Oh—" Seymour turned on his side, facing Randall, and closed his eyes again and Randall suspected he had begun to weep once more. He felt the tremor of his muscles. But when Seymour spoke he said steadily, "Five days after you—went away."

"Did your doctor say it was brought on by shock?"

"You mean, do I know everything that happened?"

"Yes," whispered Randall.

"I know. Everything. But if you say 'shock,' just be sure we mean the same thing. The shock was my anxiety and remorse about you and my terror when you disappeared."

"Remorse!" said Randall. "Oh, Brother, I'm the one who's dying of that. I'm so desperately ashamed."

"No, Ran. You mustn't feel that way. You did what any man—never mind. The provocation was inhuman and I did it to you."

"We must stop talking about this now, Brother."

"If we can. But I can't let you stay a night in this house without asking you with all my soul to forgive me. I'm a selfish beast, Ran—nobody knows it like you. But I love you and I ask you to forgive me if you can. It was a criminal thing I did. And my only reason was the same one I had for everything." He sighed and made a despairing motion towards his closed eyes. "I wanted every pleasure while I could still see to enjoy it."

"I know that now. And I realise that's all she—" Randall stopped and forced himself to go on, "That's all she was anyway. She always tried to tell me so."

"That doesn't minimise what I did to you. Can you forgive me, Ran?"

"Need you ask?" He leaned forward and lightly put his hand on Seymour's forehead.

He answered briefly when Seymour asked where he had been, even drawing a faint smile and an incredulous exclamation or two at his description of himself as a deckhand on a freighter. Seymour marvelled that he had had the nerve to do it, plagued by seasickness, but Randall said, "I wasn't making much sense at first, and when I got used to it I rather enjoyed it."

They talked for a long time, Seymour lying always in that pathetic, still position, with his eyes closed and his hands folded. Randall asked if the doctor had ordered him to do that.

"No," sighed Seymour. "There just hasn't been anything else to do."

Randall asked how he had been managing about his food. Mrs. Quinn, said Seymour, had been cooking him a meal of sorts at midday and in the evening he ate only fruit. "I can feel my way for that," said Seymour. "I'll get used it all, in time."

"I need something more th fruit myself, tonight," sa Randall. "I know. I'll go a get cleaned up and take basket over to that Germa bakery-restaurant place Tenth Avenue and have the give me whatever they've go I'll bring it back and we'll e it here."

"Fine," said Seymour. H had no appetite, but he ha felt Randall's jutting bon through his coarse shirt.

"I'll be back soon. Oh, b the way," said Randall, be cause he knew how much it ha meant to Seymour, "what di you do about your automo bile?"

"Well —" Seymour hes tated. "I — I'm afraid you' think me a complete fool."

"Why should I? I couldn't

"Well—it's down in the ce lar." Seymour laughed ner vously and said, "I am a fool But I just couldn't bear to par with it and——"

"Of course not! I know jus how you felt. But goodness Brother, how did you get int the cellar?"

"Those last days before—be fore my eyes gave out. I knew it was going to happen, and I got a mechanic to help me, an we dismantled the car and tool the parts into the cellar and assembled them again down there."

"Well, I think if that's what you wanted, it was the thing to do," said Randall, and he took the basket and went to fetch their food.

. . . .

There was peace of a sort and a sense of purpose in life rooted in tragedy where its opposite had brought only turmoil. Randall's days were not long enough to give him time for everything he wanted to do for Seymour. He was surprised to see how Seymour managed, how he could walk about the house, all over the second floor, and down the front stairs and the cellar stairs to his workshop, where he was beginning the experiment of making a ship model by touch.

To page 53



You get true white ... dazzling white when you use ... Reckitt's Blue



TESTS PROVE

Washing tests have shown conclusively the wonderful effect of Reckitt's Blue in preventing whites developing a yellowish tinge. That's why you cannot afford to miss the blue rinse any washday.

It's the 3 essential steps that make clothes whiter

WASH — Whether you use a washing machine or copper, washing only loosens dirt.

RINSE — Rinsing is necessary to get rid of the remaining dirt and suds—to make clothes clean.

BLUE — The final rinse in Reckitt's Blue prevents whites turning yellow.





A little bird told me . . .

that Robin Starch, the easy-to-mix starch, makes ironing easier and gives a lovely gloss. Robin Starch, the perfect washday companion of Reckitt's Blue.

ROBIN *Starch*

GIVES W-I-N-G-S TO YOUR IRON

Reckitt's Blue

OUT OF THE BLUE COMES THE WHITEST WASH

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UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

solves your family breakfast puzzle!



FATHER *loves it.* Yes, Uncle Toby's is the satisfying breakfast that really gets him away to a sunny start. It's his most important meal, too—he really needs something good and nourishing and energising to see him through the day. Yes, Father feels better and happier after a wholesome, cheery Uncle Toby's breakfast you cook specially for him. He'll love you for looking after him like that!



Clinics recommend Uncle Toby's for **BABY**, *too!* Yes, from the time Baby turns six months, clinics recommend Uncle Toby's as one of the most beneficial and easily digestible foods. Prepare it this way—Soak overnight 2 tablespoons of Oats in ½ cup water. Add pinch of salt. Bring to boil, simmer 30 minutes. For babies under 12 months, rub mixture through wire sieve to get a fine jelly. Serve with pure boiled milk.



The **CHILDREN** *need Uncle Toby's.* Want your children to be active, healthy, hardy young Australians? Then give them nourishing Uncle Toby's every morning. There's more bounding energy, more stamina in fortifying oatmeal than any other whole-grain cereal! Figures show only a percentage of school children get enough breakfast. That's why doctors say, the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast the better they grow.



YOU, *too, need a sustaining Uncle Toby's breakfast!* Most housewives work harder than their husbands really, then wonder why they're tired towards evening! The reason? Could be they eat skimpy breakfasts . . . that they don't start (like their husbands) fortified by a hearty Uncle Toby's breakfast . . . Uncle Toby's helps you stay active and full of energy, through your most tiring days—washday included! Eat a good breakfast of Uncle Toby's, you'll feel so much better for it.

Uncle Toby's Oats really solves your family breakfast puzzle—serve it every day to every member of the family, they need it, they love it!

THIS TOP FROM AN ACTUAL UNCLE TOBY'S OATS PACKET SHOULD BE SENT IN WITH YOUR ENTRY *



THIS IS ALL YOU DO TO GET YOUR FREE JIG SAW PUZZLE OF THE COLOURFUL PICTURE IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT:

1. Print your name and address clearly in ink on both the coupon and the address label provided here.
2. Cut out both coupon and label along the dotted line and attach to an Uncle Toby's Oats packet top.
* Uncle Toby's Oats packet tops are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such packet tops would contravene the Law of that State.
3. Place in envelope and mail to "Uncle Toby's Oats Jig Saw Puzzle, Box 7026, G.P.O., Sydney."

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BACK TO SCHOOL!

You'll SAVE with shoes soled with Dunlop Wearite



More than double the wear from every pair

Dunlop Wearite soles give more than twice the wear of leather! And they're cool, comfortable, non-slip . . . they keep feet dry on the wettest days. For the Back-to-School season Australia's leading shoe manufacturers have produced a special "Save with Wearite" shoe range—sizes and styles for everyone . . . now on sale at all shoe and department stores.

CHECK FOOT GROWTH REGULARLY

Wearite soles wear so long that the kiddies often outgrow the shoe before the sole shows real wear. To ensure comfort and correct foot growth . . . we suggest you check regularly with your shoe fitter.



SHOES AND SANDALS FOR GROWN-UPS TOO!

Take a lesson from the younger set. Make sure the next shoes you buy are soled for savings. More and more, you'll find your usual shoe brand is swinging over to Wearite soles, and that means a big saving for you!

ASK FOR AND INSIST ON, DUNLOP WEARITE

Don't accept substitutes for genuine 'Double-Life'

DUNLOP WEARITE

the name is clearly shown on the shoe



F554

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Continuing My Brother's Keeper

from page 50

He could shave himself to as much nicety as he cared for, and dress himself and do many other commonplace things.

"I'm so surprised," Randall said more than once, when he had sprung to help Seymour and found it unnecessary. "One would almost think—"

"One would altogether think, unless one were a fool. Do you suppose I haven't been practising for this for years?"

"Oh, I'm so stupid," said Randall quickly. "I'm the one who's got to learn."

"Oh, no. You don't realise what this is yet. So far it's like an illness—I stay in the house and lie down with my eyes closed most of the time. But when Willingdon for some pompous reason of his own advises me to let up on that, where am I then? Outdoors taking a nice constitutional? Not on your life."

"But, Brother——"

"That's it, Ran. What do I want to go out of doors for? Tapping my way along with a stick, or being led by you? Or seen by anybody?"

"Oh, Seymour, it won't be like that. It can't." Randall put his hand on Seymour's arm and held it for a moment. "I don't believe Dr. Willingdon will say there isn't a chance. I can't believe it. You look absolutely the same to me."

"But I can't see those big blue eyes of yours. Or anything else about you except lightish where you face is and darkish where your clothes are. No, Ran. Willingdon's been saying this for seven years. And I can't see him changing his mind."

He swore so foully that Randall said, "This seems to be bringing out all the profanity in you."

"You haven't heard anything yet. Wait till I get one of my bad spells. You know me. Did you think I was meeting this with Christian resignation and fortitude?"

And yet in a startling way he was. He had had three soul-crushing weeks abandoned in his Gehenna, alone with his guilt and the consequences of his transgressions. He had writhed in an agony of anxiety about Randall, sharpened by the frustration of his helplessness. He had not thought that Randall was "lost" in any sense where an appeal to the police would solve his dilemma by producing his brother.

They could have found him, doubtless. But Seymour knew that Randall had fled in a frenzy of loathing for himself, for her, for Seymour, for all that had been polluted. To hound him, drag or force him here would have been the most heartless of Seymour's selfishness. He lay and met his castigation alone.

It happened that only Marietta Pawling had telephoned him in the first days of his blindness, and, not being a stupid woman, had sensed in his refusal to see her something other than the irritable evidences of surfeit which he had shown her in the past. His iron pride had been only enough for him to admit some minor illness, but she was not deceived. She knew something to be seriously wrong, and she offered to be of help. He had put her off rudely.

"Then Randall is looking after you?" she had asked in a guarded way which apprised him that she had been in touch with Renata.

"Naturally he is," Seymour had replied, "and I don't want to see anybody else." He broke the connection and said half aloud, "There, let them make what they can of that." He had done what he could to shield Randall.

And now when Randall, with heartrending tenderness and a timidity which made Seymour wince, apologised for the simple food that he produced for the erstwhile gourmet, Seymour could not show appreciation enough. Though he cringed inwardly at the bitter humiliation of letting Randall help him to eat, he conquered his stinging pride and smiled and thanked Randall, joking whenever he could think of a silly thing to say.

Every morning Randall read the newspapers aloud to him, almost completely through, omitting only the pages whose contents bored Seymour. He handled and read the papers as if there were no such thing as a page of musical and theatrical news, and Seymour never remarked it. Not once had Randall stopped to glance at one of those pages. He also read aloud in the afternoon or evening magazines and books that might interest Seymour.

"You'll ruin your own eyesight, Ran," Seymour protested. "You aren't used to reading as much as that."

"I love it, Brother," said Randall. "I really do." His voice was so warm that tears gathered in Seymour's blind eyes. He thought, what the poor chap really loves is someone to take care of and be necessary to. How bitter that I am the only wretched, twisted means of his having it.

"What about your church, Ran?" he asked one day. "Wouldn't you like to go back there, at least part of the time?" He could not see the dull terror which whitened Randall's face. Randall had lost no time in resigning from his position of organist, pleading the excuse of Seymour's need, but in reality thankful to break every link of his association with Renata.

He delayed his answer until he felt sure his voice would betray nothing. Then he said, "Oh, no, Brother. I was getting bored with it anyway — and really I'm so much happier just staying here with you."

It was while Randall was out next day that the telephone rang. Startled, Seymour gasped. This almost never happened.



"Harry likes a good home-cooked meal."

The bell rang again and Seymour groped along the hall wall until he found the telephone, and as it rang the third time he lifted the receiver.

.

A week later Randall was on his way home from his afternoon errands.

It was cold and he wanted to get home and replenish the library fire for Seymour.

He was almost at the house when a figure appeared beside him, and his ears, his whole head rattled with shock as he heard, softly, "Randalo."

He stopped walking, and looking straight ahead he said, "Go a w a y." Something pounded in his throat.

"Please let me speak to you," she said.

"No, I don't want to have anything to do with you. Go away." He was still looking straight before him, he had not seen her at all. He took a step forward but he felt her hand fall lightly on his arm.

"Randalo," she whispered, "for the love of God. I pray you, let me speak."

"I don't want to listen to you. I don't want to hear anything." He shook off her hand. "Get away from here. Haven't you been enough of a—a—" he had no word. "Without loitering here?"

"I come because is the desperation, I must tell you something, I—"

He turned and looked at her in the dim light from the arc-lamp up the street. Her face was ghostly, her eyes enormous above her pinched cheeks. He let her see he remarked her looks. He said, "If you're hungry, go and ply your trade in some other block."

Her face fell into her hands, and though he meant to step ahead again and get away from her, he could not escape her words.

"I am not hungry," was what he heard. "I am to have a child."

He stood for a moment, overwhelmed. First this had no reality, then it had the terrible reality of the last he had seen of her. That reminded him. He said, "I called you names the last time I saw you. They're true. Take your choice. Nobody cares when such a woman has a child. Why should I?"

She moaned softly: "This is not you, Randalo."

"I am not the man you knew. You took good care to destroy him."

"But the child—"

"Stop talking. The filth of it, to tell me about your child."

"Can be yours, Randalo." She whispered the words, her head bent, but he heard. He felt sick and cold.

"It can be anybody's. Anybody's at all. Why pick on me? Because I was a sucker before? Or because you were too smart to try to tell my brother?"

"I have try."

"What!" He felt his fists clench, a spasm of rage seize him. "Shameless! You dared to go near that house? You've just been there?"

"No. I have talk' to him on the telephone."

"What did he say?" He bent over her, speaking in a snarl. "What did he tell you?"

"Tell me?" Her face was unnaturally stupid in her bewilderment. "He tell me—" she choked. "The same like you. He say he kill me if I tell you."

"Well—and so you took a chance on your precious life and told me anyway. Would you be interested to know he can't kill you, or do anything else about you because he is blind?"

"Oh! Madonna Santa!" She crumpled against the iron railing nearby and began to sob, praying the while in a throbbing moan.

"And if you ever try to bother him again, I swear to God I will kill you, and I'm not blind. I was. But never again. Now clear out."

He turned to go towards his house but she stumbled after him and caught at his sleeve. He tried to shake her off but she held his right arm tightly between her hands.

"Is not for myself," she said. There was a note of solemn desperation in her voice that overreached the peak of his anger and held him there, scowling. "You didn't understand? Is for the child I am praying."

"Then go and bother the other men who've had you."

"There have been none. Nobody."

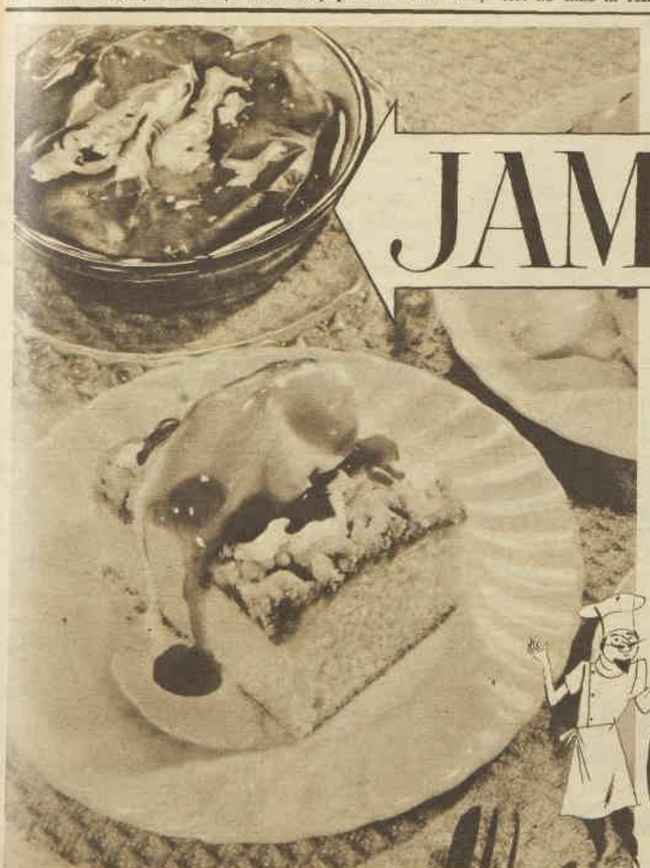
"Pah!"

She bent her head, but she still held his sleeve like a vice. "I have been alone. Absolutely alone. You can believe or not believe. Is not probable you

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✳ *Quick sweet for to-night*

JAM Crunch Dessert



1 cup sifted S.R. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 oz. shortening, 1/3 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/3 cup milk, vanilla.

Jam Crumb Topping. **½ cup whipped jam, ¼ cup flour, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon coconut.**

Cream together the shortening, vanilla and sugar, add well-beaten egg. Add milk alternately with sifted flour and salt, mixing well after each addition. Turn into well-greased 7 x 7 x 2 inch pan. Spread with jam. Combine remaining ingredients and sprinkle over cake. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

A jam crumb topping is baked on this cake-like dessert. Choose your favourite jam—any kind of jam will add its own good fresh fruit flavour. Serve it warm from the oven with whipped cream and luscious jam sauce.

JAM SAUCE. Combine ¼ cup jam (use the same jam as in the crumb topping) with ¼ cup water and 1 rounded dessertspoon cornflour. Cook over low heat until thickened and clear, stirring constantly.

A TIP FROM A FRENCH PASTRYCOOK

The prettiest, tastiest fruit tarts are finished with a jam glaze. Arrange the fruit (sliced apples, apricots or cherries) in the prepared pastry case, spread over the jam — light coloured jam for light coloured fruit, red jam for red fruits and bake in oven till fruit is tender and pastry crisp. Very good!

School's out! energy needed...

JAM GIVES IT

Let your youngsters celebrate "school's out" the way you did, give them bread and jam. Jam has high energy value, there are 100 calories in one tablespoon of jam — and the fresh fruit from which jam is made is a rich source of vitamins A, B, B1 and C as well as vital minerals.



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ARE THESE YOUR HANDS SPEAKING?



Do your hands tell a few home truths — just by a glance? Buy Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves for easy hand protection.

Ansell "Silver Lined" rubber gloves are your simplest, surest hand beauty care!



They slip on and off like lightning —

thanks to the magic of the Silver Lining

No other rubber glove has this feature . . . a feature that Australian women welcomed with open arms. If you don't wear rubber gloves because old-type gloves were uncomfortable and too awkward to get on and off, you've a pleasant surprise in store when you try Ansell "Silver Lined" rubber gloves... they're so wonderfully different.

Ask the people who wear Ansell "Silver Lined" rubber gloves.

They'll tell you about the great benefit in the magic silver lining . . . how comfortable they are, how they give you the sureness of barehand touch — in the hottest, soapy water. Nothing else you can use will give your hands so much protection — so simply. Ansell "Silver Lined" rubber gloves give your hands complete protection from hardened and cracked skin, blisters, ingrained dirt, broken nails.

Get into the habit of wearing Ansell "Silver Lined" rubber gloves, especially in the kitchen, laundry and garden. Always buy two pairs, then you'll never be without them.

3/3
A PAIR
(Slightly dearer in country areas)



SIZES
6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9

Buy 2 pairs at a time

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY

JOBS LIKE THESE NEED ANSELL "SILVER LINED" RUBBER GLOVES



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Continuing My Brother's Keeper

believe. I only ask from the heart should not be punished the child."

"We won't lift a finger for it or for you either. How could you have been such a fool as to think anything else?"

"I have know' you when you display a goodness, a generosity, like I have never hear about in all my life. In that time you do it for a woman, you are in love. In this time I ask that same man do something for an innocent child."

Struggling to keep his voice icy, he said, with stiff lips, "And what do you suppose can be done for the child?"

"I am not sure," she said. "In America is nothing I can do, I do not know enough to think how to help my child. Only I could take it in Italy, and in Italy is a tragedy to break the heart, it follow all through the life such a child, how it is born."

"There have been plenty of other such children in Italy," he said. "Yours will just have to be another. I don't know what kind of idea you may have had, thinking there was anything we would do about it. Surely you couldn't have thought—" his mouth hung open, silent, and he felt himself sinking down again into the quicksands of revulsion. "You go away from here," he said, breaking into irrationality. "Go away and don't ever come near either of us again."

He swung away and hurried almost at a run the short distance to his own place, and turned in there and got into the house and shut the door behind him. He stood with his back against the door, staring into the hall and towards the dark staircase. He heard Seymour's voice at the top of the stairs.

"Is that you, Ran?"

"Yes, Brother." Randall stood there taking long breaths, trying to get his voice under control so that Seymour should not hear he had been upset.

"Are you all right?" asked Seymour gently.

"Why, of course! I'm sorry I was so long. I was trying to find some specially nice crisp apples for you, the red-and-white kind you like. Now I'm just lighting the gas, I'll be right there."

. . . .

Randall had one of his worst nights. Hour after hour he lay remembering other nights as bad, garnished with shreds and fragments of horror. He was harrowed by visions of Renata abandoned, alone in the dark street, pleading with him for help, for mercy, for—no, he groaned into his pillow. No, that can't be so. And if it is, it's Seymour's fault.

Why? Didn't she tell me, how can she know, what do we all know . . . what difference does it make? Does it matter which of us was the worst? What can we know? Now in the ugly December dawn he knew only that he had turned on her, his cruelty complete and final. And I meant it, too. Did you? Were you speaking for yourself or for Seymour?

He leaped to his feet and rushed at his clothes.

When the day was half over he had convinced himself for the hundredth time that he had done right and that there was nothing else he could have said to her, no other attitude he could have taken. There, he told himself, that's settled. What's settled? How could he be sure that she would stay away from him and how could he know that she would not again entreat Seymour?

He could fix that at least. Seymour was lying down in his room. Randall ran down to Seymour's shop in the cellar and clambered his way over masses of stuff to get a screw-driver and a pair of pliers. He went quickly upstairs to the hall and the telephone on the wall.

He had the box off the wall and was twisting away with the pliers at the wires he had exposed, when he heard Seymour's soft step behind him, and looked over his shoulder to see him groping quietly along the wall. Seymour's hand fell on his shoulder and he said gently, "Randall, are you trying to disconnect the telephone?"

"Yes."

"So she reached you, too. Come here, Ran." He drew Randall into the library and sat down. "What did you say to her?"

"About the same thing you did, I suppose." Randall sat doubled over, his head in his hands.

"Then you think—" Seymour spoke uneasily—"I did right?"

"Oh—oh, how do I know!" Randall's voice broke shrilly. "It's all such a hideous, tragic mess."

"There's something I hope you know," said Seymour slowly. "After that day, that day last August, you know the day I mean. I never—"

"Oh, don't talk about it!"

"I think I should. We never have. When you disappeared then, I realised what had happened. Although the very first night, when you didn't come home, of course I thought—" he shrugged. "If that was so, God knew I wished you well and wouldn't for the world have touched her again. But when days passed and you didn't come home, I was beside myself. I was so alarmed that I went and asked her if she knew where you were. She was very upset, and I can tell you, no two people ever hated the sight of each other more. We hated ourselves and each other and what we had done to you. That was the end of her so far as I was concerned."

"Brother," said Randall, in a high, tense tone frightening to Seymour's sensitive ears and nerves, "do you realise what all this means?"

"I suppose so."

Randall's voice turned louder. "She absolutely swears she's been alone ever since, but even if she's the biggest liar in the world it doesn't make any difference. One of us—oh!" He broke down.

Seymour leaned over and put his arms round Randall's shoulders. He held him so for a moment and then said, "The chances are that it is I, you know. I don't want to make you think about it—" as Randall winced, "but since it will be your nature to try to lay the blame on yourself, I'd rather you put it on me right from the start. It will help you to put it out of mind, eventually."

"But how can I do that when it can exactly as well be I?"

"Can it?"

from page 53

"Can't it?"

Seymour let go of Randall's shoulders and shrank down in his chair, covering his blind eyes with one long, bony hand. He said, "It's unendurable, to have done this to you. Now, especially—when you're—" he cringed, "trapped with me. Oh, Randall, how you must hate me."

"But I don't, Brother! Maybe I have at times—or even still might, in a way. But it has nothing to do with what I really feel for you. Don't you know that?"

Seymour was silent.

"Don't you know it?" cried Randall again. "Brother, you must believe me. I love you, more than I ever feel — ever felt—anything else about you. Won't you believe me?"

"Of course I believe you." Seymour's hand groped towards Randall and rested for a moment on his cheek. The cheek was wet and Seymour let his fingers lie there as if he had not

> **There's only one pretty child in the world, and every mother has it.**
> **—Cheshire proverb**

felt that. "Of course I believe you. But I don't deserve it."

"I'm so confused," said Randall, suddenly giving up the struggle to control his voice. Seymour heard it break. "The whole thing all mixed up like this. I don't know. I talked to her yesterday just the way she said you had, but I couldn't do that again, Brother." He looked at Seymour as if to plead with those unseeing eyes. "I couldn't."

"But you did right," said Seymour. "There wasn't any other way to treat her. You know what she was when you first knew her. How she behaved with me. I'm not trying to duck any blame. But, Ran, it takes two to hit it off. She knew what she was doing. She wanted to do it."

"Oh, I know that."

"Then she's got to take the consequences. And if you should begin to weaken about it and think you owed her anything, you'd end in a mess worse than this. If that were possible."

"I know." Randall sat with his head down, his clasped hands hanging between his knees. "But I just can't keep on feeling so—so raging—as I was yesterday, and all those months before. I feel as if it had all been emptied out of me at once."

"You feel sorry for her. You would, with that tender heart of yours. I wronged you worse than she did, and see how you are with me!"

"You weren't any worse than she—than any of us."

Seymour sighed and said, uncharacteristically, "Judge not. But now what's done has got to stay done, Ran. We mustn't back down. If you won't believe me for any other reason, you will admit I know more about women than you do. We did the right thing yesterday and we've got to stick to it."

They were silent for a long time. Seymour wished wretchedly that he could see Randall's face. He could imagine all too vividly its pitiful, drooping bewilderment, but only his eyes could have told him whether he had convinced Randall to any lasting degree. After a while he said, "Ran, did you take the telephone off the wall, or what?"

"Just about. It's hanging by a wire. What do you want me to do about it?"

"Why, finish what you started. What do we want it for anyway?"

. . . .

The weeks went by at a dead-march pace, one blank stretch following on the next. Seymour lived in terror that Renata Tosi would return to importune Randall, which he would be helpless to intercept.

Randall's thoughts of Renata were no longer of her cruelty to him, but his to her. His mind was permeated by memories which he loved even while he could no longer love her. He had loved standing by her when she was helpless; now his imagination saw her more helpless still. Why was he alive, if not to act in the only way his nature knew? The enormity of her situation hounded and haunted him. How was she living? Where? What about money? What about her health?

He had abandoned the self-deception of never looking at the music news in the papers and he followed minutely the casts billed in the opera announcements. She was singing about three times a week. So long as she could keep this up, he calculated, she could support herself and if she was careful, save enough to live on for a time after she must stop singing. But that would be soon now; this was the end of January. When would it be impossible for her to appear any longer on the stage?

Then what would she do? Go to Italy? She had made it pitifully clear that that was what she most dreaded.

"In Italy is a tragedy . . . how it follow such a child . . ." she had said.

He must contrive to send money to her in such a way that Seymour should not know, and she should understand this was all that Randall would do. Anything beyond that could bring her back into their orbit to harass his helpless brother and make discord between them. That must not be. No. It had to be *money*.

He was pondering that the next morning, when he went downstairs to take in the newspapers and the morning mail. Few letters ever came to the Holt house, but today was the first of February; the post had brought his bank statement and Seymour's and a sheaf of bills, which he sorted as he walked slowly upstairs to the library.

Perhaps because he had been thinking for several days about money, to which he ordinarily never gave a thought; or perhaps because up to now so many greater concerns had preoccupied him in his care of Seymour, he had not really noticed these bills as they went unopened through his hands on the first of each month. It was part of the slow lesson of learning to care for Seymour, to act out the ghastly farce of

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IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

Winner of this week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation is Mrs. Joan Deyner, Box 160, Penola, S.A.

This is her entry:

"My quotation is, 'And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?' It comes from Matthew, chapter 7, verse 3, which records part of Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

"It is often used of someone who criticises a small fault in others when he has a greater fault himself."

Readers are invited to send in Bible quotations whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language.

Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes and an example of current usage.

Address your entries to Bible Quotations, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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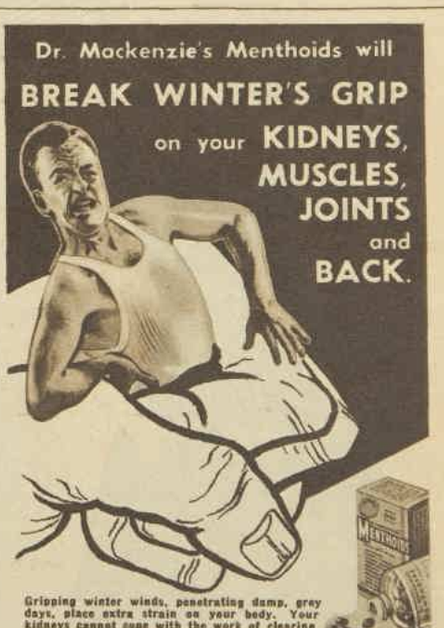
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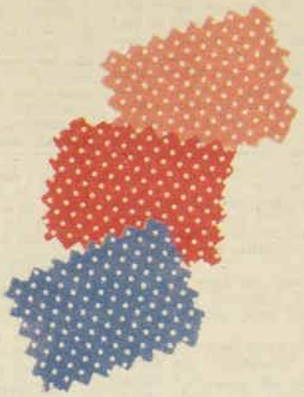
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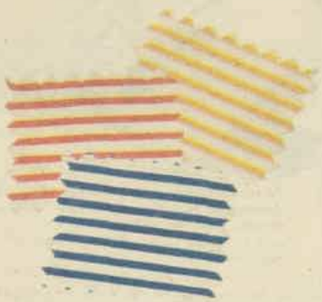
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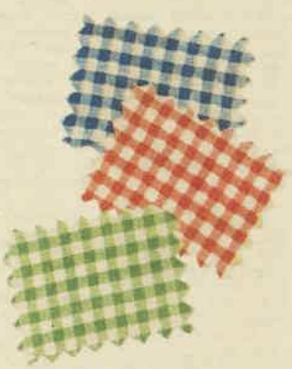
"ALVA": Perfect coat-dress design for summer days interpreted in unadorned smartness. The dress has an easy flattering skirt-line, wide V-neck, and front-buttoned fastenings. The material is ticking-striped British cotton obtainable in yellow and white, blue and white, pink and white, and green and white. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"MARIANNE": Interesting bodice cut for a one-piece designed with a deep collarless neckline, fitted belted waist, and crisp-out skirt. A white accent trims the skirt and bodice top. The material is a printed cotton featuring a white pin-spot on blue, red, yellow, and pink grounds. Sizes 32in. and 38in. bust, 59/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.









"CHRISTINE": Smart sleeveless torso dress, the bodice extended and fitted, the skirt spreading into fullness. A contrasting trim and bow finish the oval neckline. The material is a floral printed cotton obtainable in the following color choice: Brown, pink, and white on a lemon ground; burgundy, green, and white on a pink ground; navy, pink, and white on a blue ground. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"LAURA": Close-waisted one-piece designed with an unsleeved bodice top, swallow-wing collar, and gathered skirt. The white accent on the large skirt pockets matches the buttons on the bodice. The material is check cotton gingham in pink and white, red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 59/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

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HOLIDAY HANDKNITS AND CROCHET DESIGNS

● On this and following pages are designs to add glamor to a holiday wardrobe for spring and summer.



PEARLS, beads, and metallic braid give a glamor touch to this blouse crocheted in a simple lacy pattern from a fine woollen yarn.

HERE are directions for making the lacy square-yoked blouse pictured at right.

They are for sizes 32in. to 36in.

Materials: A, 5 balls: B, 6 balls; C, 7 balls Patons "Nimbla" knitting wool (this is the only wool that should be used); Parfrey crochet hook No. 12; pearls, beads, and metallic braid for trimming.

Measurements: To fit A, 32in.; B, 34in.; C, 36in. bust. Length from top of shoulder, A, 19in.; B, 19½in.; C, 19½in.

Tension: 1 patt. equals ⅝in.

PATTERN STITCH

(Multiple of 6 ch. plus 2)

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, * 2 ch., skip 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. in same st., 2 ch., skip 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: * 5 tr. in space between 2 tr. of previous row, 2 ch., 1 d.c. over next d.c., 2 ch., rep. from * ending 1 d.c. in 1st ch. at start of last row, 4 ch., turn.

3rd Row: * 1 d.c. in 3rd st. of 5 tr. group of previous row. 2 ch., 1 tr. in next d.c., 2 ch., 1 tr. in same st., 2 ch., rep. from * ending 2 ch., 1 tr. in 2nd ch. of previous row. 4 ch., turn.

4th Row: * 1 d.c. in d.c., 2 ch., 5 tr. in space between 2 tr. of previous row, 2 ch., rep. from * ending 1 tr. in 2nd ch. of previous row. 3 ch., turn.

5th Row: * 1 tr. in next d.c., 2 ch., 1 tr. in same st., 2 ch., 1 d.c. in 3rd st. of 5 tr. group of previous row. 2 ch., rep. from * ending 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. at start. 3 ch., turn.

Repeat from row 2 for patt.

BACK

Make 98 (104-110) ch.

Chain should measure 15 (16-17) in.

Work first 5 rows of patt. even.

There should be 16 (17-18) shells on row 2 and 15 (16-17) shells on 4th row.

Dec. on next row by starting 2nd row of patt. with 3 tr. instead of 5 tr., (½ shell) and ending with 3 tr., (½ shell) 1 ch., 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. at start of previous row. 1 ch., turn.

Dec. ½ patt. each side every in. twice more.

When work measures 5in. from commencement inc. ½ patt. each side, then every in. 5 times more.

Shells across on row 2 of patt. st. 19 (20-21).

When work measures 12in. from commencement shape sleeves; add 26 ch. each side. Cont. in patt. Shells across on row of patt. st. 27 (28-29).

Work even until sleeve edge measures 5 (5½-5½) in.

To Shape Sleeves and Shoulders: Sl-st. across 1 patt. and omit last patt. on each of the next 4 rows.

To Shape Neck: Leaving 7 (8-9) patt. at centre for back of neck, work right shoulder, cont. to omit last patt. at armhole edge, and sl-st. across first patt. of next row until all patts. are worked off, keeping neck edge even. Fasten off. Work other shoulder to correspond.

FRONT

Work exactly as given for back until sleeve edge measures 1½ (2-2) in.

To Shape Neck: Leaving 7 (8-9) patt. at centre for front of neck, cont. to work each shoulder separately, working even until sleeve edge measures same as at back.

Then shape shoulders to correspond with back.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Using a flat seam, sew up the side and shoulder seams. Work 1 row of d.c. around neck and armhole edge. Trim neck and sleeve edges with metallic braid, pearls, and beads. Press seams.

● **More holiday designs on pages 60, 61, and 63.**

Astounding success of treatment for Rheumatic sufferers!



Mrs. S. Lentz, Neutral Bay, N.S.W. writes:—

"I was unable to raise my hand . . ."

"For twelve years I have been suffering from rheumatism and neuritis. I was never without pain. I was unable to raise my hand and it was impossible for me to comb my hair. I would still have to put up with those dreadful aches and pains if D.P. had not been recommended. After a week's treatment the pain and swelling have almost disappeared. I have no hesitation in recommending D.P. Cream to any other person suffering similar pains."

D.P. Deep Penetration Cream is the only treatment for Rheumatic Conditions made by the Diaderm Process in Australia and for the first time is offered to those who suffer from . . .

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AND ALL RHEUMATIC CONDITIONS

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Even if you have suffered for years, you will quickly discover how D.P. Cream can bring you rapid and blessed relief. Stiff, swollen limbs return to normal, pain ceases and once again you will begin to enjoy the comfort and activity of a normal life. Never neglect the first symptoms of a rheumatic condition—sharp aches and twinges, swellings and stiffness in joints. Check these attacks immediately with applications of D.P. Deep Penetration Cream to safeguard yourself against the agonies of chronic crippling rheumatism.

●

D.P. Cream does not merely deaden pain, deluding the sufferer into a false sense of improvement. D.P. Cream is absorbed into the tissues and begins its work immediately.

D.P. DEEP PENETRATION CREAM brings sudden dramatic relief

The active ingredients of D.P. Cream give immediate relief to pain areas and then disperse the inflammatory substances which cause crippling and agonising pain. Where the system is weakened, treatment may take longer, but you will quickly benefit from the strong penetrating action as it is absorbed into the tissues and begins its fast, pain-relieving work.

D.P. DEEP PENETRATION CREAM goes deep into the affected areas, relieves pain, relaxes the constricted muscles.

D.P. Cream does more than stop pain. With its continued use, after all symptoms have gone, D.P. Cream eliminates inflammation. Use it over all pain areas for effective relief of rheumatism, fibrositis, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, stiff swollen joints, muscular pains, restricted or painful movements.

D.P. DEEP PENETRATION CREAM has a sure and lasting action

D.P. Cream consists of a number of active ingredients scientifically combined to ensure a lasting relief. One ingredient assists in converting food into cell tissue and, most important, it helps eliminate the unwanted residues through the kidneys and other organs. Another ingredient acts on the nervous system controlling the digestive organs, thus helping in the process of metabolism.

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British Scientist discovers the Diaderm Process

The Diaderm Process, an exclusive formula covered by world patents, permits a large group of organic substances to be absorbed rapidly through the skin. These cover all vitamins, most mineral substances and a number of alkaloids including many of the complex steroid group. The Process has been successfully applied to dental anaesthesia, and even impacted wisdom teeth are now being extracted by external application of anaesthetic paste to the gum without any hypodermic injections. This is conclusive proof that the Diaderm Process permits the deep penetration of medicine.

D.P. Cream is the only rheumatic treatment made in Australia by the Diaderm Process. It has a three-fold action: firstly, its analgesic action relieves pain; secondly, a systemic action takes place assisting the digestive organs to convert food into cell tissue and eliminating the unwanted residues to the kidneys and other organs; thirdly, another ingredient acts on the nervous system controlling the digestive organs thus helping in the process of metabolism. D.P. Cream made under the Diaderm Process is a discovery of the greatest importance to all sufferers of Rheumatism, Fibrositis, Neuritis, Lumbago and Sciatica.

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to keep in Good Shape



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What's the best kind of mattress to sleep on? In a United States survey, physicians and orthopedic specialists unreservedly agreed on 3 factors vital to healthful sleep: that a mattress should (1) be ever firm all over, (2) avoid sleep sag, (3) support the body at 4 vital pressure points (see figure below). And Snell laboratory tests prove that ONE mattress alone has these 3 qualities above all others . . . Springwall!

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Unless you get a Springwall, you're not getting the mattress that's rated FIRST for firmness! FIRST for proper body support! FIRST for maintaining edge-to-edge firmness for years and years.

There is only one Springwall and it is made ONLY by C. C. Rawson Limited. Look for the label on the mattress. That's the only way to get a genuine Springwall, the only mattress with 12 carbon steel shock absorbers that support the mattress along the edges and from edge to edge.

WHY THIS SHAPE IS SO IMPORTANT!

Cut-away inside view of side-walls in a Springwall mattress, showing 6 of the 12 scientifically-shaped shock absorbers. Their resilient one-piece construction absorbs the shocks that cause mattress sag. It firmly anchors the entire sleeping surface—at the edges and from edge to edge. It adds years of sleep comfort and extra years of wear.



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SUNLIGHT IS ALL PURE—KIND TO YOUR HANDS AS WELL AS YOUR CLOTHES

POLKA-DOT SWEATER

● The inset yoke gives a dramatic touch to this sophisticated French-styled sweater. Directions below are for sizes 32 to 36in.



SMART STUDY in two tones with the accent on dots. Choose your own color scheme from the new smart shades.

THE original of this sweater was knitted in navy and pink with navy dots on the yoke and pinks dots decorating the navy bodice.

Materials: 6 skeins F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" 3-ply crepe or 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2361 (navy); 2 skeins shade No. 2390 (pink); 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles; 5in. zip fastener.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34-36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 21in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 3in.

Tension: 8¼ st. to 1in. in width.

Abbreviations: M, main shade; C, contrast shade; M.D., make one dot; P 3 CLT, purl three contrast loops tog.

When making a row of dots, carry wool loosely along at back of work.

BACK

With main wool, cast on 139 (145-151) sts. Work 8 rows in st-st. (alt. rows of plain and purl).

9th Row: Join in C, k 3 M (with C, k 1, wl-fwd., k 1 into same st.—thus making 3 out of 1—this will be called M.D.), * k 5 M, M.D., rep. from * ending k 3 M. Break off C and cont. in M.

10th Row: P 3, * p 3 CLT, p 5, rep. from * ending p 3.

Work 4 rows in st-st.

15th Row: K 6 M, * M.D., k 5 M, rep. from * ending k 6 M. Break off C and cont. in M.

16th Row: P 6, * p 3 CLT, p 5, rep. from *, ending p 6.

17th Row: To make hem: With a spare needle and right side of work facing, pick up 139 (145-151) loops at cast-on-edge; placing this needle to back of work, k tog. 1 st. from each needle to end of row 139 (145-151) sts.

18th Row: Purl.

19th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

20th Row: Purl.

21st Row: Join in C; k 2 M, * M.D., k 5 M, rep. from * ending K 2 M. Break off C and cont. in M.

22nd Row: P 2, * p 3 CLT, p 5, rep. from * to end of row.

23rd Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

27th Row: Join in C, k 2 tog., k 2 M, * M.D., k 5 M, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2 M, k 2 tog. Break off C and cont. in M.

28th Row: P 3, * p 3 CLT, p 5, rep. from * ending p 3.

29th Row: K 42, k 2 tog., k 46 (52-58), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 41.

30th Row: Purl.

31st Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

32nd Row: Purl.

33rd Row: Join in C; (k 5 M, M.D.) 6 times, k 4 M, M.D. into next 2 sts. taken tog. thus dec. 1 st., k 4 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 6 (7-8) times, M.D., k 4 M, M.D. into next 2 sts., k 4 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 6 times. Break off C, cont. in M.

34th Row: (P 5, p 3 CLT) 6 times, p 4, p 3 CLT, p 4, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 6 (7-8) times, p 3 CLT, p 4, p 3 CLT, p 4, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 6 times.

35th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

36th Row: Purl.

37th Row: K 38, k 2 tog., k 45 (51-57), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 38.

38th Row: Purl.

39th Row: Join in C; k 2 tog. M, (k 5 M, M.D.) 6 times, k 2 M, (M.D, k 5 M) 7 (8-9) times, M.D., k 2 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 6 times, k 2 tog. M. Break off C. Cont. in M.

40th Row: P 1, (p 5, p 3 CLT) 6 times, p 2, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 7 (8-9) times, p 3 CLT, p 2, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 6 times, p 1.

41st Row: K 37, k 2 tog., k 43 (49-55), k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 37.

42nd Row: Purl.

43rd Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

44th Row: Purl.

45th Row: Join C; k 2 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 5 times, M.D., k 2 M, k 2 tog., k 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 6 (7-8)times, M.D., k 3 M, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 2 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 5 times, M.D., k 2 M. Break off C, cont. in M.

46th Row: P 2, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 5 times, p 3 CLT, p 6, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 6 (7-8)times, p 3 CLT, p 6 (p 3 CLT, p 5) 5 times, p 3 CLT, p 2.

47th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

48th Row: Purl.

49th Row: K 34, k 2 tog., k 41 (47-53), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 34.

50th Row: Purl.

51st Row: Join in C; k 4 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 17 (18-19) times, M.D., k 4. Break off C, cont. in M.

52nd Row: P 4, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 17 (18-19) times, p 3 CLT, p 4.

Work 4 rows in st-st.

57th Row: Join in C; k 1 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 18 (19-20) times, M.D., k 1 M. Break off C, cont. in M.

58th Row: P 1, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 18 (19-20) times, p 3 CLT, p 1.

59th Row: K 34, inc. 1 st. by knitting into loop below next st. (this will be called "make 1"), then k the st. on needle, k 41 (47-53), make 1, k st. on needle, k 34.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

63rd Row: Join C; k 4 M,

Continued on page 61



Left: Pattern detail of the polka-dot sweater illustrated above shows the placing of the dots. The sweater requires six skeins of 3-ply crepe or fingering wool, is ideal for day or evening wear.

IS YOUR HAIR EASY TO SET?



If you find your hair difficult to set, don't blame your permanent wave. Probably your hair isn't in good condition; once the hair gets a little dried out or too oily, it's very hard to manage. But a jar of *Figaro Hair Stimulator Cream* will straight away make it silkier, glossier and easier to set than it's ever been. Hairdressers use it!



Obtainable from chemists and hairdressers.

FIGARO HAIR STIMULATOR

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HOLIDAY DESIGNS

EVENING STOLE

● This frost-white stole crocheted in cotton to simulate guipure lace can be the highlight of your holiday wardrobe.

THE pattern is a series of 1¼in. - square motifs linked together.

Materials: 10 balls No. 40 selected color Coats Chain Mercer-crochet cotton; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 4 (slack workers could use a No. 4½ hook, and tight workers a No. 3½).

Size of Motif: 1¼in. square.

Measurement: 18in. x 54in.; 12 motifs x 36 motifs.

FIRST MOTIF

Commence with 15 ch., join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into ring, * 2 ch., 2 tr. into ring; rep. from * 14 times more, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 1 sl-st. into next tr., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp., * 7 ch., miss next 2 ch. sp., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp.; rep. from * ending with 7 ch., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

3rd Row: 1 sl-st. into first 7 ch. loop, 8 ch., 1 sl-st. into 5th ch. from hook (picot), * 4 dbl-tr. into same loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook (picot), 2 ch., 5 dbl-tr. into same loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last dbl-tr. (picot), 3 ch., into next loop work 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c., 4 ch. and 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into next loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last dbl-tr. (picot); rep. from * omitting 1 dbl-tr. and 1 picot at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 8 ch.

Fasten off.

SECOND MOTIF

Work same as first motif for 2 rows.

3rd Row: 1 sl-st. into first 7 ch. loop, 8 ch., 1 sl-st. into 5th ch. from hook, 4 dbl-tr. into same loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of first motif (corner picot), 2 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd of previous 4 ch., 2 ch., 5 dbl-tr. into same loop, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of first motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last dbl-tr. of second motif, 3 ch., 1 d.c., 4 ch. and 1 d.c. into next loop, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding 5 ch. loop of first motif, 2 ch., 1 d.c., 4 ch., and 1 d.c. into same loop on second motif, 3 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into next loop, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of first motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last dbl-tr. on second motif, 4 dbl-tr. into same loop, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of first motif (next corner), 2 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd of previous 4 ch., 2 ch., 5 dbl-tr. into same loop of second motif and complete as for first motif (no more joinings).

Make 14 rows of 36 motifs joining each as second was joined to first. Where four corners meet, join into sl-st. of previous joinings.

Damp and press.



FLATTERING stole, ideal for bare-topped summer dresses, measures 18 x 54 inches.



CLOSE-UP of the lacy crocheted motifs which linked together make the stole. Each motif measures 1¼in. square and 432 are needed to complete the design.

Polka-dot sweater

from page 60

(M.D., k 5 M) 5 times, M.D., make 1, M.D. into st. on needle, (k 5 M. M.D.) 7 (8-9) times, M 1, M.D. into st. on needle (k 5 M, M.D.) 5 times, k 4 M. Break off C, cont. in M.

64th Row: P 4, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 5 times, p 3 CLT, p 1, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 7 (8-9) times, p 3, CLT, p 1, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 5 times, p 3 CLT, p 4.

Work 4 rows in st-st.

69th Row: Join in C; with M, k twice into first st., (M.D., k 5 M) 5 times, M.D., k 3 M, make 1, k st. on needle, k 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 6 (7-8) times, M.D., k 3 M, make 1, k st. on needle, k 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 5 times, M.D., k twice into last st. Break off C, cont. in M.

70th Row: P 2, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 5 times, p 3 CLT, p 8, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 6 (7-8) times, p 3 CLT, p 8, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 5 times, p 3 CLT, p 2.

Work 2 rows in st-st.

73rd Row: K 37, make 1, k st. on needle, k 43 (49-55), make 1, k st. on needle, k 37.

74th Row: Purl.

75th Row: Join in C; (k 5, M.D.) 6 times, k 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 7 (8-9) times, M.D., k 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 6 times. Break off C, cont. in M.

76th Row: (P 5, p 3 CLT) 6 times, p 3, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 7 (8-9) times, p 3 CLT, p 3, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 6 times.

77th Row: K twice into first st., k 36, make 1, k st. on needle, k 45 (51-57), make 1, k st. on needle, k 36, k twice into last st.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

81st Row: Join in C; k 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 6 times, M.D., make 1, k st. on needle, k 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 7 (8-9) times, M.D., M 1, k st. on needle, k 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 5 times, M.D., k 3 M. Break off C, cont. in M.

82nd Row: P 3, (p 3 CLT, p 5) 20 (21-22) times, p 3 CLT, p 3.

This completes the centre shaping 127 (133-139) sts.

Cont. in patt., shaping sides only, inc. once at each end of the 3rd and every following 8th row until there are 137 (143-149) sts. on needle. Work straight until 21 rows of dots and 5 rows of M have been completed, or required length.

SHAPE SLEEVES

Cont. in patt., casting on 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, 4 sts. at beg. of 9th and 10th rows, 6 sts. at beg. of 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th rows, 185 (191-197) sts. Work straight until 30 rows of dots and 5 rows of M have been completed from beg. of work; then divide for back opening. Patt. 88 (94-100) sts., k 2 tog., turn, leaving rem. sts. on a spare needle.

** Cont. in patt. for right half until 36 rows of dots and 5 rows of M have been worked, or required length, ending with

Continued on page 63

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"I didn't put a hand stitch in any of my trousseau"

If you sew ZIG ZAG you can sew so much more

The girl who made the trousseau from which these pieces were taken started her glory box with a down payment on a Borletti Zig Zag. By the time she was married she had more than paid for her Borletti by making rather than buying her trousseau linen and clothing.

Every stitch in every article shown here — and in the rest of each dozen not shown — was done by the amazing Borletti machine operated by a girl with no more skill than the average self-taught home dressmaker.

Widest variety of stitches

The table linen at the front of the photograph shows some of the decorative applications of the Borletti Zig Zag movement. By moving the levers grouped on the right of the machine the needle can form stitches forwards, backwards or sideways. This close grouping of levers unique on the Borletti makes it extremely easy to concentrate on the fabric itself while creating a steady flow of fancy stitches like these.

You'll appreciate this ease when you have a demonstration.

Practical uses of zig zag stitch



Besides fancy stitches, monogramming and applique — the zig zag stitch does practical jobs, too. It makes buttonholes — sews on buttons, press studs and hooks and eyes — sews hems invisibly — attaches elastic — overcasts raw edges — and makes an elastic seam in jersey, tricot or bias fabrics. Variations in sewing processes are done just by changing the foot — there are feet for buttonholes, sewing on buttons, hemming and attaching lace, invisible hemming, satin stitch, French seams, zipps and quilting, darning and embroidery and a run-and-fell seamer. Also supplied are a buttonhole cutter, 5 bobbins. Twin needles are available for pintucks and decorative stitches.

Finest straight stitching

If you could look closely at the wedding dress you would see in every seam the Borletti's finest achievement — superlatively good plain sewing. This is the sort of stitching you use day in, day out — its quality is the most important test of any machine.

In independent tests conducted in London, New York and Chicago, the Borletti was judged the finest sewing machine against all comers. It sews perfectly on all fabrics, from leather and canvas to the very finest nylon and other synthetic fabrics.

Speed, or stitch by stitch

Borletti holds the world's record for speed sewing. Yet



the sensitive foot control allows you to sew one stitch at a time — even stop mid-stitch.

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The Borletti is built in the tradition of those machines that are still sewing steadily for their buyer's grandaughter. The whole frame is of cast-iron — solidly set into a beautiful light-wood base which makes a broad, steady sewing surface and reduces vibration. Every nut, every part is either chrome-plated or finished with six coats of green enamel to give an attractive and restful appearance. This solidity of workmanship affects your sewing — it will still be precise and accurate all through the years you own your machine.

Borlettis are guaranteed for 25 years! All dealers carry a complete range of spare parts and a service expert can be called in if required.

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ZIG ZAG

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HOLIDAY DESIGNS

COCKTAIL-HOUR BLOUSE

● An unusual feature of this American-styled blouse is that the purl side of the simple stocking-stitch pattern is the right side.



STRIKING BLOUSE has deep, sequin-trimmed lapels. Knitted to match or contrast with an evening skirt, it is invaluable for dinners and buffet or theatre parties.

DIRECTIONS are given for sizes 33in. to 39in.

Materials: A 8oz., B 8oz., C 9oz., D 9oz. Villawool "Horizon" crochet wool; 1 pair No. 12 needles; 1 medium crochet hook; ¼yd. ¼in. velvet ribbon; ¼yd. stiff material (for interfacing of collar); sequins.

Measurements: Bust, A 33in., B 35in., C 37in., D 39in.

Tension: 9 sts. to 1in.

Instructions given are for size A. Any variations for B, C, and D are given in parentheses.

Note: The purl side of st-st. is the right side for this garment.

BACK

Cast on 128 (B, 136; C, 146; D, 152) sts.

Work even in st-st. for ¼in.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of every 6th row 5 times.

Cont. even on rem. sts. (A, 118; B, 126; C, 136; D, 142) until back measures 3¼ (B, 3½; C, 4; D, 4) in.

Then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row, 15 times (A, 148; B, 156; C, 166; D, 172 sts.).

Cont. even until work measures 11 (B, 11; C, 11¼; D, 11½) in.

To Shape Sleeve: Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows (A, 172; B, 180; C, 190; D, 196 sts.).

Cont. even till sleeve edge measures 5 (B, 5; C, 5½; D, 5½) in.

To Shape Back Neck: Work 72 (B, 75; C, 78; D, 81) sts., join in another ball of wool, cast off 28 (B, 30; C, 34; D, 34) sts., work to end of row. Working both sides of back at once, cast off 3 sts. at each neck edge every alt. row 9 (B 9; C, 10; D, 11) times. (A, 45; B, 48; C, 48; D, 48 sts. on each side.)

Cont. even until sleeve edges measure 6½ (B, 6¾; C, 7; D, 7¼) in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at each sleeve edge 9 (B, 8; C, 8; D, 8) sts. every alt. row 5 (B, 6; C, 6; D, 6) times.

FRONT

Work same as back till front measures 10 (B, 10; C, 10½; D, 10½) in. (A, 148; B, 156; C, 166; D, 172 sts.).

To Shape Front Neck: Work 74 (B, 78; C, 83; D, 86) sts., join in another ball of wool, and work to end of row.

Working both sides of front at once, inc. 1 st. at neck edges every 8th row 17 (B, 19; C, 19; D, 21) times. **And at the same time:** When work measures same as back to sleeves, cast on 3 sts. at each side at beg. of next 4 alt. rows. Cont. even at sleeve edges and inc. at neck edge until sleeve edges measure 6¾ (B, 6¾; C, 7; D, 7¼) in.

To Shape Shoulder and Lapels: Cast off 9 (B, 8; C, 8; D, 8) sts. at beg. of next 5 (B, 6; C, 6; D, 6) alt. rows at each sleeve edge. Then cast off 3 sts. every alt. row at same edges 17 (B, 18; C, 20; D, 21) times. Cast off rem. sts.

Lapel Facing: Cast on 9 sts., working in st-st., inc. 1 st. at one side (inner edge) every 3rd row, 6 times.

Cont. to inc. every 3rd row at inner edge., inc. 1 st. every 8th row at outer edge 17 (B, 18; C, 20; D, 21) times.

Work 3 rows even.

Cast off 7 (B, 7; C, 6; D, 8) sts. at outer edge, then cast off 3 sts. every alt. row until all sts. have been cast off.

Make a second facing in similar manner, reversing all shapings.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side and shoulder seams. Work one row of double crochet around neck, lower edge, and facings. Using facing for patt., cut an interfacing in stiff material. Baste facings in place with interfacing between collar and facing. Work 1 row of d.c around collar, joining facing to blouse, working through both thicknesses. Hem inner edge in position. Make velvet ribbon straps. Trim with sequins as illustrated.

Polka-dot sweater

from page 61

a p row. Shape sleeve and shoulder edge by casting off 11 sts. at beg. (sleeve edge) of next row, then 6 sts. at beg. of the following 3 (4-5) alt. rows.

10th Row: Purl.

11th Row: Cast off 10, work to end.

12th Row: Cast off 12 (neck edge), p to end.

13th Row: Cast off 10, work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

14th Row: Cast off 2, p to end.

15th Row: Cast off 10, work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

16th Row: Cast off 2, p to end.

17th Row: Cast off rem. sts.

Join wool at centre and work left half from ** to correspond, reversing the shaping and reading p as k and k as p.

FRONT

Work exactly as for back until sleeve edge measures 2in. (i.e., until 27 rows of dots have been completed from beg. of work), or required length, ending with 3 rows of st-st. in M. Reverse the colors for the rest of the sweater by knitting the background in contrast and the dots in main shade, starting with 2 rows of st-st. in contrast.

The next row will read as follows: (K 5 C, make dot in M) 30 (31-32) times, k 5 C. Cont. in this manner, placing the dots as before, until 9 rows of main shade dots have been worked, ending with a p row.

Shape Neck as follows.—1st Row: Work 79 (85-91) sts., turn, leaving next 21 sts. on a st-holder for neck, and rem. 79 (85-91) sts. on a spare needle for right half.

****2nd Row:** Cast off 2 sts. (neck edge), work to end.

3rd Row: Work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

5th Row: Shape top of sleeve by casting off 11 sts., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

6th Row: Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

Cont. in patt., keeping neck edge straight and casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next 3 (4-5) alt. rows, 10 sts. at beg. of next 3 alt. rows, and 12 sts. at beg. of following alt. row. Break off wool. **. Join in wool at inside edge of right half and rep. from ** to ** reading k as p and p as k. Sew up shoulder seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using M, k up about 50 sts. evenly along left side, k 21 sts. from st-holder, then k up about 50 sts. on right side.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: K 3 M, (M.D., k 5 M) 19 times, M.D., k 3 M.

3rd Row: P 3 M, (p 3 CLT p 5 M) 19 times, p 3 CLT p 3 M.

Work 4 rows in st-st. in M. Cast off loosely. Fold border in halves and stitch to cast-off edge at back of work.

Facing for Sleeves. — With right side facing and using M, k up about 126 sts. Work 7 rows in st-st. Cast off. Fold facing back and stitch against sleeve at back of work.

Work other sleeve in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly on the wrong side. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in zipp fastener at back opening. Press all seams.

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Continuing My Brother's Keeper

from page 55

respect for his privacy. Randall had handed him his mail when it came, and never yet had Seymour submitted to the humiliation of asking to have a letter read to him. Randall had somehow never wondered why. Now, with his right hand full of envelopes addressed to Seymour, he saw suddenly that Seymour in these four months had received scarcely any other mail at all.

He said, "Here's your mail, Brother," and laid the pile on Seymour's knee. He sat down in his own chair and ripped open his bank statement. He had never kept close track of his balance and he was startled to see how it had shrunk. Most of his money had gone on Renata; her illness had eaten up the accumulated income that he had not spent before. And since then he had left his job, and now he realised, turning over his cancelled vouchers one by one, that he had been paying all the living expenses, which he and Seymour had always shared before. He was digesting this in worried silence when Seymour said, "Randall, would you mind telling me what this says? The balance?"

Randall took the paper that Seymour was holding out to him and looked at the solitary figure in the right-hand column. Without thinking, completely flabbergasted, he said, "Why — there must be some mistake, Seymour." The balance showed less than two hundred dollars.

Seymour snapped, "Why should there be a mistake? Surely you aren't surprised?"

"Well —" Randall was embarrassed. Whatever he said would be wrong. "I guess I just supposed —"

"Ah, the gentleman of means," said Seymour acidly, "who can afford to suppose!"

"You — you stop that!" Randall was in no mood for this. "What's got into you?"

Seymour shut his mouth hard. Randall saw a flush of embarrassment come over his face. "I'm sorry, Ran," he said. "Please forgive me. I'm nervous. I'm in a good deal of a mess as a result of this thing —" he passed his hand across his eyes. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask if you can help me out for the time being."

"I suppose you mean those bills." Randall's voice was dull.

"Yes. I don't give a hang about most of them, they can wait. But there's a bill from Willingdon —"

"You mean you haven't paid him for a long time?"

Seymour tweaked hard at his moustache. "I — no." He paused as if waiting for Randall to comment and when he heard nothing he snapped, "It's an outrage. The man's a millionaire, those fees of his. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"You mean — he's been pressing you?"

"What else would I mean? He had the gall to dun me to my face the last two times he was here."

"How much do you owe him, Seymour?"

"Oh, I don't know. Open his bill and look for yourself?"

Randall sat with the open envelope in one hand and the bill in the other. Several times he started to speak and then shut his mouth again. Each time he looked at the bill once more and then at Seymour.

Finally, he said, "Why don't you ask the Trustees to pay this bill?"

"My dear Randall, you ought to know the terms of those trusts as well as I do. The Trustees have no authority to pay out a dime more for us than the will says without a special court order. Do you think old Dickinson and that desiccated Judge Bronson would even think of going to Court without first skinning us alive of the last shred of our privacy? As soon as they find out I bought a car instead of paying for the privilege of going blind —"

"Oh, Brother!" Randall jumped up, put his arm round Seymour's shoulders, and said, "Of course I'll help you. I don't quite know how we'll manage, I can't possibly pay Doctor Willingdon all at once. But I'll talk to him and work it out. I haven't got much leeway myself, you know. I — spent a lot of money, too. But we'll manage somehow."

"Ran, I feel such a hound—"

"Oh, no." Randall stood patting Seymour's shoulder, wildly calculating inside a head not only unused to this kind of thing, but reeling as if the ceiling had fallen on it. Now, there would not be a penny to spare for anything . . . anybody . . . anywhere.

.

Every day after Mrs. Quinn had cooked their deadly plain midday dinner and cleaned up the kitchen, now reimpressed into use, and gone home, Seymour went to his room to lie down. Randall usually went out at that hour to do the frugal marketing. He had found this the way to effect the strictest economy.

Cooked food brought in from restaurants was now out of the question, although Seymour liked it so much better. It cost twice as much. And Randall found that he saved money by marketing himself, instead of leaving it to Mrs. Quinn. She not only spent more than he did, but he had to pay for more of her time.

April dragged by and May, too. Seymour was often short-tempered. He snapped at Randall, he scorned the dull food, he made thoughtless requests for this and that which Randall could not buy on his stringent budget. Seymour had apparently outgrown his contrition about the disaster and his concern for burdening Randall. His only concern now seemed to be himself, which Randall found too pathetically easy to understand. But mere understanding made matters no easier to manage.

One hot night in the first week of June he was reading to Seymour in the library, conscious that Seymour was restless and not paying attention When he was in that mood he made it hopelessly difficult to read to him. And if Randall paused, supposing him too bored to listen any more, Seymour said snappishly, "Well? What are you stopping for?"

But this time when Randall paused for breath at the end of a chapter, Seymour said, "Ran, I've been thinking of something. I think we ought to have the telephone put back."

"Why?"

"Thoughtful, aren't you," said Seymour. "I should think you'd be able to see for yourself that it's the only way I could ever have a human being to talk to."

"I see." Randall's voice quavered.

"Oh, I don't mean to be rude," Seymour hurried to apologise. "Of course — of course I appreciate all you —"

"Never mind that," said Randall. "Maybe I ought to have thought of it myself. But now that it's gone, that's a few dollars we aren't spending each month. We can't afford it now, Seymour."

Seymour swore. "Is there anything we can afford? I'm getting so sick of your pious penny-pinching — I think you like it. I think you actually like that vile boiled dog-meat with cabbage in it."

Randall sat stiffly with the closed book gripped in his fingers. He sat imagining what it would be like to feel even more angry than he was now hurt. His mouth was shut so tight that his jaws ached. He had no intention of saying anything. Seymour, perfectly aware of this, stood hesitating for a moment; Randall saw him struggling with his temper. Then he muttered sullenly, "I'm sorry. I guess I get pushed pretty near the edge at times, Ran."

"I know."

"Well, I didn't mean it anyway. But I do think we ought to have the telephone again."

"You were ready enough to have me take it out."

"Do I have to explain why?"

"No." Suddenly Randall did feel angry and he decided that for once Seymour was not going to have what he wanted. "But since you were glad to have it gone because that put you out of reach of your creditors and also of — of —"

"Well, what kind of fool do you think I am? When there's a reason for something, it's one way and when there's no reason — Randall, don't be so childish. Naturally, now that you've salted things down so those swines won't try to bother me, and we can take it for granted that — that —" he paused, embarrassed.

"What can we take for granted?" asked Randall in a tone as icy as one of Seymour's own.

"Why — that she, well, she's out of the picture." Seymour made rough gestures in the air. "If she was telling the truth she'd have had the child by now, and whatever she was telling, the chances are she went back to Italy and won't ever bother us again."

Randall for a moment looked at Seymour standing there with his eyes narrowed cynically, exactly as he used to do when he could see.

"So you've been thinking about it, too," he said bitterly. "And such wise, generous, compassionate thoughts. Sometimes I think you are the most selfish, diabolical —"

"Sure!" Seymour let his voice go in a scream. "Try this over on one of your crazy pianos and see how you like the music! Try being blind yourself! It's wonderful! Nothing to do all day but worry about little brother's — " he stopped short with a gasp and a shudder. Through the house, peal after peal, they heard the hoarse clang of the front doorbell. Randall turned pale. Seymour stood with his mouth open, his hands trembling before him.

"What was that?" he said choked.

Randall stood up, holding on to his chair. He licked his lips. "The doorbell," he said.

"Nobody ever rings the doorbell at night." Seymour stood squinting, bracing himself against the mantel. The bell clanged again. He cowered.

"I'm going down to see —" Randall began to move towards the hall.

"No," cried Seymour. "Don't go down there, Ran."

"I'm going."

"No, no. Stay here. What time is it?" The bell rang again.

"A quarter to one," said Randall and left the room. He went downstairs. He heard Seymour come out on the landing behind him. He looked back once and saw Seymour crouching there, holding on to the banister.

Slowly Randall opened the front door. Nobody was there. He looked, puzzled, out at the walk, and right and left as far as he could see. He saw nobody. Then he heard a sound, a tiny, utterly unmistakable cry. He looked down at his feet. There on the doorstep stood a basket. He dropped to his knees. The basket was oblong, like his market basket, with rounded corners. It was filled with a pillow and knitted wool shawls and there was a bow of pink ribbon tied to its handle.

He saw the color of the ribbon in the dim light from the street. He saw the tiny, red, wailing face carefully hooded by a shawl; the child's cry was thin and fretful. He lifted the basket, holding it tight in his arms, and took it into the house. He put it gently on the hall table and reached up to light the gas. The puny choking wail continued.

Randall looked up the stairs. Seymour was still crouching at the top. His ears, thought Randall, his ears were always sharp and have been much sharper since he was blind. He has heard it already.

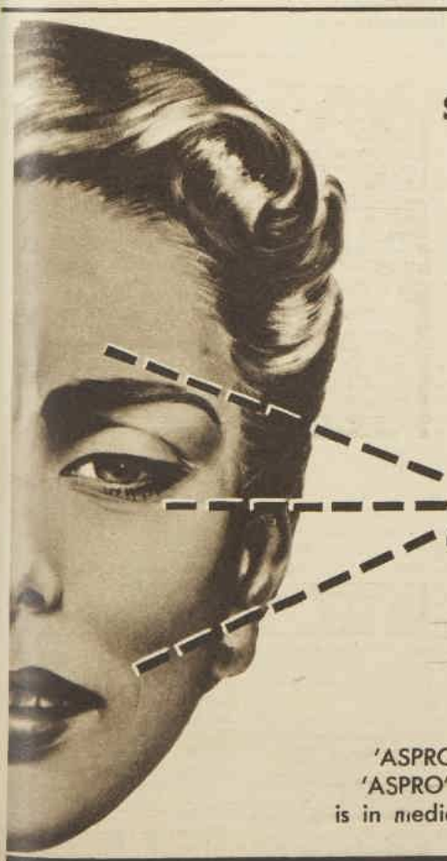
"What is it?" asked Seymour. His voice was strangled.

"You can hear," said Randall, in tears.

"No, no, what do you mean?"

Randall bent over the basket. A piece of paper was

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SIGNIFICANT MEDICAL FACTS THROW NEW LIGHT ON TODAY'S TENSION AND ITS ASSOCIATED SYMPTOMS.

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KW63

Don't forget to send your entries for The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest.

You'll find details in this issue.

SKIN ITCH STOPS IN 7 MINUTES

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tucked among the shawls. "There is a note here," he said.

"What? Note? Well, what does it say?"

Randall did not speak, doubled over with the note crushed in his hand.

"The note," said Seymour hoarsely from upstairs. "What does it say?"

"It says: 'Here is my child. Renata.' "

. . . .

When John was two years old, Randall had a sand pile made for him in the backyard, a square of smooth boards filled with clean white sand, which did not cost very much over at the building-supply dealer's at the foot of Twenty-fourth Street by the river. Randall bought a toy spade and bucket and with these and a handful of clothes pegs, John kept busy and happy all the afternoon.

Randall usually sat watching him under the ailanthus tree, on a wobbly kitchen chair. The little boy was stocky and sturdy, with a firmness and accuracy about all his movements, and a solemnity in his baby face that reflected the concentration with which he played. He was a silent child, not given to prattling, which Mrs. Quinn and her daughter Maggie said was that different: most children were after making some kind of noise all the time.

John spoke when he had something to say, and then slowly, thinking while he said it, in a few words, clearly pronounced.

Randall watched him as he stuck his clothes pegs into the sand, patting them firmly into place. Then he began to shovel more sand around and between them, moulding it with his fingers into something that looked like a low Chinese wall, punctuated at intervals by the knobs on top of the clothes pegs. I wonder if he knows that he's actually making a design, Randall thought. It looks much too orderly to be an accident. But he couldn't know, at that age . . . John looked over his shoulder at Randall and gave him a beaming silent smile and went on with his wall.

The sun was warm and Randall sighed with recurrent relief that this backyard had turned out to be as good a place for John's airings as it had. The board fence had been repaired and painted dark green, the bare black grit had been planted with sod and Randall had even induced a few flowers to grow in the narrow border against the fence.

What would we have done without it, he thought, imagining as he often had before the impossibility of sending the child out in its pram to be pushed up and down Twenty-fourth Street under the coarse stares of the neighbors . . . people who whispered or giggled or pointed or . . . why think about it? He had long fixed the habit of not thinking or caring about such people, or any people. But he had to be alert at every moment to protect John.

He heard the back door open; Seymour came slowly out to the yard. He was feeling his way up the steps from the basement entry, dragging behind him an old zinc wash-tub, which banged on each step.

Randall said, "What are you going to do with that, Brother?"

"I've made a boat for John to sail, a very simple one. I thought we could sink that tub in a corner of his sandbox and put some water in it, and I think I can feel around well enough to show him how to sail the boat."

"That's fine," said Randall. John was much too young to sail a boat, but why spoil Seymour's pleasure?

So Randall helped Seymour to put the tub in place and put water in it, and Seymour brought out his boat, the simplification of an old one that he had made when he was a boy. Randall guided Seymour to the corner of the sand pile and put him on his knees where he could reach the boat, and John scrambled along beside Seymour following the boat and clapping his hands with delight.

Randall marvelled to see how Seymour managed: how sensitive he was to the faint play of the summer breeze, how his nervous, delicate fingers adjusted the miniature rigging and set the boat on a true course across the tub. He is at last, thought Randall, beginning to be a little easier, a little reconciled. It is making him happy or giving him a moment's illusion of happiness, to do this with John. Thank God, Randall thought. In the beginning he could never have dared to hope for a time like this afternoon.

When Randall was restless and wakeful in the night, when the bad memories came back at him as they had done through all these years, he lived again those terrible hours and days, the climax of all the disasters that had gone before, when Seymour raved and stormed and threatened and Randall for the one time in his life had been adamant.

The argument had been savage; never had a thing of such ferocity touched them before. Seymour had said he would not have the child in the house even for the night.

Randall had said, "Either it stays or I leave with it." Seymour had said, "You can't go, you can't leave, there must be some kind of law that will keep you from abandoning me for a nameless brat."

"Nameless. But one of us is its father and both of us are going to take the responsibility."

"It can be anybody's. It's not mine."

"Then it's mine. And I'm keeping it."

"You're not," screamed Seymour from the top of those dark stairs, while the child wailed and gargled in the basket on the table. "If you try to keep it here I'll kill it."

"If you do, I'll turn you in. I mean that."

And Seymour had known from Randall's voice, a tone of voice he had never heard before, that this was true. So he turned to argument again, talking, talking, while Randall down in the hall ignored him and tried to quiet the screaming infant. He sat holding the child bundled in his arms, clumsy, helpless, frantic, not knowing what to do. And upstairs Seymour stood clinging to the banister and talking.

"Take it away!" he raged. "Take it to a foundling hospital. Get it out of the house. Take it to that convent over in Twenty-third Street. Go and take it now."

Randall ignored him. Seymour talked until he was sick and sweating, wildly repeating himself and no longer coherent, and Randall sat rocking the child and saying nothing. Little by little the child became quieter. Randall did not know that it was too hot, that he should have unwrapped it from the knitted blanket. He knew nothing, he could not see how to manage until morning when he would get help; but he paid no attention to Seymour.

The child slept at last from exhaustion, and Randall laid it back in its basket and said, "Seymour, shut up and go to your room. Not one word you've said makes the slightest difference. I'm going to keep the child."

All that night he stayed downstairs in the drawing-room, watching and hovering over the child. Hour by hour his helpless desperation grew, as the child howled weakly from hunger and discomfort and heat, none of which Randall knew how to assuage. Towards morning he grew frightened, the child was quiet, but he thought, too quiet. Suppose it should die.



"It's really unbelievable. She talks 130 words a minute with gusts up to 175."

As soon as it was light he began to watch from the window for somebody out in the street whom he could hail, and after a time he saw a boy walking along on his way to some early job. Randall threw up the sash and called to him. The boy came to the window and Randall handed him out some money and told him to go to Mrs. Quinn, and ask her to come at once, because there was an emergency.

Randall heard her come in soon through the side door. He went out to the hall and called her into the drawing-room. The child was wailing feebly. She stood in the doorway in her shabby clothes, a cracked straw hat with a red rose pinned to her topknot. Her mouth was wide open with amazement.

Randall only said, "I won't explain anything, Mrs. Quinn. But please—please—take care of this child. I—" he turned away, unable to speak.

The woman crossed the room and looked into the basket and with a capable scoop lifted the child out and unwrapped it from its shawl.

"Oh, the poor thing," she said, and then, "Mother o' God, Mr. Holt, it can't be much over a week old."

"I know." He was standing at the window with his back turned. "Can you—look here, it isn't going to die, is it?"

"Die? I should say not. Here, now." She sat down on the divan, rummaging in the basket, and was soon busy changing the child's diaper and making it comfortable. "That's better," she said in her fat brogue. "He'll be feelin' better now."

"He?"

"Yes, sir. He. There's the little man." The child was quiet.

Later in the morning Randall had a talk with Mrs. Quinn. He said, "Mrs. Quinn, there is no use my telling you the story behind this. If I tell you lies, you'll know they are lies, and the truth you can guess for yourself. Which of us is the father—that is what I'm not going to tell you. Nor who the mother is. The child is here—and I intend to keep it. Will you help me?"

The woman said slowly, "Mr. Holt, sir, I don't mean to be steppin' out of my place. But I don't think it would be fair to a child to raise it up like that. It's an awful odd situation, sir."

"I know that. You may as well know my brother thinks as you do. He wanted me to take it to an orphanage last night."

"Well, sir, in a way he's right. Them childer, the poor things——"

"And you honestly think I can't give this child a better life than the foundlings in an orphanage?"

"Why——" Her mouth hung half open.

"There you are. That's what I mean. I don't know anything about this yet, but I'll learn. The minute you saw what I meant, you began to think so, too."

She stood silent, twisting a corner of her apron. He nodded and said, "I know what you're thinking. We're pretty queer here. Both of us. This house ——" he motioned overhead to indicate all the locked, derelict rooms. "And my blind brother. You may be thinking this is no place for a young child. You may be right. All I know is the child is here," he was unconscious of repeating himself, "and I mean to keep it."

"Very well, sir," she said quietly.

"Thank you. Now what should we do about taking care of it?"

"I should say it had ought to have a nurse, sir. Someone's got to be with it all the time while it's so little."

"You couldn't do that yourself? You couldn't just move in here and stay?"

She shook her head. "I've got me husband, sir, and the three younger childer. I'm needed at home, the hours I'm not here."

"Then find me a nurse. I'd rather have somebody you know. Please, can't you find me somebody, Mrs. Quinn?"

She said slowly, "I was thinkin' about me daughter Maggie——"

"Get her! I hadn't hoped for anything as good as that. How quickly could she come?"

Mrs. Quinn looked embarrassed again. "Oh, quickly enough, I suppose. But you see, sir——" she hung her head.

"I see," he sighed. "You wouldn't feel too good about having your own daughter work in such a—an—unconventional situation. But this is—you do know, don't you, that I'd pay your daughter, and you, too, much more than ordinary wages?"

She stood biting her lip, swayed by the promise of extra money.

He said, "Please, Mrs. Quinn. Please do it for me." He put his hand on her fore-

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My Brother's Keeper

arm and looked into her hard grey eyes with such pleading that she yielded to what her better sense had told her from the first would be a mistake. She sighed. A body would have to have a heart of stone, she thought, and went away to see Maggie.

. . . .

Seymour was furious. The first he knew of the arrangement was when he heard Randall upstairs that afternoon, dragging and pushing furniture around the old spare room above the library. He felt his way upstairs and along the hall until he stood in the room.

"What are you doing?" he asked Randall, though he knew perfectly well.

"Getting this room ready to be used."

"There isn't a room in this house fit to use."

"There will be when I get through with this one. If you don't want to get hurt, get out of the way. I'm piling the furniture in this end of the the room. Move."

"Why?"

"Seymour, go downstairs and mind you own business."

"Are you going to have any repairs made?" Seymour's voice twanged.

"Yes. Whatever's necessary. I'm going to have the roof so no more damp comes down the back of the house. And I'm going to have this room plastered and papered."

"You're going to ask the trustees to pay for that?"

"I certainly am. At least, when I want them to spend some money they don't have to go to court to get permission."

"I won't have any of my money used this way!"

"Don't. I'll tell them to use mine. Or I'll just pay for the repairs myself instead of paying your doctor's bill for another three months. In fact, I don't see how I can carry it any longer anyway."

Seymour swore and said, "If you don't take my advice and go and look for her before you let yourself in for all this, you're a bigger fool than you ever proved yourself before. And that was spectacular." He turned to go away.

But next day, when Maggie Quinn was settled temporarily in the drawing-room with the child, and Randall had seen a contractor and ordered the repairs, he was nonplussed to find that he could not get Seymour's words out of his head. He tried to keep too busy to think at all, but even while he was buried in the details of furnishing the third-floor room, digging out from the shut-up fourth floor pieces of old nursery furniture which could be cleaned and painted and put

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to use, carefully leaving his own things hidden and locked up there, he found his mind uneasily turning over Seymour's remarks about Renata.

Presently it became clear that he would have no peace of mind until he had found out whether Seymour was right about her.

It was surprisingly simple to trace her. That had not occurred to him at all. The Opera was closed, but he reached its booking manager, who had sent Renata to St. Timothy's those unbelievable fifteen months ago. The man gave him an address to which she had evidently moved from the flat she had sublet last summer. She had left there to go to another place, whose address was readily given him. He followed two more such moves, each a shabbier descent, and at the end of the day found himself on a doorstep talking to a heavy, sullen Italian woman with wary black eyes. He supposed this must be a musicians' boarding-house, but if it wasn't, he did not want to know what it was.

The woman was a clam at first, she did not even admit that she knew anyone who fitted the description of Renata Tosi, and she shrugged indifferently at Randall's assurance that he wanted to know nothing except where the young woman was. Then he took out his wallet and offered the woman a bill. Once again he asked if she knew where Renata Tosi was—if, perhaps, she was not right inside the house now?

"No," said the woman. "She went away."

"When?"

"The day before yesterday."

"Do you know where she went?"

The woman shook her head. But her black eyes shifted.

"Not even for another five dollars?" he asked, "you don't know where she went?"

The woman shrugged. He handed over the second bill and she said, "She went in South America. The ship leave the day before yesterday. In the afternoon."

"Did she go alone?" The question dropped unintended from his lips.

"No." The woman turned to go into the house. "She go with a Signor Baldini."

. . . .

The contractor had done the roofing work without entering the attic rooms at the rear of the house. When he saw how dampness had rotted spots of the plaster in the third-floor back rooms which he was to repair, he had suggested to Randall also putting the rest of the rear rooms in order. But Randall had put him off by saying that this much work was all he could afford now, and as the other rooms were never used, they could be left alone to dry out by themselves once the roof was sound again. So he got a good clean room for John and his nurse without anybody having intruded either on the fourth floor where his things were, or the attic where he had not brought himself to go for a very long time now.

Almost completely he had succeeded in his will to forget those attic rooms and the smells and sounds up there which could give one the horrors if one were so susceptible as to think about them. He had had plenty of other things to think about in the intervening time. Less than ever was there reason to worry about all that now, except that Maggie Quinn was living in the house. She appeared to take it for granted as willingly as her mother that there was no need ever to enter any of the disused rooms.

"They are just storage rooms," Randall told her truthfully enough. "And it would be a lot of wasted work to try to clean them. So we just keep them locked."

She was pleased enough to have no stairs to climb beyond the third floor; she was a nice decent girl anyway, understanding of his problems which he had once for all frankly stated, saying that her mother knew as much as was necessary about the place and everybody in it.

But once the new nursery was ready and Maggie Quinn settled in it with John, Randall thought a good deal about the attic rooms. He began to plan what he might do to insulate them in such a way that nothing inside them, nothing of any kind, could make itself known to anybody elsewhere in the house. Suppose, he thought, they were solidly filled up with something heavy and inert, something like paper, for instance. It seemed a good idea. And, wondering where to find a lot of paper, he thought of the daily papers which he had kept for a long time, day by day, as Seymour, since their quarrel over John, had refused to have them read to him. He had been putting them each day in the old dining-room downstairs, which they never used, and now a good many of them had accumulated.

He waited until mid-afternoon when Maggie Quinn had John out in the backyard, pushing him slowly back and forth in his pram. Her mother had gone home for the day. Randall took a ball of strong

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Iron-on Transfer

COLORFUL iron-on transfers of these little kittens for decorating children's clothes, nursery furnishings, and accessories can be pressed on with a warm iron in only a few minutes.

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twine and tied the newspapers tightly in bundles, so as to make good solid packs like blocks. He carried these up to the top floor and when he had them all up there, he unlocked one of the attic rooms and, beginning at the back wall, stacked the bundles of newspapers as tightly as he could.

There were not nearly enough papers to finish the job as he meant to, but he would simply go on keeping them and tying them up in bundles like this until he had filled up both these nasty little rooms so that they ceased in fact to be rooms and were solid cubes in which there was no space for anything. He felt much better.

.

"Why, of course, Mr. Holt!" Maggie Quinn set John down on a blanket on the nursery floor and watched him proudly while he thrashed his sturdy arms and legs. "Of course he's old enough to enjoy a Christmas tree. They love shiny things and all the pretties. He's smart, he is, sir: he'll be crawling in no time."

"Is that so remarkable?" asked Randall. He knelt down and rolled a ball across the blanket into John's hands and John collapsed on top of the ball, squealing with pleasure.

"It is that, indeed, Mr. Holt. He's not seven months old yet. Many's the one won't try to crawl till it's nearly a year."

"Well, Maggie, I guess that's pretty smart, if you think so. So we'll have a real Christmas for him."

"I wouldn't get him any fancy toys yet, sir—just soft things he can toss around. Excuse my mentioning it—but usually the—the gentlemen—they want to get such comical things for a boy baby — toy trains and hobby-horses and I wouldn't know what all."

Randall laughed a little wryly. "I don't think you need worry about that this year, Maggie," he said.

He went down to find Seymour. He had been trying for a week to make up his mind to tell Seymour what the Trustees had been writing to both of them during these last two weeks of November. Randall had asked Seymour every morning if he did not want to have his mail read to him; and Seymour, after asking from whom the letters had come, curtly said, "No, thank you." But the first of December was tomorrow and Seymour really ought to be told before the news reached him as a shock.

Randall found him in the library, gloomily sitting with his chin in hands. It wrung his heart to see Seymour like this, frozen and bitter and visibly tortured by loneliness. He was feeding on his own spleen; sometimes Randall suspected that he had actually forgotten much of the reason for this bitterness, but was wallowing in the habit of it. Something ought to push him out of it.

Randall went over to Seymour for a moment and put his hand on his shoulder. He said gently, "Seymour, I've been trying for over a week to tell you something you really ought to know, and you just won't let me. But I'm afraid if you have to find it out some other way—"

"Is it about — about — that child?"

"No, Brother. It's about money."

"What about money?" Seymour's voice was sullen; he knew perfectly well that he owed Randall a lot of money. Why remind him? But Randall said, "It's those letters that they've been writing us, that you didn't want me to read. They've told me that my income is to be drastically cut this quarter and I suppose—I'm afraid——"

Seymour swore violently. "Why?"

"Well, you know about the panic. Even with my scarcely ever reading the papers to you any more, nobody could help knowing about that."

Seymour clenched the arms of his chair. "Are you trying to tell me that those mealy-mouthed walking corpses have lost all our money?"

"No, Brother. That's what they've been writing about. I don't understand enough to know the ins and outs of it—but they say they're very pleased because they saved the basic capital value of what we've got. But most of the stocks are passing their dividends—and except for a few things we're not going to have much income. At least that's what they've written me — I suppose your letters say the same."

"Well, get them out and read them."

Randall glanced through the letters and said, "They're just the same as mine."

"Wouldn't you know it? As soon as I begin to get my money again." Seymour swore again.

Randall slowly shook his head. It was like Seymour to have expected to keep all his money, even though he owed it to Randall. What was the use of reminding him now? But there was nothing else to do. Randall had been spending every evening for days past figuring, adding, dividing, and trying to budget the next three months' money over the expenses which were so much larger on account of John. He had expected that Seymour would pay some of his heavy accumulated debt. Now he could not see how to manage unless he could add nearly all of Seymour's reduced income for this quarter to his own. Reluctantly, and anxiously feeling his way, praying to avoid a new outburst, he told Seymour.

For a while there was silence. Then Seymour said, "I could almost say you're as determined to keep on punishing me as Grandmama would have been."

"Oh, Brother, can't you try to be a little bit fair? You know me. You know perfectly well that if we were going to get our regular income I would have spread those payments to Dr. Willingdon and all—all the rest—over any length of time you wanted. I can't help this, Seymour. Truly I can't."

"Running a household for a——"

"Seymour, I implore you to stop saying such things. And thinking them, too." Randall put his hand against Seymour's cheek as if to try to fix his attention, as he would do by looking him deep in the eyes if Seymour could see. "I know how you feel. But John is here now, and if you could only know how I feel about him you'd realise he has nothing to do with everything that happened before. He makes you forget it if you get attached to him the way I am. Whatever happened, whatever we all did—it's not his fault, Brother."

Randall got down on his knees and took Seymour's hands and held them tightly and said, "Please. Please, Seymour. Listen to me. You're good, you know. Good and generous and much wiser about life than I am. Be your own self, Brother. Ask yourself if it's right to take out your bitterness on that little boy. Don't make him pay for our mistakes, Brother. He can't know your reasons, he shouldn't know them. All he knows is that there is some big tall stranger here who never takes any notice of him. He's old enough to realise that. It's going to be bad for him. Seymour, if you'd only let him know you the way he does me—and Maggie, and even Mrs. Quinn—it would give you happiness. Believe me." Randall put his face down on Seymour's clasped hands. "Please believe me. If only for your own sake."

Seymour sat silent. His face, as Randall raised his head and saw its leathery pallor, was drawn and rigid. His grey eyes which in recent months had lost their power of expression and turned into blank symbols of hopeless tragedy, were quite as blank now, but as Randall watched them, a film of moisture spread slowly across their pitiful imperturability.

Randall knew sharply that he must not scar this open wound by the humiliation of watching it quiver. He got to his feet and with his fingertips gently closed Seymour's eyes and, more gently, bent over and put his lips upon the lids, one and then the other. Seymour sat tense, grasping Randall's hands. Presently he said hoarsely, "You call him John."

"Yes. Don't you agree?"

"Yes."

"Take your time, Brother. I haven't asked for anything—only for you to be yourself."

"No," said Seymour. "Time is a mistake. Now or never. Bring him here."

Randall went and fetched John and carried him to the library. "I won't put him on your lap," he said. "Wait until he wants to sit there himself. We're right here." He sat down on the hassock close to Seymour's chair and reached over and took Seymour's forefinger and put it in John's hand. The fat fingers closed tightly and John shook the hand up and down, gurgling cheerfully.

Seymour leaned forward slowly and put his other hand on John's head. He felt it gently, with the butterfly lightness that was teaching his fingers to see. The hand passed softly over John's hair, across his broad forehead, down one fat cheek and then the other. John liked that. He crowed.

"What color is his hair, Randall?"

"Brown. Sort of bright shiny brown. Maggie says it's going to be curly."

"And his eyes?"

"Well—I think that depends on the light. Sometimes they seem rather blue and sometimes they're grey."

"Not so blue as yours?"

"Oh, no."

"And not so grey as mine?"

"No. Sort of in between."

"And his coloring? His skin?"

"Well, he's just a baby still. He's so rosy you can't tell what his skin will really be like."

"It's so soft," said Seymour, as if unconsciously. He passed his hand down over the child's body and caught one of the energetic kicking feet. John thought it a game and kicked harder with the other foot. Seymour caught that, too. John screamed with amusement. He bounced up and down on Randall's knees. Seymour said, "He's awfully hefty, isn't he? And full of energy."

"And bright, Maggie says. I don't know how they tell about those things, but she insists he's much brighter than most babies. But nurses are like that about each one, I suppose."

"Does he really know you? By name?"

"Well, of course he doesn't call me anything. But he knows Maggie and her mother and me and we call ourselves by name and he makes a noise that Maggie says will turn into a word pretty soon."

"Show me."

Randall said, "Where's Uncle Ran, John?" The child had been sitting facing Seymour and playing with his finger. Seymour felt him turn and fling himself against Randall and gurgle a delighted unintelligible noise. Randall hugged him and then gently leaned forward and said, "That's Uncle Seymour. See? Hold out your arms, Seymour. Speak to him."

"Will you come here, John?" Seymour's voice was as soft as he could make it. John sat still, not sure of this unfamiliar person who had never been anything but a silent moving statue before.



"Oh, stop complaining! We're only gonna be here at Aunt Sarah's a week."

Seymour thought suddenly of the bunch of seals on the end of his watch-chain, big heavy gold seals which had belonged to his father and his grandfather, which he had worn for years. He wore them still, from habit, just as he wound and carried the watch he could not see. He took out the seals and dangled them before John. They tinkled and glittered and John reached for them with a peremptory cluck. Seymour put them in his hands and held the other end of the chain. John shook and jangled the seals and Seymour jerked the chain gently as if he were playing a fish.

Randall moved closer, hitching the hassock along. When the seals were back almost in Seymour's hand John plunked forward with a gurgle and found himself in Seymour's lap. This appeared to please him; he had the bunch of seals in one hand and something equally new in the other, a long bristly, handle sort of thing which he tugged sharply. The face on the other end of the handle bent his way and Seymour laughed, saying, "Ouch"

John gave the thing another tug and Seymour said "Ouch" again. This was a new game. John was delighted with it. He let out one of his shrieks of pleasure and flung himself against Seymour's chest. Seymour's arms closed round him and Randall got up from the hassock and went away.

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The tune continued, repeated a second time and a third. Seymour concentrated on his counting and folding, but he scowled and hunched his shoulders irritably. It was a silly little tune, something about a nut tree, which Randall often played and sang to John and it was beginning to get on Seymour's nerves. Even sitting at his desk in the library, with Randall and John downstairs in the drawing-room and all the doors closed Seymour's ears were so sharp that he was conscious of much that another person would scarcely have heard. He went on counting and carefully putting away his money.

He had finally found a way to manage now that his income and Randall's were restored and some of their worst financial worries past. Since he could have no privacy if he must depend upon Randall to write cheques and keep accounts for him, he had ordered the bank to deliver him one-third of his quarter's income in cash on the first of each month. The bank messenger would lay out the packages of bills in the order of their denominations.

Seymour later would fold them, each denomination differently, in such a way that he knew exactly what it was. Then he put them all away in a steel strongbox which belonged to his grandmother, and he kept that in the bottom drawer of his desk. The keys to both box and desk were always in his pocket. He felt much less helpless after this, and better still when without consulting Randall he had a telephone reinstalled in the house. He could now buy what he liked and pay for it when it was delivered. Not that he bought much. But it had been intolerable to be dependent upon Randall for every trifle.

Seymour finished his counting and locked the strongbox away and sat for a moment listening, but trying not to listen, to that fool tune downstairs. Ever since Christmas this had been going on. John's second Christmas, three months ago, had certainly been the best time they had had in years, but Seymour had not altogether liked Randall's arrangements. Randall had put the Christmas tree in the drawing-room, where John would have plenty of room to play with his new toys. That was his stated reason, at any rate. But the house for so many years had been apportioned on the basis that the library was Seymour's and the drawing-room Randall's that Seymour felt slighted by the latter's becoming the centre of the Christmas stage.

Perhaps he had been particularly irked because so much of a child's Christmas was the wonderland of its visual discoveries; its shouts and squeals of pleasure at the Christmas tree, its constant cry of "Look! Look!" He could still feel John staggering up to him, placing a wooden elephant from his Noah's Ark in Seymour's hands, crying, "Look, Unc' Seymour. Look!"

John at nineteen months could not know the meaning of blindness, but he knew already that communication with Seymour lay in appeal to the long, perceptive hands, and in the sounds by which he fixed Seymour's attention when a mere smile, which always drew a response from Randall, seemed not to get any notice from Seymour at all.

"I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear—"

Seymour sat taut with fretfulness. Why did he dislike that harmless tune? His conscience troubled him; but he was uncomfortable anyway because he so often felt cross or critical of Randall, and he was too astute not to realise why.

He did not want John to be the soft and too-sensitive little boy that Randall had been. He did not want them down there

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Night after night!

It is one thing to know the reason for your baby's fretfulness and another to find the right food to soothe its sensitive stomach. Benger's Food, because it is partially self-digested, modifies cows' milk to resemble human milk—unique principle not found in other infant foods—and brings relief and calm to the most delicate digestion.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are September 9 and 12. Navy blue, midnight-blue, in frock or costume, if accented with a small touch of red, bring luck in finances.	★ Attract attention to your abilities rather than to your personality. What you can do is more important than who you are. High-pressure tactics not successful.	★ Home may be the scene of intense activity in connection with one single project, such as painting, decorating, curtain or dress making, or millinery.	★ When a girl is attracted to a young fellow she must be prepared to do most of the work of keeping the friendship going by creating occasions for them to meet.	★ Social relationships may be marred because the other person is not physically at his best and not in the mood to be amiable or fit in with plans.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are September 6 and 9. Pastel shades of lavender and blue, misty patterns which blend softly, will bring extraordinary good fortune.	★ If tempted to let go of a certainty in the hopes of something better of doubtful achievement, you may hesitate, yet nothing ventured is nothing gained.	★ A stroke of luck to the house or flat hunter may mean a better deal than you hoped. Others find it possible to cash in on a discarded asset.	★ At present you are enjoying your best influences for romance. These will not come again for another year, so, if you're in love, show it and encourage the other person.	★ Avoid risks with an old established friendship; if you are unreasonable in your demands you may find yourself on the outer. New friends have to prove their worth.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are September 7 and 10. Oyster tints, pearl-grey, subtle shadings from white to silver, bring happiness at home.	★ Second thoughts are sometimes best. Changed conditions make ideas that were formerly useless workable now, but do not act until you have studied the situation.	★ You love change in your surroundings and many of you will go off on a new tangent that other members of the house consider crazy. You have the laugh on them.	★ You are most likely to prove your affection for one you love by making a present for him, or her; if a man, it may be home carpentering; if a girl, knit for him.	★ Someone may come to you and, in a heart-to-heart talk, tell you much about matters which do not concern you. Be extra cautious not to spill any of this to friends.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are September 7 and 11. Leaf-green, sage-green, in stripes and checks for blouses or sweaters, assure enjoyable trips to town.	★ Your mind is likely to buzz like an electric current. Be sure it is vibrating in the right direction and that you keep the goal in view. Thus you may triumph.	★ Home matters more to you than most, but you may decide you've had an overdose lately, and go on shopping tours, visits, demonstrations, or lectures.	★ Plan now for that outing about which you have talked for so long. Ask your little crowd and include the one-and-only that is your real reason for arranging the party.	★ Should you have visitors from a distance you may be called upon to act as guide, showing them places of local interest. This is likely to lead to a return visit.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are September 10 and 12. Your brightest lipstick, your gayest handkerchief with a spot of red are fine.	★ If you leave details to others, there is a high probability that mistakes will crop up for which you will be blamed. Check on what has been done or left undone.	★ Should you, or your family, have set your hearts on an expensive undertaking and believe that you can swing it, remember to allow for emergencies.	★ You may deny yourself a number of pleasures, or even necessities, so that the beloved may have something he wants badly. Your reward will be genuine appreciation.	★ A week composed largely of amusements which require no preparation and, curiously enough, you may go to a number of diversions alone. This is quite unusual.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are September 6 and 10. Demure black and white will bring out that modest Virgo charm and give the right impression.	★ If you are an easy mark, people will lean on you and make heavy inroads on your time, energy, or money, and involve you in affairs which do not concern you.	★ Choosing between something you need personally and something you want for your home is always difficult. Decide which matters most and then stick to your decision.	★ Whether you are young in years or only young in heart, now is your opportunity for romance. It is likely to be a slow growth from friendship into love.	★ You may invite, or be invited; you may figure in an entertainment yourself, you'll sparkle with the happiness of feeling you are popular, sought after, and poised.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are September 6 and 11. Pansy shades, violet-blue shades in a posy or scarf have a real part to play in your personal triumph.	★ Add up the moments of idleness in your day caused through either poor planning or inconvenient interruptions. Your time is valuable to you at least.	★ Feeling boxed in between four walls, busy with the same old tasks? In another week or two a new element will enter in, bringing a much brighter atmosphere.	★ Just a quiet pegging along with your boy or girl friend or your marriage partner. Pleasant days, filled with serenity. Others might find them dull, but you don't.	★ Staying in the background, you will learn much, but you may be more of a speaker than a listener this week. By making sure of your ground, you will blossom.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are September 9 and 10. Quaint jewellery of odd materials, also patterned material with amusing designs, are tops.	★ Doubt about your ability to carry through an enterprise alone may lead to a partnership suggestion. Make sure you choose a person with punch and force.	★ The family may criticise some of your friends, if you are in your teens or twenties. Take it with good grace and try to avoid occasions which lead to conflicts.	★ Have your friends been pairing you off lately with one particular person? Many of your sign have recently met one who will be their future life partner.	★ Most of your social activity appears to centre upon some organisation to which you belong—but, whatever the form, you will be the leader.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are September 6 and 12. Rose from blush-pink to deepest cardinal, will give confidence and victory in social situation.	★ With the help of someone in authority, you may carry on a special task which could bring promotion or you may be asked to teach newcomers familiar methods.	★ Home is a place of refuge. You may, although normally an excellent host or hostess, resent invasions of your privacy by chance acquaintances.	★ If young and single, you may find it difficult to go off alone with the boy or girl friend. If married, you may be host and hostess and be too busy for each other.	★ If standing for office, your chances of election are excellent. If co-opted to a committee, you may work hard and receive well-earned praise for your efforts.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are September 8 and 11. If you travel on long or short trips, brown will see you through, with yellow for an accent.	★ A clash of temperament in connection with your work could be disagreeable and unexpected. Perfect courtesy is your best weapon and proof against unfair criticism.	★ You may be unhappy about some feature of your home and feel helpless to do anything about it, but a suggestion or a brainwave may fix it for you.	★ Perhaps you are in love with a person and you do not realise it, probably because you do not see each other very frequently. Some little episode may bring it home.	★ A feature of your social life at present is your choice of activities which have an educational value. You may prefer occasions where you are learning a new skill.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are September 10 and 11. Rough textures, tweeds which combine many different colors, tartans, stripes, and checks good.	★ Business should be made to stay in its proper place and not become the chief aim in life. Success can become so engrossing that you sacrifice love and friendship to it.	★ The family may rally around and help you in an idea that gives them a thrill. This joint undertaking is likely to progress more smoothly than any of you imagined.	★ It's a long lane that has no turning, and if you've had to postpone your engagement for various reasons, you may shortly be in a position to announce it.	★ There is a possibility that you will resign from a group because of differences of opinion with an important member of it, or because you feel you are not appreciated.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are September 7 and 12. Almost any color combination, if it has a suggestion of white, should favor glamor, romance, love.	★ Be prepared to turn any unexpected event to your advantage. Sudden changes in staff, or new factors of all kinds, may require rapid adjustment on your part.	★ Consult other members of the household before acting in any matter which affects them all. In some cases this will prevent friction. In others they may help.	★ Exceptionally harmonious relationships with the one you love, with his or her family, and with children, if you are a parent. This atmosphere may spur you on.	★ Really glamorous activities are down in your date-book. You may dash from one pleasant occasion to the next, and this applies not only to the young, but to older subjects.

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1. Below are three well-known Velvet Soap phrases, each with one missing word, shown by a dotted line. Contestants should supply the missing word.
2. Next, contestants should complete, in not more than 50 words, the sentence beginning: *"I've found Velvet is worth its weight in gold because . . ."* (Contestants will find it much easier to write their answer if they read Aunt Jenny's hints below.)
3. Contestants may send in as many entries as they wish, each on a separate sheet of paper with their name and address. Every entry must be accompanied by a Velvet Soap wrapper.*
4. When complete, entries must be posted to Velvet Contest, Box 7056, G.P.O., Sydney, to arrive not later than the 19th September. (No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed or lost in transit.)
5. All prize winners will be notified by mail and the first prize winner will be announced over "Give It A Go," on Monday, 3rd October, and "You're On Clover," on Friday, 7th October.
6. Entries will be selected for their sincerity, neatness and aptness of thought.
7. The Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Contest.
8. All entries will remain the property of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., who reserve the right to publish or broadcast the whole or portion of these entries as they see fit.
9. Employees of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., its Associated Companies, its Advertising Agency and their families may not compete in this Contest.

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Continuing

My Brother's Keeper

in the drawing-room, exactly as Randall in his own childhood had sat for hours with their mother, playing music and singing sentimental nursery songs. He wanted John to be a real boy, active and boisterous, good at sports and strong and quick and not afraid of rough games.

Seymour got to his feet and felt his way quickly downstairs.

Randall looked up as the door opened and was disconcerted to see the scowl on Seymour's face. Randall's hands paused on the keyboard and John cried, "More, Unc' Ran. More." He dropped his baby fist on the keys with a discordant bang.

"No, John," said Seymour from the doorway. "That's enough music for today."

"Why, Seymour?" Randall's blue eyes were puzzled. John began to bounce up and down with impatience, clamoring for the music again.

Seymour said, "No more music today, John. Time to do something else. Why isn't he out of doors this afternoon, Randall?"

"Because the weather is bad," said Randall. "What's come over you, Seymour? I'm perfectly capable of deciding whether he should be indoors or out."

"Sing," said John. He banged the piano again. "Nut tree."

Randall folded John's arms quietly inside his own and sat there holding the child and looking up at Seymour. "Why the interference?" he asked. "I'm going to bring him upstairs to play with you in the library at five o'clock, just like any other day. Leave him alone now, Seymour."

"I don't want him mixed up in so much music all the time." Seymour's voice was waspish. "You're going to make a sissy out of him."

"Oh, nonsense. Look at him. He's as husky as a horse. He's too active ever to turn into a sissy. But he loves music and I'm going to see he hears all he wants."

"You are not." Seymour came slowly across the room with a tight, drawn look on his face which even John perceived, for his forehead began to pucker in a bewildered frown. "It's about time you stopped being so important around that kid," said Seymour.

"Why?" Randall's face was flushed and his usually mild expression had disappeared in tight lips and a sharply set jaw.

"Because I don't like it, see?"

"That's too bad," said Randall, very angry. His voice was low. "Under the circumstances I think you would be wise to shut up, Seymour, and stay shut up. Do you understand me?"

Seymour scowled and said, "I know how that kid ought to be brought up. I know why, too."

"Do you?" Randall rose from the piano and stood holding John, who put his arms about Randall's neck and looked from one brother to the other with huge round uncomprehending eyes. "Well, I know exactly the same thing you know. And neither of us can ever prove what he knows." His voice trembled and his face was pale and grave. "Now you go back to your library and think that over before you do anything you'll be sorry for. We're not going to have any more of this."

"Sing," said John again, kicking his heels. "Play. Nut tree."

"Just a minute, John." Randall put the child down on his feet and took one of his hands and put it in Seymour's. He spoke quietly. "You've got to do something to reassure him, Seymour. You frightened him and you're not going to do it again. I don't like talking this way in front of him and that's not going to happen again either."

Seymour's face worked. John stood looking up at him, the little pucker back again between his baby eyebrows. He tugged at Seymour's hand and said, "Horsie, Unc' Seymour. Play horsie."

"Do it," said Randall, barely aloud.

Seymour stood rigid, with John dragging at his right hand, looking up in bewilderment at the face he had never seen in this guise before. Seymour gritted his teeth; Randall saw his jaws flexing; suddenly Seymour got down on his hands and knees.

"Horsie!" cried John, jumping up and down. He clambered on to Seymour's back and locked his arms round Seymour's neck, and Seymour lumbered slowly across the room, with Randall watching to see that he did not bump into anything.

After that there was no trouble for a time. Seymour even tried to make silent amends for what his better sense knew to have been outrageous behaviour. And Randall was surprisingly conciliatory. He saw now that in his early anxiety to melt Seymour's bitter opposition to John he had not taken realistically into consideration the fantastic nature of the problem itself and of Seymour, growing more possessive and didactic all the time.



"I'm hoping that my book on the pleasure of do-it-yourself projects will earn me enough to fix this place up."

He could understand how special emphasis on music might alarm Seymour; he would try to hold it to a proportion of John's interests no greater than anything else. He would encourage Seymour in every sort of activity that he could share with John.

So he was pleased about the boat-sailing in the wash-tub, although John was too young for it. He was also helpful when Seymour said one day, "There is something I need and I don't quite know how to go about getting it."

"What is that, Brother?" They were at breakfast in the library.

"An electric motor. It sounds perfectly crazy, I know, but ——"

"Well, you must have a use for it. What do you want it for?"

"I want to see if I can rig up a power-lathe at my bench downstairs. I could use it for various kinds of work that's tedious by hand—and I haven't got too much patience, have I?" Seymour laughed ruefully.

"I don't know anything about such things," said Randall. "What do you suppose is involved in it?"

"Well, I'd have to have access to electric current, for one thing."

"You aren't suggesting wiring the house for electricity?"

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"Anything but! I have as much intention of our getting out of here as I ever had. All we need now is the patience to sit out the money question until we can afford to do it. Don't you agree?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, then, I should think we could get a single electric line run in the cellar window from outside somewhere, and then I could use a motor and hook up any power tools I might want."

Randall said admiringly, "Can you really do things like that just by touch? It seems incredible."

"Not well enough," said Seymour, with a grimace. "I might grind off a thumb or something. But at least I'd like to try. Only it isn't worth spending much money on, and I just don't know where to start."

Randall said, "Do you suppose they sell such things second-hand?"

"Why not?"

They sat thinking.

"I know!" exclaimed Randall. "Here I read through all these newspapers every day and I simply ignore the pages we aren't interested in." He opened one of the morning papers to the last page. "Listen to this. A whole page full of notices of auctions and second-hand sales of everything under the sun. Leather. Contractors' supplies. Hardware. Chinaware and crockery. Bicycle manufacturing plant."

He looked over at Seymour whose expression was fascinated. "Grocery store. Upholstery findings. Here you are, Brother. Miscellaneous job lot machinery and electric equipment. Generators. Dynamos. Assorted tools. Lathes—why, this looks like just what you want."

"What do you know about that. Where is this place?"

"It says an address and Abraham Bromberg, auctioneer. Do you want me to go there?"

"Why, sure." Seymour looked as delighted as John with a new toy.

"How will I know what you want to spend?"

"Oh, find out what the lot is likely to go for and telephone me, and we'll decide on our outside bid."

When Randall got to the place he found that the job lot had come from a small commercial warehouse in Brooklyn which was disposing of remnants of stock of various bankrupt manufacturers. There were a number of other things besides the electric motor and two generators and enough assorted machine parts and tools to keep Seymour busy for months.

Randall got the lot very cheap, and not until it was delivered to the house did he realise that among the other stuff he had bid in were two upright pianos and a small organ. Seymour was so excited about his haul that he scarcely remarked the instruments, but Randall was flustered. He told Seymour that he would find some way of reselling them, and in the meantime he had them stored in the closed dining-room which nobody ever entered anyway.

. . . .

Randall had no idea just what Seymour was making down in the cellar, and he was not at all sure that Seymour knew either. Perhaps he was not making anything, only teaching himself gradually to use the lathe and the unfamiliar tools. It was not the sort of thing about which one questioned Seymour; nor, indeed, was anything else. But when Seymour emerged from his cellar and materialised in John's room or the drawing-room or the back yard, and began to ask peremptory questions about John's occupations or his habits or his food, Randall found it hard to be patient.

Seymour was interfering and didactic just for the sake of being so. Randall often saw a resentful flush sweep across Maggie's face when Seymour gave her some order concerning John which was very apt to be a contradiction of her own way of doing things or of what Randall had previously arranged with her. She evolved a quiet manner of saying, "Yes, sir," to Seymour and ignoring what he said. Randall not only agreed with her; he backed her up in every way that was beyond Seymour's observation.

It was raining one afternoon in October, and Randall had John in the drawing-room reading "Little Black Sambo" to him. John sat in Randall's lap, holding his beloved teddy bear. Teddy was John's inseparable companion. He slept in John's bed, and sat in a toy chair beside John's high chair while he ate, and rode on the Kiddie Kar in front of John, strapped on by a blue leather belt. He had been loved bare in spots, and his stuffing had leaked at some time before Maggie had sewed him up, for he was rather limp.

John clutched him in his left arm, and with his right hand he pointed to the pictures he knew so well.

Seymour stood by the door for a moment, then instead of sitting down there as he often did, he walked over to Randall and John. He put out his hand and felt John's thick curls against Randall's waistcoat, and Teddy tight in John's arm.

"Don't you think, Randall," he said, "that he's getting too old to sit in your lap that way all the time? He can look at pictures sitting in a chair by himself. You baby him too much. He oughtn't to sit in your lap. And always be clutching that teddy bear. That's a baby's toy."

"He doesn't think of it as a toy," said Randall, in a tone so careful that it should have warned Seymour. "It's a companion to him—he thinks of it as a person."

"'Flour and eggs!'" cried John. "Finish the story!"

"You know that story by heart, John," said Seymour. "You're too big to hear the same story over and over."

"Finish the story," said John again, ignoring Seymour.

"Uncle Ran isn't going to finish that story," said Seymour. "He'll read you a new one."

"Don't want a new one. Finish 'Little Black Sambo,' Uncle Ran!"

"Seymour," said Randall, "would you mind going upstairs? If there's anything to

To page 79



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ROSALIND RUSSELL

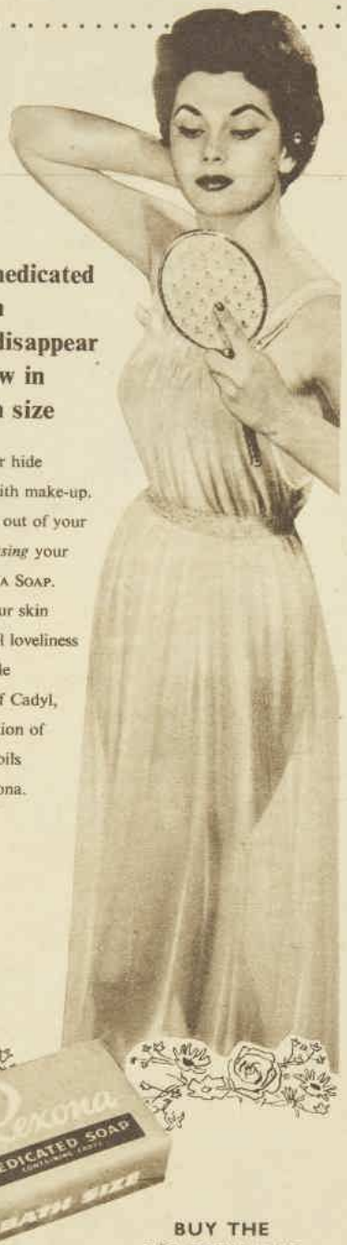
★ Stage and film star Rosalind Russell, who successfully combines the talents of an elegant clown and an incomparable sophisticate, returns to the screen straight from her Broadway hit, "Wonderful Town," to play the sort of show she has never before done for Hollywood — a musical comedy. It's "The Girl Rush" (in Paramount VistaVision and technicolor), a confection of songs, dances, and humor, set in the plush gambling centre of Las Vegas. Fernando Lamas co-stars.



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1 INTERRUPTED during her act at a benefit show by drunken actor Norman Maine (James Mason), left, singer Esther Blodgett (Judy Garland) manages to edge him off stage.



2 GRATEFULLY, Maine invites Esther to supper, but pianist Dan McGuire (Tommy Noonan), right, rescues her. Afterwards, a sober Maine hears Esther sing and promises her a film test.



3 SUCCESS crowns Esther's appearance in a big musical and she decides to elope with Maine. Though happily married, Maine drinks to excess. His career wrecked, the one-time matinee idol retires to their beach home, only to reappear on the night she wins an Academy Award and create a scene. Vowing to reform, Maine spends months in hospital and seems to be cured of alcoholism.

Theatre drama



★ **"A Star Is Born," starring Judy Garland and James Mason, is a drama with music, set in contemporary Hollywood.**

In the story, Judy Garland plays a little-known band singer who becomes a successful screen star. Mason portrays a charming extrovert movie star who marries her, fails in his career, and begins to drink.

Filmed in technicolor CinemaScope by Warner Brothers, the picture is essentially a drama, with lavish musical numbers woven into the story.

4 FISTS fly when Maine chances to meet publicity director Matt Libby (Jack Carson), left, who makes a crack about kept husbands. Embittered, Maine goes off on another drinking jag.



5 FOUR DAYS LATER Maine appears in night court. Esther and studio head Oliver Niles (Charles Bickford), right, get Maine's sentence suspended after pleading his case with the judge.



6 RECONCILED with Esther again, Maine overhears her tell Niles that she will quit films. Rather than destroy her career, Maine walks into the surf and swims out to sea.

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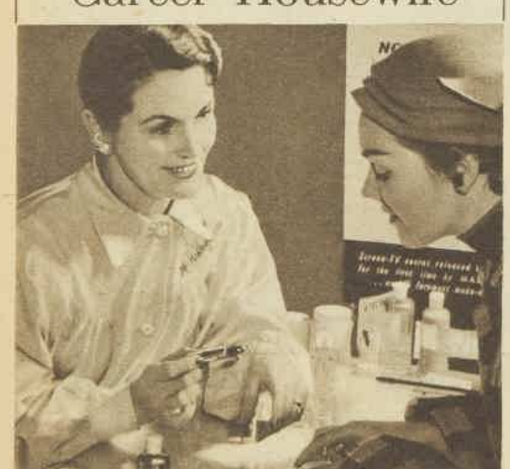
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P.216.WW62g

NEW COMIC TEAM FIND

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

Studio gossip is acclaiming Australia's Peter Finch and England's tall, willowy Kay Kendall as the best screen comedy team discovery in years.

PETER and Kay are playing together in "Simon and Laura" — adapted from a hit stage and television play which satirises both television and husband-and-wife acting combinations. This is the play in which another Australian star, John McCallum, and his wife, Googie Withers, are touring Australia.

For Kay Kendall, a rebel who was recently suspended by her studio for refusing what she considered to be inadequate roles, this is the screen chance she has been waiting for ever since her triumph in "Genevieve" established her as the most promising glamor-comedienne in British films.

She says, "Laura is the best part I've ever had." And that statement comes straight after she had been loaned to Metro for a leading role opposite Robert Taylor in "Quentin Durward."

As for Peter Finch, it gives him the opportunity of indulging before the cameras in just the sort of satiric fun he enjoys in private life—guying the great romantic matinee idols for the entertainment of his friends.

"Simon and Laura" is a comedy of two great stars, husband and wife, who are offered a marathon television series at peak viewing time as "the ideal married couple." They have to parade before the viewing millions a series of pictures of their domestic bliss.

This is in hilarious contrast to their real married life, in which their exchanges of sentiment are limited to throwing furniture and crockery at each other or going home to mother.

Few actors have had to grow such a variety of hair on their faces as Peter Finch.



PETER FINCH and Kay Kendall on the set of "Simon and Laura," the film which is expected to establish them as a top comedy team.

In the early days, in "Eureka Stockade," he was covered with so much bushy whisker that if he stood still he could be mistaken for a brush fence. As the Sheriff of Nottingham in one of his first British films his beard was sprucer but more sinister. He had a whimsical Van Dyke as Professor Winke in one of his great stage parts, "Captain Carvallo."

And now, for "Simon and Laura," this has been boiled down to a natty toothbrush moustache of the kind affected by matinee idols who are now a little past it all. This Peter sticks on in his dressing-room every morning.

Comedy on the set often leads to comedy off as well. Miss Kendall and Mr. Finch are engaged right now in the winsome pastime of pulling each other's leg.

While Peter was acting before the cameras in a solo scene during shooting, Kay Kendall rose from her studio chair, beckoned to a couple of prop men, and sidled out with them to Finch's dressing-room for a "working over." Wardrobe and hairdressing were called in to help.

When Peter got back to change, he opened the door on a room which Salvador Dali would have been proud of.

A girl's leg, gartered and nyloned, swung gaily from the ceiling. A snowman grinned from one corner. He had to fight his way through a forest of bunting to his couch, over which hung lush drapes in the best film-star manner. And for the sentimental touch, there were bowls of flowers.

He blinked.

"Surprise!" said the irrepressible Miss Kendall. "Your birthday!"

Peter thought. "My birthday," he said, "is in September."

"No harm in being a little early," said Kay blandly.

Snapped fans

WHAT she may have meant to convey was that it was her birthday. Kay has been sporting a lavish birthday present on a strap around her neck—a gleaming, luxury, twin-lens camera, with which she has been taking more pictures on the set than any of the studio stills cameramen. The location scenes they shot in London's streets gave her great scope.

She became a shutterbug, kneeling, leaning, standing on boxes, photographing the unit at work from all angles. A swarm of fans who collected for autographs and to take candid pictures found themselves in the novel situation of having a film-star beg them to hold it for a picture.

Peter Finch and Kay have become serious admirers of each other. Both want to make another comedy together.

Here is a sample quote from Kay Kendall, nodding in the direction of her co-star: "Isn't he wonderful? He's the most romantic actor there is in films!"

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL: ★ "Cell 2455 Death Row," thriller, starring William Campbell, Robert Campbell, Marian Carr, Kathryn Grant. Plus "Pirates of Tripoli," technicolor sea adventure, starring Patricia Medina, Paul Henreid.

CENTURY: ★★ "A Man Called Peter," CinemaScope drama in Delux color, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY: ★ "Happy Ever After," technicolor comedy, starring Yvonne De Carlo, David Niven, Barry Fitzgerald. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE: ★ "An Inspector Calls," thriller, starring Alastair Sim, Olga Lindo, Bryan Forbes. Plus ★ "Devil on Horseback," turf drama, starring Googie Withers, John McCallum.

LIBERTY: ★★ "Interrupted Melody," CinemaScope musical drama, in color, starring Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM: ★ "So This Is Paris," technicolor musical, starring Tony Curtis, Gloria De Haven. Plus ★ "Veils of Bagdad," Oriental adventure in technicolor, starring Victor Mature, Mari Blanchard.

LYRIC: ★ "Three Ring Circus," VistaVision technicolor musical, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Joanne Dru, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Plus ★ "Copper Canyon," technicolor period Western, starring Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr, Macdonald Carey. (Both re-releases).

MAYFAIR: ★ "Untamed," Delux color CinemaScope period adventure, starring Susan Hayward, Tyrone Power, Richard Egan. Plus featurettes.

PALACE: ★ "Tarzan's Hidden Jungle," outdoor adventure, starring Gordon Scott, Vera Miles. (See review this page.) Plus "Red Stallion," Western, starring Robert Paige, Ted Donaldson. (Re-release, review not available.)

PARIS: ★★ "Hansel and Gretel," children's opera in color. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD: ★★★ "The Country Girl," drama, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, William Holden. Plus "Assignment Children," U.N. documentary short featuring Danny Kaye.

REGENT: ★★ "The High and the Mighty," CinemaScope Warnercolor drama, starring John Wayne, Robert Stack, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY: ★★★ "Bread, Love, and Dreams" ("Pain, Amore e Fantasia"), Italian-language comedy, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio de Sica, Roberto Risso, Marissa Merlini. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES: ★★ "Blackboard Jungle," MetroScope juvenile drama, starring Glenn Ford, Anne Francis. Plus featurettes. 11 a.m. session only: ★★★ "The Wizard of Oz," technicolor musical, starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger. (Re-release.) Plus cartoons.

STATE: ★★★ "The Purple Plain," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Win Min Than. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY: ★ "This Island Earth," technicolor science-fiction thriller, sarring Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, Rex Reason. Plus ★ "The Looters," drama, starring Rory Calhoun, Julie Adams.

Films not yet reviewed

PLAZA: "Sitting Bull," CinemaScope Eastman color Western, starring Dale Robertson, Mary Murphy, J. Carol Naish. Plus "Carolina Cannonball," comedy, starring Judy Canova, Andy Clyde, Ross Elliott.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ *Tarzan's Hidden Jungle*

THOUGH he has the massive physical qualities that are just the thing for jungle adventuring, newcomer Gordon Scott, the screen's Tarzan number 11, is probably too tame to suit the fans.

Scott is the type of young man who should never have to wear a shirt. Just for the record, he is 6ft. 3in. tall, weighs 15st. 5lb., has a 50in. chest, a waistline that measures 30in., and the grace of an athlete.

Apart from his looks, however, Scott — at first blush, anyway — has little to offer Tarzan lovers in the way of personality or talent.

The picture itself is a run-of-the-mill adventure made on a modest budget and padded out with disconnected shots of savage beasts prowling the jungle.

"Tarzan's Hidden Jungle" (R.K.O.) gives the hero the job of extricating United Nations' doctor Peter Van Eyck and his blonde nurse (Vera Miles) from a sticky situation in which they are tricked by greedy game-hunters posing as wildlife cameramen into being led into a taboo area of the jungle where the animals are sacred to the natives.

There is a fair amount of tree-swinging performed by Tarzan throughout the story, but he delivers that famous jungle call only once, and keeps his chest-thumping to a minimum.

In Sydney — Palace.

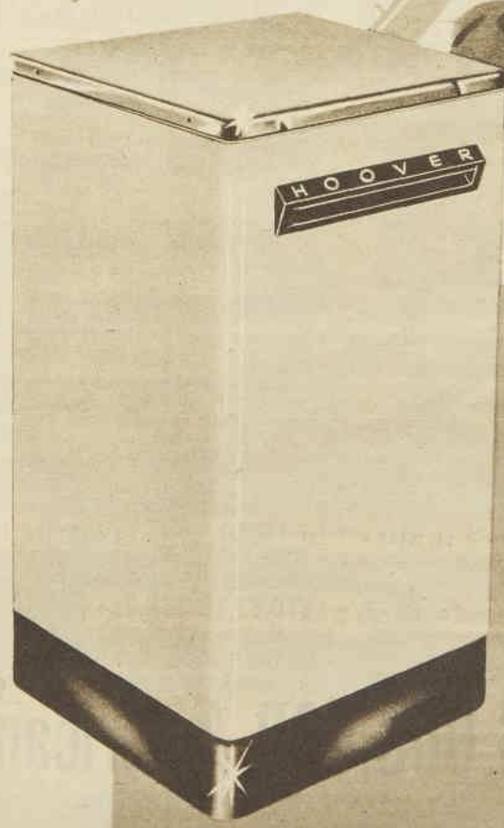
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Continuing

My Brother's Keeper

say about this let's wait until later."

"I'll have something to say later," said Seymour, "but first will you please put him down off your lap and stop making such a sissy of him? He oughtn't to be so attached to that fool teddy bear, either. Give Teddy to Uncle Seymour, John." He put out his hand and took hold of one of the bear's arms.

"No! Leave Teddy alone." John's eyes widened and filled with tears, and he clutched his bear tighter and huddled against Randall.

"Give me that teddy bear, John." Seymour's voice was hard.

"No!" John was beginning to cry.

"Seymour, I implore you. I can't say anything with him here, but will you please——"

"You must obey, John," said Seymour. "Give me the bear."

"No!" John was howling.

"Give me that bear!" Seymour jerked sharply on the bear's arm as John pulled it frantically away and buried himself and the bear in Randall's arms, screaming. The arm came off in Seymour's hand. John screamed in such terror that they heard Maggie flying down the stairs and into the room. She stopped in the doorway, gaping. "What — what's——"

Randall was holding John tightly, looking over the child's head at Seymour. His face was white, and Maggie Quinn put her hand to her open mouth as she saw his expression. He took a long breath and forced his voice to an ordinary tone. "It's all right, Maggie. Something happened to John's bear. He's frightened, but he'll be all right. I'll bring him upstairs in a few minutes."

"Yes—sir," she said, and went away.

"Now you go, Seymour," said Randall. His face was still white with rage. Seymour stood there with the bear's arm in his hand. "Give me that and get out of here."

John huddled against Randall, sobbing.

"You put him down off your lap," said Seymour.

"You give me that thing and clear out." Randall shot out his right hand and seized the bear's arm from Seymour. He bent over John and said, "Teddy'll be all right, John. We'll get him fixed right away. Nobody meant to hurt him. He says it doesn't hurt him. He says it doesn't hurt a bit."

"It does hurt," screamed John. "Teddy hurts."

"He'll be all right. He told me so." Randall sat and comforted John, and did not look up when Seymour turned and left the room. After a while John stopped sobbing and Randall wiped his eyes and blew his nose, and began at the beginning and read through "Little Black Sambo" again.

But late that night he had it out with Seymour. He had not seen him since afternoon, leaving him to go to the kitchen by himself and feel around for whatever fruit or left-over food he wanted for his supper.

He tried to speak with restraint, but in a moment they were deep in their worst quarrel since the first days that John had been in the house. They quarrelled savagely, but each stopped again and again on the verge of saying the one thing that justified him in his own mind, yet the thing he could not prove and therefore dare not say.

"It's all your fault," said Seymour. "You ought never to have kept him in the beginning."

"Because I wasn't afraid to take the consequences and you were? Just remember how you acted about it."

"And I was right."

"Then why don't you leave him alone now? What are you trying to do to him, Seymour?"

"Keep him from being the sissy you're making of him."

"He's not a sissy! The whole thing's your imagination."

"He is. You spoil him and coddle him—he's got to have some discipline."

"At the age of two and a half. Your cruelty today—you call that discipline?"

"He's got to be deprived of things. Somebody's got to be strict with him. He must obey."

"He does obey—for a child of his age. He obeys reasonably. But when you want to interrupt him in the middle of something he's interested in and take away something he loves and make him obey just for the sake of having your own way with him, that's not teaching him obedience. That's bullying him."

"You're a sentimental sop, Randall, you always were. With this child's heredity——"

"If you'd think more about his feelings and less about his heredity——" Randall paused and stood staring at the floor, as if gazing into a pit which had yawned suddenly before his eyes. Down in its depths if he should dare to look, he would find everything he most dreaded. The grappling roots, the twisted wills, the bitter, futile efforts of weakness to hold its own against bullying force; the pitiful image of his mother, the despotic old woman whom Seymour — no, he thought, no, you must never see that in him. You must wipe it out, like the memory of Renata, of Seymour then; of us, of what we did; you must forget it all for John.

It's a great kindness to trust people with a secret. They feel so important while telling it.
—Robert Quillen

No, he thought, putting his hand to his eyes, you must never see the past in Seymour, never the resemblance, never be reminded. But his hand went down and he looked at his brother, lying grey and sightless on that ugly bed. He could not muzzle the words

from page 71

that he heard, appalled, coming from his own mouth.

"Seymour," he said, "do you know what's the matter with you?"

Seymour made an ugly sound. Randall bent over him and said, close to his ear, "You want to believe you are his father. You act—the way She used to—Seymour, this is horrible! Stop it, stop for God's sake before you destroy us. You'll hate me. Perhaps you hate me now. You want to believe you are his father and you hate me because I may be . . . " He turned away, chilled and sick.

It was out. Seymour lay with his eyes closed, his mouth locked contemptuously, his long bony jaw jutting. Randall saw wretchedly, as never before, the resemblance to the old woman whose room this had been.

"No doubt," said Seymour, with his mouth almost closed, "you feel exactly the same yourself. A fine, sane, healthy state of things. And you brought it all down on us."

"Yes. Absolutely single-handed, I did. So I'll take it off us, too. I'll take him away."

"Oh, no! You can't do that."

"But you've as good as suggested I should. What do you mean?"

Seymour turned on his side and put his right hand over his eyes, a curious gesture as if to hide from their blindness something that even blindness could see.

"Don't you understand?" he said with an uncharacteristic tremor in his voice. "I—I love him, too, Randall."

They were silent. Randall struggled with the impulse to say, "If that's what you call love, it's nothing but destruction." Instead, when he could speak with control, he said slowly, "If you really love him, Seymour, you'll have to show it in ways that he can understand. He's used to trusting the people around him and knowing where he stands with them. It's no good if you do what you did to him today, and then give him some expensive toy tomorrow and think that makes up for it. He's confused about you already. If you make him afraid of you I swear to God I'll take him away. I mean I'll do it before he gets frightened."

"You'll spoil him to death in the meantime."

"He's not spoiled! He's just a normal child who's fond of the people he's dependent on. Maggie and I happen to do everything for him, but that's no fault of yours. There isn't much you can do, on account of your eyes. That's too bad, but it's nature. It's fate. Stop fighting it. Stop it before you do something you'll be terribly sorry for."

He stood for a moment, looking round the dim, stuffy room. Though some of the furniture was changed and the old woman's belongings replaced by Seymour's, it was permeated by her personality. Memories came sweeping over Randall, memories of her heavy step and booming voice, memories of himself clinging to his mother in terror while they listened to her giving orders, browbeating Seymour, scolding the servants, bullying Lily. Mama, thought Randall. Mama literally went off her head on account of that old woman. That's all ancient history. That's supposed to be forgotten and done with. If it were, he thought, would we be the way we are now? Would we?

Against his strongest efforts he had set a train of thought in motion, everything shoved by the single propellent, moving swiftly along, through the trail of his life, gathering and storing the tokens that were part of it. He had kept the things he had, and written what he had written, and hidden what he had hidden often without a purpose at the moment. But he had felt that the purpose would ultimately make itself known. He believed he had one in sight now. He would go and find out. He said, "Good-night, Seymour. I've turned out the gas." He left the dark room and went noiselessly up to the fourth floor and shut himself in the old day nursery.

There by another dim gaslight he took his little desk from its hiding-place and opened it and sat slowly leafing through his papers. He did that for a long time, reading, and then he took a blank sheet of music manuscript, and in his minute hand began to write. He thought and pondered and scribbled, and sat and thought some more, all night almost until daylight.

.

The pattern repeated itself more and more often. Each time that Seymour made trouble and Randall forced him to back down, there followed an interval of uncasy peace. During these periods Seymour was contrite and Randall was conciliatory. And John, with his happy disposition, seemed too cheerful and interested in his busy little world to harbor any grudge or fear of Seymour.

But one could not really know, Randall felt. He watched John carefully to see whether he ever shrank from Seymour or otherwise unconsciously showed that the outbreaks had left their mark. Apparently not. But it was growing upon Randall that this house was no place to be bringing up a child. He saw now that very soon, long before beginning school, John must have playmates. He could not play with the rag-tag-and-bobtail that lived in the neighborhood. He could not know the children of anybody else, people from whom the Holts were forever cut off. The only solution was to move, and to go soon.

Randall spoke about all this to Seymour one night shortly before Christmas, sitting in the library.

Seymour reflected for a

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Kelvinator leads the



Magic Cycle

AUTOMATIC SELF-DEFROST

exclusive to Kelvinator

You'll never have to defrost again!

With Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Self-Defrost there's nothing to turn *on* or *off*. No water to empty — you never see water. No need to remove food. Even frozen foods *stay frozen* — yes, including ice-cream. What's more, "defrosting" takes place while you sleep at night — automatically, quickly and completely.

It's revolutionary! There are absolutely NO electric heating elements of any kind.

Here's why, "Magic Cycle" is so fast — so much more efficient. The refrigerant gas which makes the refrigerator *cold* is simply reversed . . . automatically. "Cold making" gas becomes "warm making" gas and in three or four minutes defrosting is completed.

Kelvinator "Space-saver–10 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Self-Defrost (illustrated above). With revolutionary "Magic Cycle" you'll never have to defrost again! This exciting model gives 10 cubic feet of *true* refrigeration, yet takes up no more floor space than an old model "five"! And look at the features! Roll-out shelves — nothing's tucked away. Butter chest (in door), 3 special ice trays. Full-width frozen food chest to hold 34 lbs. of food. Meat tray for 9 lbs. of meat. Full-width twin crispers. **£225/-/-.**

Kelvinator "Space-saver–10" (with normal defrosting). £195/10/-.

Now! Every feature you want is in the new Kelvinator range . . .

SENSATIONAL, NEW "POLARSPHERE" SEALED UNIT



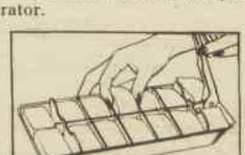
Now — better than ever! The famous "Polarsphere" is now internally mounted — "floats" within its housing. This *mono-mount* suspension ensures the quietest possible running and reduces vibration to a minimum. Remember, "Polarsphere" has enough reserve power for 5 refrigerators — yet costs no more to operate than an ordinary refrigerator.



SPECIAL BUTTER CHEST
Keeps 1 lb. of butter at s-p-r-e-a-d-able temperature. Distinctive blue pastel door panel also incorporates 3 roomy, sturdy shelves.



ROLL-OUT SHELVES
Aluminium shelves roll towards you . . . make food easier to get at. Shelves can't tip. Edges "rolled under" for easier cleaning.



3 SPECIAL ICE TRAYS
Tray release and ice cube release . . . no need to melt under tap, no need to prise with knife. Ice cubes pop out singly or together.



FROZEN FOOD CHEST
True full-width frozen storage space for 34 lbs. of meat, fish and frozen packaged food. Keeps frozen packaged meals always on hand for unexpected guests.

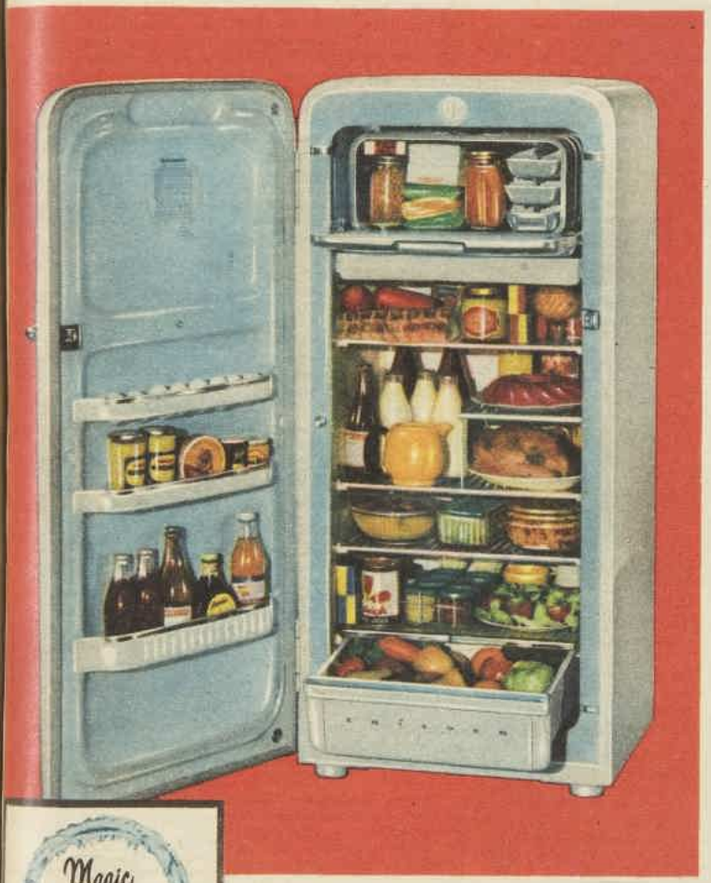
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Spring Parade



with new beauty...new features...new low prices

Spring is here . . . and before you know it Summer! with its soaring temperatures and dry hot days. Better choose your beautiful new Kelvinator now! Better be ready for your very first hot day. There are 5 models to choose from — and every model offers cold-from-top-to-bottom — *plus* the sensational, new "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Revolutionary "Magic Cycle" Self-Defrost, too — exclusive to *two* of these exciting Kelvinator models.



Magic Cycle

PUSH-BUTTON DEFROST
At last! Complete, quick defrosting — at your finger tips! No ice to scrape — no need to remove food from frozen food chest . . . *all* food, during defrosting, remains at the same safe, cold temperatures — even ice-cream.

Kelvinator "Space-saver–80 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Push-button Defrost. Here is Australia's most popular refrigerator with all the exclusive Kelvinator "Magic Cycle" features described at left . . . plus beautiful styling, sensational new "Polarsphere" power, and cold-from-top-to-bottom. Offers 7¾ cu. ft. of refrigeration as well as these important features too: Full-width frozen food chest with 27 lbs. capacity, full-width meat tray, full-width vegetable crisper, 3 door shelves, extra tall bottle storage, 3 special ice trays. **£182/-/-.**

"Space-saver–80" (with normal defrosting). £166/-/-.

5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN WITH ALL MODELS.



Kelvinator "Space-saver–75". The big economy model — but look what it offers you: 7.5 cu. ft. of *fully* refrigerated storage space. Cold-from-top-to-bottom; full-width vegetable crisper; 3 extra large ice trays; plus the sensational new "Polarsphere". Only **£146/10/-.**

Lowest deposits — easiest terms at your exclusive Kelvinator retailer.

All models in Ivory or White.

(Prices slightly higher in country areas.)

CHOOSE

Kelvinator

FOR BETTER LIVING.

PRECISION BUILT BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED.



"KELVINATOR HAS ALWAYS HAD THE REPUTATION FOR BUILDING A BETTER REFRIGERATOR."

Write now for informative literature on this brilliant new range of beautiful refrigerators.

Kelvinator, P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide.

Your name _____

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WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE FILM WORLD?

You'll know all the latest doings in Hollywood if you study the film news appearing every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Continuing

My Brother's Keeper

from page 79

while and said slowly, "I suppose you're right."

"Anyway," said Randall, "even if it weren't for John's sake, it was always you who wanted most to get out of here."

"I know. Curious, isn't it, that such a succession of things happened to make it impossible."

"Well, it's only three months now until you start getting your doubled income. That's going to make a big difference."

"Oh," said Seymour. "So you're counting on my income. That's thoughtful of you."

"Oh, Brother, be reasonable. You know what I mean. I'm willing to put up practically all of mine, and if you match that, we'd have enough to live quietly in some place like we've been talking about, and you'd have about two thousand a year left over for yourself. Doesn't that seem fair?"

"I suppose so," said Seymour grudgingly.

Randall stared at him. Could it be possible that Seymour resented paying his share of their expenses? Randall saw no reason for reticence, and he asked him outright.

"Well—no. I don't resent it. But after taking a couple of years to get out of debt to you and waiting all this time to have enough money to be of any use to a man——"

Randall shook his head. He said, "I just hadn't realised you had any plans of your own. In the circumstances." He spoke gently.

"Oh, I haven't," said Seymour. "I only mean I'd like the feeling of having some money for a change and having the satisfaction of keeping it without spending it all on this household you've saddled us with."

"But, Brother, we've got to make a home for John."

Seymour smoothed his moustache. "Yes. But does it have to take everything we've got?"

"I just told you it would only take half of what you'll have. I don't care if I use all of mine, I like to. What else have I got to do with it?"

Seymour got up from his chair and went away to his room without having committed himself.

A few days later, Seymour waited in mid-afternoon until John had gone out with Randall to make a snow-man in the backyard. His accurate ears informed him that Maggie was ironing in the kitchen. Mrs. Quinn had gone home. Seymour went quietly up to the third floor to John's room and felt around in his crib to find the teddy bear tucked against the pillow. It was never taken out in wet weather so it "wouldn't catch cold."

Seymour took the bear, whose arm had been mended, and started downstairs with it. He intended to take it to the cellar. At the top of the stairs on the second floor he heard Maggie, unexpectedly coming up, proclaimed by the rustle of her skirts. He stood still and swore silently.

"Why, Mr. Holt," she said. "Did John leave his bear in the library?"

"No. I got it from his room." Unable to see the quick anger which suffused her face he heard her say, "I'll take it along with me, sir." She paused; he knew she was considering something. She said politely, "Or perhaps ye wanted to measure it for another thing like its toy chair? For Christmas?"

"No, Maggie. I'm going to throw it away. John is too old for it. He's turning into a mollycoddle and this bear is exactly the sort of thing that's doing it to him. He ought to like different toys, real boy's toys. He's got some and I'm going to give him more for Christmas. He—"

"Excuse me, sir." Seymour heard the girl's voice tremble and he supposed she must be afraid of him. Let her be afraid. He even shrugged as a commentary. But she said quietly, "Mr. Holt, I'll have that bear from you, if you please."

"Just go on upstairs, Maggie, and——" Seymour's voice turned glacial, "shall we say—mind your own business?"

"This is my business, sir," she said. Her voice was also cold, and now perfectly controlled. "As long as I am in this house, John is my business and nothing else is. I know what is best for a child of his age."

"You might know if he were a girl. I have no intention of letting him turn into anything resembling one. He is not to be babied any more."

"He is not babied now. Seeing as he has no mother, he gets less babying than any child I ever heard of. He's got to be let to love something the way he loves that bear. Ye'll do him serious harm if you take it from him, mark my words."

Seymour, who appreciated spunk, could not help admiring the girl for standing up to him. But that feeling, which could have saved the situation, was quickly submerged in the backwash of pent-up acrimonies which wore for him the guise of legitimate concern for John. His jealousy of Randall; his passionate, possessive love for the child, frustrated by his physical inability to do much



"Happy birthday, the docket is inside, the exchange department is on the third floor."

for him or with him; his obsession that John become quickly—too quickly—a real boy, all coalesced into a hot spear of protest against this feminine way of doing things which, he thought, grew from Randall's sentimentality.

He said, "Get out of my way, Maggie."

"Not until you give me that bear, Mr. Holt."

Seymour could have lunged forward on the stairway and knocked the woman down and in his rage stood there, trembling on the brink of doing it. She looked up at the red, twitching face, the blind eyes suffused, the muscles taut and cordlike. The veneer of her restraint broke sharply and her own Irish temper burst through it. She raised her strong right hand and brought it down like a cleaver across Seymour's wrists. He yelped a shocking curse. The bear flew out of his hands and over the banister down to the ground-floor hall.

Maggie turned, seizing her skirts high, and dashed down the stairs and through the hall, retrieving the bear on her way. She ran to the back door and shouted, "Mr. Holt, sir, Mr. Randall. Please come here at once."

Randall looked up from the snowman's buttons, lumps of coal which they were putting in place; and seizing John by the hand, he ran towards Maggie as fast as their heavy goloshes and John's short legs could manage. "What is it, Maggie? What's happened?"

She told him, trying to talk above John's comprehension. But John, thinking she had brought Teddy down to see the snowman, was not interested in talk anyway. He dragged at Randall's hand, saying, "Show snowman to Teddy. Teddy wants to see."

"Yes, John," said Randall. "Right away. Take him over yourself and show him the snowman and then come back." It was the best way to keep the child from listening. "Oh, Maggie, I'm so sorry. This is terrible."

"Yes, sir. I'll be leaving now, Mr. Holt. I couldn't do else."

Randall stood dumbstruck. He gave Maggie a look more eloquent than all the pleading words he could have spoken. "What on earth shall I do?"

"I'm that sorry, sir," she said. "But ye surely knew this would happen sooner or later. It's been awful trying, Mr. Holt, the way yer brother had been interferin' and bossin' me around these past months. A body couldn't have stood it no longer. Nobody'll work for two masters. But after what I just did——"

"You were right, Maggie. You did right. But——" he looked at her with utter misery in his eyes. "What shall I do?" he said again.

"If ye're really askin' me, I can only say one thing, Mr. Holt. Take John and get out o' this house with him as fast as ever ye can."

Randall took off his mittens and ran his right hand over his forehead, thrusting his fingers into his hair. "Maggie, this is awful."

"I know, sir." She was shivering in her cotton dress.

"Go inside," said Randall. "I'll bring John right upstairs." In the nursery, while Maggie was pulling off John's leggings, Randall paced up and down saying, "It's going to be so hard on him when he realises. He's going to be so unhappy."

"They always are when their first nurse leaves. He'd have to go through that some time. That ain't the worst, sir, it's that ye can't go on livin' like this, in this house and—and all."

"I know it. Just the thought of how to manage—the food, and everything." The thought of Seymour was the real trouble, too frightening to mention.

"I know, sir. Ma wouldn't stay without me. Not after this."

Randall sat down and put his head in his hands and said, "I feel just about desperate. I haven't got any right to ask you to stay——"

"It wouldn't do any good if ye did, sir. When it happens, it happens."

. . . .

They began to make shift with a colored woman named Essie who lived up in San Juan Hill and had never been in this neighborhood. She did the work that Mrs. Quinn had done and was a better cook. She prepared their midday dinner, and the broths and cereals that John ate for supper, and went home in the afternoon, taking away things upon which Seymour and Randall were accustomed to depend for their light evening meal. She also cheated them through the marketing, which Randall had to leave to her, as he had long left it to Mrs. Quinn, because he was entirely taken up with John.

He had broken the shock of Maggie's departure by moving upstairs to take her place [illegible] John's room, and he replaced her in every other way as well. At first he was too stunned to think of looking for another nurse, and by the time he began to weigh whether he should [illegible] saw that no nurse worth having would be willing to work here. Maggie's parting advice was the echo of his own best judgment. The time had come to make the move he had been talking about.

But how could he ever [illegible] about looking for a town to settle in, or a house in which to live there, unless he took John along wherever he went? For Randall had arrived with foreboding at the conclusion that he was unwilling—of what he afraid?—to leave John alone with Seymour. Yet nothing seemed to him more unendurable than the thought of running the gamut of the diabolical eyes and tongues of the riff-raff neighborhood. The result was that John, who would be three years old in five months, had never been outside this house or its back yard since he had first come into it. One need know nothing about bringing up children to realise that this state of affairs must be changed quickly if John were not to become more eccentric than any Holt who had preceded him.

Because everything integral with his deepest feelings lay hidden among his papers and the other things locked away in his warren on the fourth floor, Randall took to going up there oftener than ever very late at night when John was sound asleep and Seymour too. He read and re-read the crackling pages of music manuscript-paper on which he had recorded in his curious hand all that he had lived and shared, and everything that had been said to him, through the recent but weirdly remote past. It was, he felt, the earth and substance out of which John had grown.

He sat for hours up in that clammy, dirty room, sometimes reading, sometimes not, staring at the streaked and peeling wall, or holding his head between his hands while he tried to reach the awful conclusion that lay beyond the last limit of his courage. Very long before he brought himself to face it, he knew what the answer was. He could not keep John to grow up in the house with Seymour. One day, a day looming imminently near, he would have to choose between them. And he would choose for John's sake alone, he would make the choice that most nearly promised a good life for John.

For weeks that choice appeared to be the simple departure from his house, to anywhere that would serve as the setting for the life that John should have. Then he touched the last barrier in the maze of thoughts too awful to be faced—are you sure that you, either are the means to fulfilment for John? What have you to offer him, beyond love so great that it could smother him? Is Seymour right? Will you make him into a replica of yourself, and if you do, is that any better than a replica of Seymour? Are you so free of strangeness, of fear, of the secrets and token of a burdened past?

Look about this room. This what is in it, in the next room think of Mama's room, this of the attic, think of the things—the things—will you be different man if you burn them all and go away to make a life for John? Will you burn them? Can you? Do you mean to? For any reason, even for John?

That was when the [illegible]

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INFORMAL Supper

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● ***For weekend teas or quick snacks, hot soup, a savory main dish, and fresh rolls are tops.***

SOUP served in mugs or cups keeps hot longer than when served in plates, and for an informal meal this method is ideal.

Here are recipes for soups, for hot savory dishes, for home-cooked meats to be served cold with salad, and for some easy-to-make sweets. All are suitable for informal service.

All spoon measurements are level.

SPAGHETTI MILANAISE

Three cups cooked spaghetti, 1¼ cups white sauce, ¾ cup tomato puree, 5 or 6 sheep's tongues (cooked, skinned, and chopped), 1 or 2 rashers chopped cooked bacon, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1½ cups grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 tomatoes.

Mix the spaghetti with the hot freshly made sauce, fold in the tomato puree. Add tongues, bacon, onion, and half the cheese. Season with salt and pepper, add the chopped parsley. Fill into greased ovenware dish (one large dish or individual sizes). Cover top with sliced tomato, sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in moderate oven and bake until thoroughly reheated and until the tomato is cooked and the cheese melted and browned.

CLEAR TOMATO SOUP

Two tablespoons fat, 2 small onions, 1lb. ripe tomatoes, ¾lb. green tomatoes, 1 bay leaf, 1 clove garlic, 5 or 6 peppercorns, salt and pepper to taste, 3 cups stock, 2 tablespoons cooked rice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint, 1 teaspoon sugar, toast croutons.

Melt fat, add diced onion, cook for 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add sliced tomatoes, cook 3 or 4 minutes. Add crushed garlic, bay leaf, peppercorns, salt and pepper to taste. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Rub through strainer, add to stock with rice, parsley, mint, and sugar. Simmer 15 minutes longer. Serve hot, sprinkling each serving with toast croutons.

CASSEROLE OF MOCK CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS

One rabbit, thin piece lemon rind, 1 medium onion, salt, 1 tin mushroom soup (16oz. size), 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. chopped cooked bacon or ham, 2oz. fresh mushrooms, cayenne pepper and salt.

Soak rabbit 1 hour in salted water, wash well, remove tail joint, and cut into pieces. Drop into boiling water with salt, lemon rind, and sliced onion. Simmer 1½ hours or until tender, or pressure cook. When cold, cut all meat from bones. Place mushroom soup in a saucepan, stir in flour blended with milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add butter, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Fold in sauteed mushrooms (peeled and chopped), diced rabbit meat, and bacon or ham. Season with cayenne and extra salt if necessary. Turn into casserole, top with breadcrumbs, dot generously with butter and bake in moderate oven until thoroughly heated and browned on top.



SPAGHETTI MILANAISE, tinned chicken soup with a garnish of peas and carrots (or curried chicken soup made from the recipe below), fresh rolls, and fruit make a fine menu for an informal weekend meal. We called it supper, but the dishes are just as good served for lunch. See the recipes on this page.

SUMMER FRUIT BETTY

One sponge roll, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of ½ orange, 2 cups cold stewed fruit.

Cut the sponge roll into thick slices, and place on a greased oven-tray. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, add sugar, and beat to meringue consistency. Fold in orange rind. Pile on to sponge slices, hollowing out a well in the centre. Bake in a slow oven for 15 to 20 minutes until the meringue is set and lightly browned. Pile cold stewed fruit (drained free from syrup) into the centre. Serve well chilled.

FRUIT FLUMMERY

Two tablespoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water, good ½ cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind.

Soak gelatine in half the water and blend the flour to a smooth paste with the balance of the water. Combine both mixtures; place them in a saucepan, and add sugar. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time, and simmer for 5 minutes. Add all other ingredients, then allow the mixture to cool. When it starts to thicken, beat with a rotary beater until the mixture holds its shape, then turn into a wetted mould or pile roughly in a serving dish. Chill before serving.

CHEESE-TOPPED RABBIT LOAF

Threequarters cup milk, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, pinch nutmeg, pinch powdered sage, 1 tablespoon finely diced shallot or onion, 2 eggs, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups cooked minced rabbit, browned breadcrumbs.

Topping: Two ounces grated cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, pinch dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon milk, pinch cayenne pepper.

Heat milk, pour over breadcrumbs. Add seasonings, allow to stand ½ hour. Fold in beaten eggs, celery, parsley, and rabbit. Place in greased crumbed loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours. Prepare topping. Place all ingredients in small saucepan and stir over low heat until well mixed. Place loaf on hot serving dish. Spread cheese mixture over top and brown under hot griller 2 or 3 minutes.

CURRIED CHICKEN SOUP

One tablespoon butter, 1 medium onion, 1 green apple, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 3 dessertspoons flour, 3 cups chicken stock or prepared packaged chicken soup strained before using, 1 cup evaporated milk (or ½ pint cream made up to 1 cup with milk), ¼lb. finely diced cooked chicken, salt to taste.

Peel and dice onion and apple, cook in melted butter until soft but not brown. Add curry powder and flour, cook 2 minutes longer. Stir in chicken stock, continue stirring until boiling. Simmer 5 minutes. Gradually add evaporated milk and diced chicken. Reheat without allowing to boil. Season to taste with salt. Serve piping hot.

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£2000 COOKERY CONTEST . . .

Big prizes for easy entries

Have you yet sent in your entry for our £2000 Cookery Contest? The contest closes in little more than three weeks, and there are magnificent prizes to be won in all sections merely by sending in your favorite recipe.

ALL proceeds from the contest will aid the Barnardo Homes.

All entries, including progress prizewinners, will receive equal consideration for the big prizes in the five sections.

1. **Cakes and biscuits.**
2. **Desserts.**
3. **Main dish of meat or fish.**
4. **Buffet dishes.**
5. **Best entry submitted by a man in any section.**

Women are **not eligible** to enter Section 5.

Here are the prizes:

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE for best entry in any section.

A STANDARD 10 CADET car with registration and third party insurance paid for 12 months, valued at approximately £909.

GRAND CHAMPION SECOND PRIZE

A 10-cubic-feet CROSLEY AUTOMATIC SHELVADOR refrigerator, valued at approximately £220.

SECTIONAL PRIZES
FIRST PRIZES

Section 1
An English Electric Ritemp automatic range, valued at £120.

Section 2
National of California venetian blinds, valued at £100.

Section 3
A Wilkins Servis Superheat washing machine, valued at £116.

Section 4
An H.M.V. "Intermezzo" three-speed radiogram, valued at 109 guineas.

Section 5
Wardrobe of Anthony Squires men's clothes, to a total value of £100.

SECOND PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4
A Hoover cylindrical vacuum-cleaner, valued at £36.

Section 5
A Sunbeam Shavemaster, valued at £14.

THIRD PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4
A Sunbeam Mixmaster, valued at £27/6/-.

FOURTH PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4
A Sunbeam Cooker and Deep Fryer unit, valued at £17/10/-.

FIFTH PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4
A Namco "Magician" pressure-cooker, valued at £6/18/6. (No third, fourth, or fifth prizes will be awarded in Section 5.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4
£5 worth of Revlon beauty products.

PROGRESS PRIZES

A £10 prize will be awarded each week.

To enter contest —

1. Write, type, or print each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.
2. Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper containing a recipe entered in the contest.
3. Write clearly at the top of each sheet the section in which the recipe is entered.
4. Attach one 1/- stamp to each recipe submitted.
5. You can send in as many entries as you wish in any or all of the five sections, but remember that each recipe must be accompanied by a 1/- stamp.
6. Mark envelope containing your entry "The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest."
7. Send your entries, with stamps attached, to BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

CONDITIONS

Members of the staff of Consolidated Press and allied companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about the judges' decision.

Closing date of this contest will be September 30, 1955.



COOKERY CONTEST progress prizewinner, delicious chicken risotto, is tasted by three children from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, June Hayes (left), Eileen Lawrence, and Jimmy Clarke. All proceeds from the contest will go to the Homes.

Progress prizewinner

THIS week's progress prize of £10 has been won by Mr. Maslyn Williams, Chalgrove House, 21 Elizabeth Bay Rd., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W., for Chicken Risotto.

We have received letters and telephone calls asking if contestants were required to submit a whole menu in Section 4 of the contest—buffet dishes.

One dish, such as Mr. Williams', is sufficient.

CHICKEN RISOTTO

Boiling fowl (about 3lb.), ½lb. mushrooms, 3 sticks celery, 1½ cups rice, dessertspoon dry white wine, clove crushed garlic, one sliced onion, three cloves, six peppercorns, pinch herbs, one teaspoon vegetable extract, ¼ cup sherry, olive oil, salt, and pepper.

Wash and joint boiling fowl. Place in a saucepan of water, add three cloves, six peppercorns, a pinch of your favorite herb, one sliced onion, and giblets. Bring to the boil, allow to simmer until the meat is tender. Drain, reserving one cup of the liquid.

Meanwhile, boil 1½ cups of rice in boiling water, and, when cooked, drain, rinse under running cold water, drain again. Fry the rice very slowly in a little butter and olive oil mixed together, stirring constantly to prevent burning.

Take an ovenware dish and rub the inside well with a clove of crushed garlic. Into the bottom of the dish pour a dessertspoon of olive oil and an equal amount of dry white wine mixed well together (Moselle or dry hock is good).

Line the bottom of the dish with a layer of bacon cut into two-inch lengths. On top of this place a layer of chopped celery, season with pepper, then a layer of peeled mushrooms cut into 1in. pieces. Cover with 1-3rd of the fried rice. Cut chicken into small pieces and arrange on top of rice. Season with one teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper, cover with balance of rice.

Combine reserved chicken liquid with mushroom stalks, one teaspoon vegetable extract, and ½ cup of sherry or Marsala. Stir over low heat until well mixed. Strain and pour over rice in dish.

Place extra pieces of bacon over rice and arrange eight slices of Swiss processed cheese on top, cover, place in very moderate oven, and bake 45 to 50 minutes. Serve piping hot.



BE REGULAR WITHIN 10 DAYS

— the way Nature intended.

All-Bran*, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, restores regularity the *natural* way by supplying the bulk lacking in modern foods. Rich in whole bran, minerals and vitamins, All-Bran builds up your vitality instead of draining it away and leaving you with dull nagging headaches. Enjoy All-Bran sprinkled over your breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with milk and sugar. Drink plenty of water. If, after 10 days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get *double* your money back.

* ALL-BRAN IS A TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

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Introducing a new feature

An architect's diary

Intending home-builders have scores of questions for their architect before deciding on the final plan of their future home. In this new series Sydney architect W. J. McMurray will discuss problems of interest to all homemakers.





ABOVE: A bright, airy, modern room furnished in light contemporary style gives an illusion of space and light with clever placing of furniture and a full glass wall. LEFT: The same room before its renovation. The heavy furniture, curtains, and the cluttered, old-fashioned arrangement steal space and make the room look dark and closed in.

YOUNG Alec and Margery Jefferies (the names are mine) were planning a new home.

They were living in a rambling two-story house built at the end of the last century. They were accustomed to its large rooms and high ceilings, and Margery wanted the rooms in her new home to be spacious.

The money they had available for the type of home they wanted meant limiting the floor area to approximately 1100 square feet. They wanted three bedrooms, large areas of glass, and considerable built-in furniture.

First of a series

Margery was shocked at the necessary smallness of the rooms on the plan and said that a main bedroom of 13ft. x 11ft. seemed very inadequate.

I had to explain that with present-day high building costs it is often necessary for the designer to create an illusion of space in seemingly cramped areas.

The size of a room can be exaggerated by introducing small and lightly designed contemporary-type furniture.

Cumbersome lounge chairs, for instance, can reduce the apparent size of a room by two or three feet in both directions. Built-in wardrobes generally provide the equivalent of an extra two feet in the length of a bedroom. Built-in dressing-tables also save considerable floor space.

If ceilings can be planned to carry through between two rooms in the one color — especially if this color is visible through glass in the top portion of a partition — an almost uncanny effect of increased space will result.

Large sections of glass in external walls reduce the feeling of confinement, as the room and the garden appear to become the one area.

Well-placed mirrors and careful color selection by experts further contribute to an illusion of space.

Bill McMurray

Apricot sweet wins £5

THIS week's prize of £5 in our popular recipe contest has been awarded to Mrs. F. Suthers, McLean St., North Ipswich, Qld., for a delicious apricot sweet.

All spoon measurements are level.

APRICOT DELIGHT

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 small tin apricot halves, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 teaspoons butter, 3 dessertspoons brandy.

Cream butter or substitute with half the sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Fill into greased 8in. sandwich tin, press drained apricot halves into mixture, round side down. Place a portion of the butter and brandy in each apricot half. Mix orange rind with remaining sugar and sprinkle over top of pudding. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream or ice-cream.

Tony's luxury dish

VEAL MILANAISE

ACCORDING to Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club, the Italian dish Veal Milanaise is quite famous in its name-city, Milan.

"It's a very attractive way of serving veal," Tony added, "and one of the few times this meat is served without a sauce.

"The cutlet should be served absolutely crisp."

For six persons you will need:

Six veal cutlets ¼in. thick, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 eggs, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 lemon cut in slices, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Pound the meat to less than ¼in. in thickness. Sprinkle the flour over the meat, and pound into both sides. Beat the eggs just a little to mix whites and yolks. Dip the cutlets in this, then coat with the seasoned breadcrumbs. Allow to stand a few minutes before frying in hot butter. Brown the cutlets quickly, then reduce the heat and allow to cook through, as veal should always be well done.

Arrange on hot serving-dish, place a thin slice of lemon on each cutlet, sprinkle with a little chopped parsley. Melt a little extra butter. When browned, add lemon juice, pour over the cutlets, and serve very hot.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish, spiced curry, is delicious. It costs about 5/3 and serves four.

SPICED CURRY

One and a quarter to 1½lb. blade-bone or round steak, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ dessertspoons curry-powder, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 onion, ½ clove garlic, 1 cooking apple, 1 pint stock or water, 1 tomato, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 2 tablespoons coconut, 2 tablespoons chutney.

Trim steak, remove excess fat. Cut into 1in. cubes, coat with salt, flour, and curry-powder mixed together. Brown all over in melted fat; remove. Add chopped onion, garlic, and apple to pan, stir and brown lightly. Stir in stock or water; return meat to pan and add chopped tomato, lemon juice, sultanas, brown sugar, coconut, and chutney. Cover and cook gently 2 to 2½ hours, or pressure-cook 25 minutes. Serve with rice.

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"The wines we served included Florita Sherry, 1920 Chateau Leonay Chablis and a 1932 Chateau Leonay Red Hermitage.

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How to treat Joint and Muscle Pains

There is nothing like heat to relieve the agony of joint and muscle pain. If you get a painful arm or shoulder or knee, lie or sit with an infra-red lamp warming the painful area long enough to let you move the muscle or joint more easily. Each time you do this, movement becomes easier and less painful. If you like, you can make a useful lamp at home yourself, simply by mounting a lamp holder in the bottom of a lightweight box of handy size so that you can put an ordinary large electric globe inside the box. The warming rays can then be directed right at the point of pain. To accelerate the treatment, get a tube of **Menthoid Creme** from your chemist—it costs only 9/6 —containing the powerful, deep-penetrating hormone, adrenalin. Rub **Menthoid Creme** into the painful areas, then use the lamp as explained above. This is a wonderful treatment for rheumatic pains, strains and sprains and fibrositis as well as for long-standing muscle and joint pains. Keep yourself warm all the time and repeat this treatment as often as you can. If these directions are not quite clear to you, write to **Menthoid Adrenalin Creme**, Box 4263, G.P.O., Sydney, and British Medicinals Pty. Ltd. will reply at once.

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SWEET CORN does well in old cabbage or cauliflower ground after applying complete fertiliser.

GARDENING

SEPTEMBER is the time to:

Attend to the vegetable garden . . . make lawns . . . plant citrus trees.

SEPTEMBER is the time for sowing and planting couch-grass seed, all sorts of vegetable and annual seeds, citrus trees, and summer-flowering bulbs.

• Sow the first crop of sweet corn in well-manured ground.

Don't sow the seed in rows, but make hills and sow six or eight seeds in each. Thin out to not more than three or four plants per hill after germination.

When grown in hills, the pollen falls all around the cobs, which then set evenly.

Sweet corn develops irregular kernels in the cobs when sown in even rows, as the pollen from the male flowers sometimes only reaches the silks (female portions of the plant) on one side.

• Sow the first rows of French beans (dwarf and climbing).

Beans can be sown now in warmer parts of the country and towards the end of the month in colder districts.

In the north they already need watching for the first signs of aphis. Once the leaves curl over or cup, this pest is difficult to get at. Nothing less than vigorous spraying with D.D.T. emulsion will control it.

This pest will make plants stand still and fail to crop.

• Finish off soil preparation for making new lawns, and in warmer parts of the country sow seed of couch grass.

Feed established lawns with sulphate of ammonia, using 3lb. to 5lb. to every 1000 square feet. Clean up weeds by hand or spray with 24D.

Three pounds of grass seed is sufficient for 1000 square feet of lawn. Cover with ¼in. of well-sieved light soil.

Set your lawn-mower at 1½in. and mow the grass each time it grows to 2in.

Don't topdress lawns now with sand or any kind of soil. Wait until growth is vigorous. If you topdress now you may kill a lot of new growth.

Hollows and uneven patches should be given very light topdressings — a little at a time. Fill them up gradually.

Very spongy buffalo lawns should be cut short with a power mower and then topdressed with sulphate of ammonia.

• Hill up the potatoes sown in July and August.

The tops often grow tall and flop over in the soil. They require the support that several light hillings up at monthly intervals can provide.

Loosen the soil on both sides of the rows with a hoe and draw the soil lightly towards the plants, leaving a hollow crown to catch water. Scatter some complete fertiliser over the ground before the first hilling-up.

• Sow beetroot, carrot, parsnip, white turnip, cape gooseberry, celery, egg-plant, okra, and leek seed.

• Set out first tomato plants in districts free from late frosts.

In frosty areas provide hessian screens on the western and southern sides that can be pulled over the tops just before dusk on nights which foretell frost.

Protection should always be provided for tomatoes until the weather really warms up.

Further sowings of tomato seed can also be made this month out-of-doors. Spray the seedlings regularly with D.D.T. to check the attacks of thrips, the carriers of spotted-wilt virus.

• Sow pumpkins and early bush marrows, also white custard squashes.

Wait a few weeks longer before sowing cucumber seed, late squashes, and melons.

If sown in wet, cold ground, when the air at night and in the mornings is still very chilly, the seed will rot without sprouting.

As these are all gross feeders manure the ground well.

• Weed the strawberry bed and feed with weak liquid manure to increase size of berries and invigorate plants.

If many runners struck during autumn they should be thinned out now and the biggest transplanted to freshly manured beds.

• Feed rhubarb plants set out during the winter.

Old clumps will also appreciate some complete fertiliser hoed carefully in all round, or a thick mulching of fairly fresh barnyard manure.

• Plant citrus trees.

Avoid buying young trees with yellow or curled-up foliage. These have been too long out of the ground and frequently fail to root.

Finish pruning citrus trees when crop is over.

Feed citrus trees and stone fruits with old manure or complete fertiliser.



RHUBARB can either be raised from seed or propagated from divided plants. A dozen rhubarb roots will give sufficient stalks for the average family to enjoy rhubarb frequently. It is better to grow a small number of rhubarb roots with proper attention than a great many that may be neglected and thus produce poor stalks.

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Continuing

My Brother's Keeper

from page 82

strength of the world of earth and growth and hard-working people that Renata had talked of emerged as a thought so powerful that Randall knew it had always been there, a factor one could not ignore in facing one's bounden duty to John. It is half his heredity, he thought, and because I and my brother are what we are, it might be the half that will save him.

Now he understood why he had not only written down, but done since memorised, the names, the small words, the broken phrases, that were all he knew of that half of John. Poor they were, those people, yes, and poverty was the reason for such stringencies as could make their lives intolerable if they were so; but poverty; not fear, not queerness, he told himself; not being afraid, not being secret, not being bound by walls and locks and things and memories.

Poverty was tangible, poverty one could do something about. Remove that as the real obstruction, and would there not be the chance, perhaps the only chance, that this plant, from its roots deep in earth and warm reality, might bloom? He could not know, it was a thing impossible to guess. But he could try to find out. He could find out too just what Renata had meant when she said, "in only it follow all through the life such a child . . ."

She had spoken from her knowledge of unremitting poverty. Had that been her fear? Had it been to solve that one tangible problem posed by poverty that she had pleaded with him that night in the street? And if he had solved it, would she have turned desperate and left the child as she had done?

These questions no longer mattered and she was no longer a reality. But the earth was, and the strong people who belonged to it, whose blood was half of John's. Randall knew now that he could not truly do his duty by John until he had learned what they might be able to tell him. It had taken him weeks of labor through the maze and the mass of memory and instinct, carrying about his neck the albatross of his fears. When he emerged with knowledge and the elements of a decision it was none too soon, for Seymour was becoming impossible.

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There was no real reason for his obsession that Randall was spoiling John and coddling him and that Seymour must therefore be strict and exacting and train John to instant obedience. But with this obsession he made John's third Christmas a torment, nagging, criticising, and interfering at every turn. He contrived an inexhaustible string of reasons for interrupting each time that Randall sat down at the piano with John to play and sing the Christmas music that the boy loved. He catechised Randall to the last detail about every toy that John was to receive, and he infuriated him by trying to destroy John's blissful belief in Santa Claus.

Randall had taught John that Christmas toys always came from Santa Claus. Seymour this year turned full of importance about his own very expensive present to John. It was a hobby-horse, large and lifelike, covered with real pie-bald horsehide. It had flaring red nostrils and an alarming glitter in its glaring glass eyes. John did not like it. He shrank away the moment he saw it.

When Seymour said, "Uncle Seymour has given you the horse, John," the child burst into tears and said, "Then Santa Claus didn't come!"

Seymour's face reddened and from that moment he began to force John to ride the horse, which at first merely bored him, but soon became something he dreaded. He was not allowed to go a day without a session on the horse. Within a week the child was screaming, "No! No!" when Seymour led him to the horse and lifted him up to mount it.

Randall stepped in and said, "Seymour, if I were you I'd let the horse go. He'll take to it of his own free will after a while if you leave him alone."

"And play with clothes pegs and rag dolls in the meantime?"

"He hasn't played with such things for a long time," said Randall wearily. "If you paid any real attention to him you'd see how interested he is in his new building blocks. You could make things with him—you'd be far more fun for him in such a way than I am."

"And let him go on being afraid of a hobby-horse? He's got to be a boy! He's got to be active. He's got to—" Randall had taken John's hand and quietly led him out of the room, leaving Seymour talking to himself.

But he still tried to balance things by taking John to Seymour in the library every afternoon to play there for an hour before his supper. He had bought a box of thick colored crayons and an outline picture book to give John something to do in the library, since he was



"We have a standing joke around here, and I'd like you to meet him."

beginning to be bored there. John lay on his stomach on the floor, crudely filling in the outline pictures with crazy-quilt colors whose selection had some meaning for him, but no relation to the objects he was coloring.

Since Seymour could only participate by hearing about it, he questioned John from time to time what he was coloring, and how: and at one point John said, vigorously daubing away, "It's a lion. Blue lion."

"Lions are not blue," said Seymour. "You must make your lion brown."

"Don't like brown."

"But John, that is silly. You can't make a lion blue when there is no such thing."

"This one is blue." John rubbed harder with his crayon.

"And I tell you you've got to make it brown."

"I won't."

"John! Give me that book."

"No."

Randall was coming up the stairs with John's supper of barley-broth and milk and junket on a tray. He heard the argument in the library and John's shrill, stubborn "No!" He heard Seymour say, "John, obey me at once. Bring me that book."

"No! You'll hurt my lion."

"You come here with that book." Randall, nearing the top of the stairs, could see into the library, see John there on the floor with his knees drawn up under him, and his square little hands planted flat to protect his book and his lion. Seymour rose from his chair and strode towards John and seized him by the shoulder.

"Give me that book!" he said, in a tone which ripped from Randall's mind the last curtain that had hidden the full face of the thing he feared. He hurried in and put the tray on a table near the door.

"Seymour! What are you trying to do?"

John turned and flung himself against Randall's knees, holding his arms around them. Seymour reached after him and tried to drag him away. "Go 'way!" screamed John. "Uncle Ran, make him go 'way."

"That child is going to obey!" shouted Seymour. "John! Get up off that floor and stand on your feet. Do as I say."

John took one bewildered, terrified look over his shoulder at Seymour and began to bawl. Randall bent over and lifted him gently aside, a little behind himself, and holding John in his left arm, with his sobbing face hidden against his leg, he said, "I've been watching it happen. I've been a fool. I've been watching it, seeing it right before my eyes."

His voice turned hoarse; he swallowed. If Seymour could have looked at him he would have seen the blue eyes dilate in slow horror, the color drain from the gentle face, the mouth drop slowly open. There was a long, tense silence while John sobbed with his face hidden against Randall's leg. Seymour spoke finally, furious, contemptuous.

"What have you been watching?" he said. "What do you see—you with your precious eyesight?"

"What a thing to say! Do you mean you don't know? You can't feel it yourself?"

"My blindness does not extend to my mind, which remains considerably more balanced, I venture, than yours."

Randall bent down and tried to comfort John, but Seymour took a step towards the child and he began to scream louder. Randall looked up at Seymour's bony face, set and ugly, the blind eyes giving the illusion of an angry glare, the bitter mouth dragged down between the wings of the moustache. Randall tried to deny the terrible truth hammering at his raw nerves.

"You mean you don't know?" he breathed, staring at Seymour.

"What?" Seymour's voice was a snarl. "What are you maundering about?"

"You're — just — like—Her," said Randall very slowly, breathing hard between the words. He stood aghast, watching Seymour's face tighten into a scornful, weirdly male replica of the face at the root of all fear.

Seymour made a sneering sound and took another step towards John. The child shrieked so piteously that Randall knew this to be more than momentary: it was cumulative, a long-wrought crisis. Randall felt him shaking all over, stamping his feet in fright and temper.

"Make him go 'way," he screamed, clinging to Randall's leg.

Randall picked John up and stood for a moment holding the heavy child and looking round the room. Every corner, every shadow, every object a hell's crew of memories, and Seymour there in the midst of it invoked the sources of terror and threat and heartbreak his whole life long.

"You heard me," he said, almost whispering. He scarcely recognised his own voice. "You're just like Her, I said. Seymour—" he tightened his arms round John; his face was grey and haunted. He stared wretchedly at his brother. "You've turned into Her—oh!" he gasped, burying his face in John's neck. "Oh, how horrible. God help you."

He turned away and carried John out of the room. Cursing furiously, Seymour lunged forward. There was a crash, and Randall gave a brief look over his shoulder at the smashed dishes and the mess on the floor. He held John tightly and took him upstairs.

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His hesitations were past. He had only one more decision to make now, and that was about his things. He had got John to sleep, holding him in his arms, and tucked him up at last in his crib. Then he lay down on his own bed, to get some rest and make up his mind. Should he go up and get all his things now and take them down and burn them in the boiler? Everything?

That would take courage, he did not know exactly why, but it would be very hard to bring himself to do it. It would mean that the future, whatever form it might take beyond the impenetrable veil of this moment, might be much harder for him; he might feel lost, he might flounder without his things. He could not carry them with him, he did not want to. He wanted them to stay hidden.

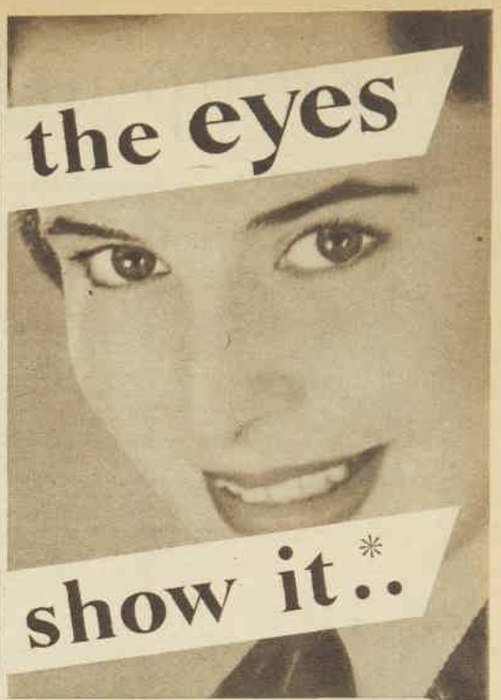
He went downstairs and telephoned to a locksmith whose shop he had often seen over in Twenty-first Street. Day and Night Service, said a sign across the window. Randall found the number in the book and told the man what he wanted. In a little while a workman arrived, and under Randall's direction he installed strong tumbler locks on the little desk, the wardrobe where it was hidden, and the doors of both old nursery rooms on the fourth floor.

After a moment's hesitation Randall had him put a lock also on the door of his mother's room. Then he paid the man, put all the new keys in his pocket, and went upstairs and packed a large valise with John's clothes and his own. Then he roused John, who was too sleepy to ask questions, and dressed him and put on his own best suit. He had already left the valise down in the front hall beside his hat and overcoat. When John was ready, still half asleep, Randall picked him up.

"Teddy," said John drowsily. "Teddy come along."

Randall put the bear in John's arm, turned out the gas, and carried John quietly downstairs. It was half-past one in the morning when they left the house.

To be continued



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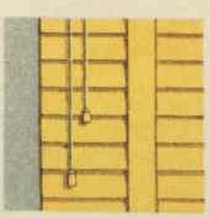
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WHITE-PAINTED Victorian rocking-chair upholstered in sheepskin highlights the bedroom of schoolgirl daughter Anne. Teal-green haircord carpet matches the moss-rose chintz hangings.



LOUNGE in Mr. and Mrs. Ted Jarvis' home, above. Walls are hydrangea-green (painted over existing wallpaper). The carpet is in soft brown. The three-piece suite has the couch covered in green and the chairs are in brown glazed chintz patterned in yellow and white.

A HOME WITH PERSONALITY

● Transforming drab papered walls with arresting colored paints and introducing gay, personal touches, well-known Melbourne furnishing consultant Pat McCormack (Mrs. Ted Jarvis), of Molesworth St., Kew, Vic., has changed the character of her conventional villa from an ordinary house into a home of charm. Another big asset to the transformed home is the terraced rear garden, which is framed with apricot, fig, pear, and apple trees for privacy. Colorful garden furniture, grouped on the lawn around a water garden and fish pond, makes it ideal for entertaining in good weather.



ABOVE: Fireside picture of well-known Melbourne furnishing consultant Miss Pat McCormack (Mrs. Ted Jarvis) sitting in the snug alcove in the lounge of her home. Daffodil-yellow-painted recessed shelves add brightness to this corner of the room.



ABOVE: Old-fashioned china from a junk shop, enamelled white, became focal point in the daffodil, white, and navy-blue kitchen. Right: Daffodil-yellow walls (over existing wallpaper) are a cheery welcome in the entrance hall, which is carpeted in olive-green haircord, with white-painted woodwork. Beyond is the main bedroom with blue walls, marcella bedspreads dyed the same shade, blue carpet, lime-yellow chair, and white net curtains.



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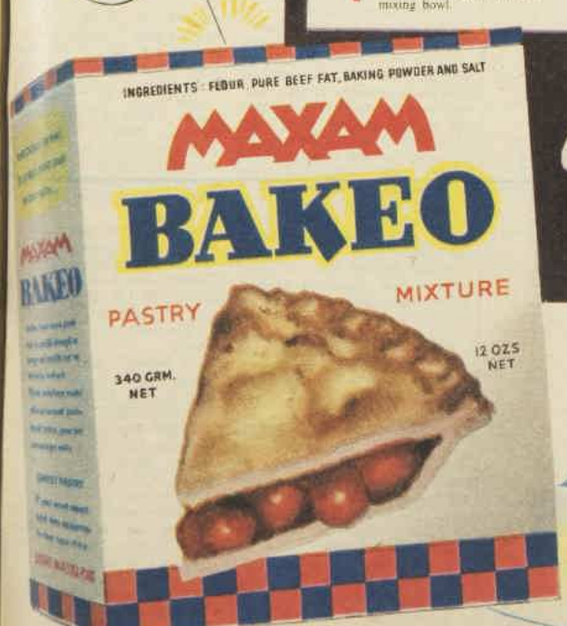
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Continuing

Darling, You Talk Too Much

from page 9

Shoreham sound?" Maybe it was his rather bored attention on the drive up Connecticut Avenue as she filled the silences by admiring the lovely May evening, remarking how much she loved Washington, telling George how beautiful his back-yard azaleas had seemed when she arrived that afternoon. "They've been gone six weeks down home now."

"I guess we're quite a bit later up here," Herb agreed stiffly. "Did you come by train?"

Somehow she felt he couldn't have cared less if she'd come by pogo stick, but she explained that friends next door had been driving to Baltimore and had dropped her off on their way. After all, no one else was talking.

"Wasn't the food delicious?" she asked later. "And the orchestra good?" He was paying for it; the least she could do was appreciate it. She wished to heaven, though, he'd quit looking at her as if she were one of those fluttery problem women in a Tennessee Williams play.

"Would you care to dance?" he asked after the coffee.

Something in the way he put his arm around her made her terribly aware that he was George's subordinate, more or less forced into this.

She was glad when it was late enough to yawn and pretend to be tired from her travels.

After they dropped Herb at his apartment and went home, she closed her bedroom door with relief and leaned against it. Oh, why hadn't she just gone to the beach?

Fay was full of plans in the morning. "Now, George and Herb expect to be back from the demonstration a little before one. We'll meet them at the office. Then we'll have lunch somewhere in that neighborhood and—" She frowned. "Why are you shaking your head?"

"Because I'm not going, Fay, honey." She just didn't want to spend her vacation watching Herb suffer. "It's sweet of you and George, and Herb, too, but you know me. I'd talk too much, and, besides, I have some calls I want to make."

"You don't like Herb," Fay said, looking hurt.

"Yes, I do, Fay, honey. I think he's very nice. But he and George will want to talk about the demonstration."

"He'll be very offended if you don't come, Felice."

Fay would be very offended, Felice realised. Fay had gone to a lot of trouble to arrange this, and, after all, it would last only an hour or so. Herb would just have to stand it that long, call it maintaining good relations with his boss. "We might go early and do a little shopping," she suggested, to brighten up the day.

"Why don't you shop," Fay said, "while I get my hair done? Then we can meet at the office."

Felice arrived first. "I'll just write a few postcards while I wait," she told the receptionist, sitting down on the visitors' couch by the door.

Someone came through the door. She glanced up expectantly, caught her breath. Oh, my, she hadn't expected to run into him again.

"Why — Miss Leland." He came towards her, smiling, as if she were a nice surprise instead of something to escape. He perched on the couch beside her. "How are you today?"

"Oh, I'm fine, Mr. Carrington. How are you?" She began gathering up postcards.

"You have a lot of friends," he commented.

"I must look like an awful hick," she admitted, one of those admissions Fay said just called attention to things better ignored. "But I love to get them myself. How was the demonstration? No specks of dust on the Utilicar, I hope. No smears inside or out. The driver so clean you could eat soup off the soles of his shoes."

He chuckled. "You have a good memory."

"Well—" she laughed. "As you know, I don't listen very often; but when I do listen, I listen hard. And, besides, you made everything so interesting." She supposed Fay would call that gushy, but Fay wasn't here.

"You do understand, don't you, that I didn't interrupt because I was bored?" She wanted to be sure he understood that. "I was just afraid you were getting tired of answering questions."

"Your timing was uncanny." He stared at her a moment. "You know, I'm really very glad to see you."

She was really very glad to see him, too.

"I'm having a few people for dinner at my hotel this evening before I catch my plane," he said. "If there's any chance you'd be free to come, I'd be very grateful."

Grateful? She blinked. What a flattering invitation!

"You and your sister and George, of course," he added quickly.



"Well, so far so good."

Of course. Her face burned for having assumed too much. "Well, aren't you nice to include me?" She was afraid George and Fay wouldn't think so, after last night. "What did George say?"

"George?" Mr. Carrington cleared his throat. "I really haven't had a chance to speak to him yet, but—" He glanced up. George was coming with Herb.

"Hello." He nodded to Herb. "Fine job this morning, George. May I have a word with you?" He led George past the receptionist and the typewriters into an office. Herb, Felice realised, would not be going.

It looked at lunch as if she wouldn't be going herself.

"He said to bring you along," George admitted, reaching for a roll. "But I doubt if it's the sort of thing you'd enjoy."

"He was very cordial," she began.

"I know," said Fay. "He would be, of course. But I'm sure it will be pretty much a business affair."

Felice glanced from Fay to George, and there was no mistaking their expressions. "I guess it would be rather inappropriate," she decided. "It probably was only a courtesy gesture on Mr. Carrington's part, anyway. He knew she was George's house guest. "I'll see him this afternoon and make some excuse."

They both seemed relieved.

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Continuing Darling, You Talk Too Much

from page 92

Maybe you and Herb—" Fay began, turning to him.

"Why—I—uh—I wish I could," he stammered, "but—"

"And, my goodness, I almost forgot: I'm supposed to have dinner with Ira and Mary Cooper tonight, Fay." Felice said, feeling the bright smile on her hot face. "Don't you remember?"

"Yes." Fay stared coldly at Herb. "Yes, I do remember now, Felice. I certainly do."

Felice rang the United Motors office right away to make her excuses to Mr. Carrington. He wasn't in. She called again in an hour and the girl told her he wasn't expected in.

So she rang his hotel and got a "Miss Leland regrets" message at the desk. "Well, that's that," she told Fay. Then she went out into the backyard with her postcards and stared at George's bank of dahlias for a long time.

"You'll get yourself a nice little dinner now, won't you?" Fay worried at the door.

"Now, Fay honey, don't fret," Felice sighed. "Why, I'll have a marvellous time. I'll make a few telephone calls and write my postcards and read, and who knows what all."

"And when you're phoning," Fay urged, "be sure to ask anyone you want out here. Any time. We'll be home just as soon as we can."

"Well, please don't hurry on my account," Felice said. "And I'll just have a wonderful time."

Determinedly she hunted up the telephone directory and her list. It was rather long, and as she looked at it a voice persistently recorded in her mind and marked: "You have a lot of friends." Well—she dialled the first number—she did! Maybe she talked too much, but she had a lot of friends.

She was feeling much better when she hung up. Well, at least she'd never be lonely. It was in bottling yourself up that made you lonely . . .

As she reached for the phone again it rang beneath her hand. "Miss Leland?" asked a voice that sent a shiver through her. "What's all this about your having home making phone calls?" Fay must have told him that her message hadn't. "Won't you let me send a car for you right away?"

She wished he hadn't called. A minute ago she had been almost reconciled. "Oh, really, Mr. Carrington, I wish you wouldn't worry about me."

"I'm not worried about you," he said. "I'm worried about me. I'm delighted to have George and your sister, of course, but my principal reason in asking them was to get you. You'd add so much to the party. Besides, you've no idea how hard it is for a single man to swing a party alone. I could certainly use a helper. Won't you change your mind?"

She nodded dazedly.

Not until he said in his terse voice: "I'm sorry. I suppose I shouldn't have called after you'd refused once," did she realise she hadn't answered out loud.

"Why, Mr. Carrington, honey," she said, "I've never been so flattered in my life. I'll go right upstairs and put on my party dress."

"I hope it's half as pretty as the one you wore last night." His voice was warm again.

.

The United Motors driver let her out at the entrance. "Miss Leland for Mr. Carrington's party," he told the doorman. The doorman nodded and called a boy. The boy nodded and led her to an elevator.

"Well, we're all glad to see you," the operator said, grinning. "He's been driving us nuts." She had never felt so important in her life, especially when the elevator doors slid open and he was standing there.

"They flashed me the glad tidings," he said as she stepped out. "You're a sweetheart to come, and that's an even prettier dress than last night's."

FELICE found herself, still beside Mr. Carrington, in an elegant room scattered with people. A waiter was passing canapes. Fay and George stood in one corner, gaping at her.

She glimpsed, through some draperies, a long table set for dinner. After that she was too busy for anything but the faces before her, the "how-do-you-do's," the smiling, laughing, listening, replying.

She liked the people to whom Mr. Carrington introduced her, and the pleased way he did it. Mrs. Arliss, the Trade Commissioner's wife, stopped seeming shy the minute you concentrated on her and asked her questions. General Stolan proved he knew how to chuckle when "General Stolan, honey" slipped out.

Mr. Carrington drew her aside. "You're having just the effect I knew you'd have," he said. "The party was flat on its face until you arrived."

He was exaggerating, of course, but she could honestly say, "I've never had a better time. Everybody's so nice."

"That's not everybody; that's you." He grinned. "You're a genius. And do you know," he said warmly, "you have the sweetest smile in—"

Fay arrived at their elbow. "Felice," she said, "I've been wondering and wondering how you got here."

"I came in a pumpkin, Fay, honey."

Mr. Carrington laughed. "I arranged to have her abducted, Mrs. Campbell." He gave Felice's arm a little squeeze.

Later, sitting beside General Stolan, with Mrs. Arliss across the table and nice people all around, she realised how much Mr. Carrington's attitude had meant. Suppose he had been nervous about her, like Fay was last night? She glanced down the length of the table at him. Wouldn't dinner ever be over? He was so far away.

He was still far away afterwards, beyond the draperies in the other section of the room. But she supposed it was strategic for him to talk so long to General Stolan, so she kept Mrs. Stolan happy discussing antiques.

That session he had then with Mr. Arliss was probably essential, too, she decided, so she hunted up Mrs. Arliss. Horses were just fascinating to Mrs. Arliss.

All too soon people began to depart. She was shaking hands, smiling, murmuring good-night. Fay and George were there telling her, "We'd better go, too, Felice. He has to catch an eleven-thirty plane."

He just couldn't, she thought. But she drew a deep breath. Oh, yes, he could. And he would.

Somehow she managed to hold out her hand to him, to say gaily, "Well, Mr. Carrington, it's been a perfectly delightful party."

"Thanks for taking care of the ladies just now," he said, smiling. Then he frowned and glanced at George. "George, what time is it?"

"Ten-thirty," George said.

"Well, do me a favor, George, will you? Three favors; one, go downstairs to the Whachamacallit Room where the band is and get us a table for four; two, call up Transcontinental Airlines and see if you can get me on their twelve-thirty flight; and three, don't let Felice out of your sight until I get there."

They got the table for four. George went to call Transcontinental Airlines and came back.

"Felice!" Fay seemed terribly excited. "Say something. I never saw you so quiet. Here one of the top men in the Detroit hierarchy—oh, there you are, Mr. Carrington."

"You're on the twelve-thirty-five," George said.

"Fine." He was grinning and a little out of breath. "I rushed the last ones out rather unceremoniously." He sat down close to Felice. "Hi."

He offered her a cigarette, and when she shook her head he said: "You don't smoke, do you?"

"Well, I just never got started."

"You don't drink much, either?"

"Well, my tongue is usually loose enough without——"

"Where did you go to school?"

She told him. What was all this?

"Graduate?"

"Well—yes." She laughed, uncertainly. "Is there a prize for a jackpot or something?"

"Belong to any clubs, societies, sororities?"

"Well, yes, I—" She named a few.

He nodded and glanced at Fay and George. "Will you excuse us a moment, please?" He rose and held out his hand. Then they were dancing. "How old are you?" he asked.

She was beginning to get a little annoyed. "How old are you?" she countered. "Where were you born? Do you take dope?"

He grinned sheepishly. "I guess I've been a little blunt, haven't I? I'm sorry, I really hate to rush things like this. Believe me, I'd like to savor it all, but with a plane at twelve thirty-five I haven't much time, have I? I'd stay later, but I have a board meeting first thing in the morning, and I'll be lucky to get any sleep as it is. You do understand, don't you?"

The music stopped. He pulled her close for a moment, then let her go. "I'd like to marry you," he said, glancing at his watch. "I probably could get a few days off to come down to Charleston next month if—if—"

She caught her breath, then she began to laugh. "Well, if you aren't the most amazing man! George told me you thought about something momentous for about five minutes, asked a few questions, and then—" She snapped her fingers.

"But I never thought it would apply to me. Oh, listen—" she turned toward the orchestra's first notes—"a waltz! An old-fashioned waltz." Smiling, she put her hand on his shoulder. "Of course, he was used to getting what he wanted and getting it fast, but—

He began to dance, smiling back rather stiffly. "Is that the way you usually say no?"

"Was that the way you usually propose?" she teased. "As if you were tackling a tough United Motors problem?"

"I'm sorry you don't like my method."

"You might try another one," she suggested.

"No, thanks," he said tersely. "I feel silly enough as it is."

"Well, you can stop feeling silly." She sighed. Wanting anything else was just her Southern-belle complex, she guessed. "I want to marry you, too. Although I never thought I'd marry a man who hadn't kissed me in the moonlight and said he loved me."

"Good Lord!" He blinked. "I haven't, have I?" Abruptly he danced to the entrance, then, pulling her behind him, hurried across the lobby and into an elevator.

"Which floor, sir?" said the operator.

"I don't know," Mr. Carrington grinned. "Wherever we can get to the moon."

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Our £2000 Embroidery Contest

READERS ASK ABOUT STITCHES

There is no restriction on the type of stitches used or the designs embroidered on articles entered in our £2000 Embroidery Competition. These details are left to the competitor. Designs may be original or bought traced.

SCORES of readers have written asking what stitches they should use.

Entries, which must be delivered to 117 York Street from November 1 to November 30, must have been worked by the competitor during 1955.

Here are some hints by an expert in embroidery:

In doing embroidery, knots must never be shown on the back, neither must there be any threads left hanging. All threads must be laced away at the back through solid stitches.

Choice of the needle plays a big part in embroidery. Always allow the thread to pass through the needle easily. Too small a needle fluffs the thread and spoils the lustre. Too large an eye will make holes in the material.

Use a well-fitting thimble as it helps to push the needle through and saves the fingers from being pricked.

Be sure that your embroidery scissors are sharp. Threads should never be broken off by hand—or bitten.

One of the hardest stitches to keep even is satin-stitch, but it is also one of the most widely used.

Pay careful attention to the padding and be sure not to cover the lines.

Long and short stitch, chain or stem stitch can be used as padding. They should run in the opposite direction to the satin-stitch and must be placed close together.

Stitches to be used are entirely a matter for the competitor, and these hints are published merely as matters of interest.

Schedules and entry forms for the competition may be obtained by sending a stamped and addressed envelope to Box 7052 G.P.O., Sydney.

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